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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

September 1930

VOL. LXXXVIII NO. 3

MANY THOUSANDS GONE

BY JOHN PEALE BISHOP

A short novel, complete in this issue, selected for publication and eligible for the $5,000 Prize. The tale of a Southern town occupied by Yankee troops, led by a colonel who was born there and hates the place. Here again is evidence of what can be done with this type of fiction. "Many Thousands Gone" is more than a story. It is several stories woven by a unique method into one story, giving you as a unified whole the effect of the occupation upon both the people of the town and the soldiers. It is full of drama, action, and peopled by living characters, the work of one of those brilliant young men whose writing set the pace for the post-war generation.

She sat up in the bed—startled out of sleep by the sudden loud rattle of hail on the attic roof. She listened; but apparently it had stopped. She listened for the rain, and heard only the shuffle of wind in the leaves, felt the air scarcely blowing through the open window-frame.

She moved to the side of the bed, pushing the covers down, and, listening, lowered her feet to the floor. There was rain in the wind. The window must be shut.

On bare feet she crossed the floor, groping by the bedpost, the chair where her clothes, her folded hoops, lay spread. The room held the night. Since the war she had learned to do without a lamp at her bedside. She touched the wall, her hands held before her, and heard, through the open window, hurried voices. She knelt to the sill. The sky was without light; the leaves were all darkness; but under the trees she was aware of horsemen passing. They rode softly, the hoofs of their horses padded by the dust of the roadway. A shot was fired, two shots in the distance. A horse wheeled, and under the window a distracted voice called "Halt! Halt!" and galloped toward the firing, still calling. Others came, riding more rapidly. And far down the street she heard the same voice angrily calling "Halt! Halt!"

Then again only the sound of the leaves, soft and very like rain. She leaned from the window to draw in the shutters. And dropped back, hearing scattered shots, then a sharp volley. A single horseman went by, and another. And at the full gallop a whole troop rushed under the window, and down

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the dark street. She waited, crouched by the window, and heard again, far down the street, a sound like the sudden dry rattle of hail on a loud roof.

The door of the bedroom opened without noise and a small light came in. Looking up, she saw at the foot of her bed a negress tilting from her hand a saucer of grease, in which a wick feebly flamed. Its pallor lit her frightened face and fell upon her cotton nightgown's long white folds.

"What are you doing here? What do you mean coming into my room?"

"I knocked, Miss' Colston. You didn't hear me."

"What if you did?" Mrs. Colston rose to her knees. "I don't believe you. Get back to your bed!"

The negress faltered.

"I'm afraid, Miss' Colston. The bullets was hittin' the roof."

"No such thing— Get back to your bed, I tell you!"

A sharp cry of musketry divided the night. The negress, hoarsely moaning, gripped the bedpost. A scattered rattle of shot sounded in the far dark, then all was still. Mrs. Colston heard again the negress's heavy breath and leaning from the window the faint near rustle of leaves in the wind. She pulled the shutters in and made them fast.

"And what are you doing with a light?"

"I'm afraid. I tell you I'm afraid."

"I don't have a light."

The two women stood facing one another for what seemed a long time.

"It's all over. Listen—" Far off, Mrs. Colston heard the dull uneven tread of horses. "They're through firing."

"It's a raid," said the negress. "I knowed it was coming. I knowed it soon as ever I heard the Yankees was at the Crossroads."

"Well, suppose 'tis a raid. Nobody's going to bother you. And as long as they don't shell the town, there ain't nothing to be afraid of. And they haven't done that, yet."

"I heard bullets on the roof. Right over my head."

"Go back to bed. There's not a bullet made will go through these walls."

The negress backed toward the door. "Can I keep this here light?" She made her voice as plaintive as she could.

"Yes, Fanny, you can keep the light." She pushed the negress through the door and shut it.

With Fanny gone, she felt cold. She drew the quilt from the foot of the bed and wrapped it about her shoulders.

If it had come, it had come. She was neither surprised nor excited. If the Yankees had come she was ready for them. Under the staircase the silver lay secret, and odd trinkets of gold, her own and her mother's, brooches and earrings, and packets of ancestral hair. And covered in cloth and dipped in wax more silver lay hid under the hen-house, in stone jars, their place concealed now by more than a year's droppings. The hams were hidden, all she could buy—the choicest under the floor of the landing, the rest, along with the shoulders, William had buried in the garden, in strong boxes, and in the spring planted his corn rows above them. Those Fanny knew about; of the rest she knew nothing. She knew nothing of the late Mr. Colston's holster and pistol and his best harness given to black Telitha and stowed away under the planks of her cabin —of various hiding-places in the attic, under the eaves, and behind the chimney-bricks—she knew nothing. It was just as well. She distrusted that nigger.

She had distrusted her ever since the time Mr. Colston's brother was there, and she had gone up, after ten o'clock, and rapped on his door, not loud, but

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loud enough if he'd been there to answer. She had waited, not there, but below on the landing, for more than an hour. He'd not come back, or she would have heard him. He was such a nice boy too, so young, barely twenty, and in the morning he had looked at her and talked just as though nothing had happened. But she had seen the difference in Fanny, the minute she went in the kitchen. Oh, yes, she could always see through Fanny. But with him, poor boy, she couldn't understand—she never did understand how men could—but then, they said they were all like that at the University; they'd just as soon with a negress as not. Only Mr. Colston wasn't. He was always correct, though maybe that was his health. And he, poor boy, she couldn't hold it against him now. She felt ashamed even to think of it, now that he was dead, shot through the lungs at Chancellorsville. Dead. And besides, Fanny wasn't bad-looking, not for a nigger wench. But she knew where the currant wine was, and all that was left of Mr. Colston's whiskey. She'd forgotten that. And with the Yankees in the town she didn't trust Fanny. But there was no use worrying. She'd better go back to bed. She'd probably find in the morning that it didn't amount to anything. Just a skirmish. All that firing—it probably meant no more than a burst of hail falling on a dry roof.

Miss Celie Cary paused in the hall and looked at herself for the third time in the mirror. The hall was a long dimness out of which narrow stairs rose, the white slats of the rail climbing to a landing where there were again two steps and then an open door. The glass was dark, in it her face shone only as a pallor; yet she stayed, touched with a finger the hair smoothed over her forehead, tucked it in a trifle at the temples, and on each side tugged at a curl until it temptingly showed just above the ribbons. She would take a last glance after the front door was opened. Then she drew on her gloves, stroking each finger until the last ripple was gone, glad she had found them, even though the silk was beginning to go, for there is nothing after all that shows a lady so quickly as the custom of wearing gloves in August, and the break across the left palm wouldn't show.

"Celie, haven't you gone yet?" The voice that came through the open door above the landing gently whined.

"I'm just going, Cousin Hetty. I can't imagine where I left my sunshade."

"You won't need it," said Cousin Hetty from her bed up-stairs. Really the woman did have a trying voice—

"You don't think"—and Miss Celie as she spoke by the mere sound evoked all the charm, the innate refinement of the true South—"you don't think you could come down after I'm gone and bolt the front door. I don't like to leave it open, not even for a minute. With so many soldiers about, and you alone and in bed——"

"You can lock it," said Cousin Hetty. "I'm not afraid. And I know I couldn't get up-stairs again, not by myself."

"Oh, very well!" said Miss Celie. "I'm going." And sliding the bolts of the door, she stepped out into the sunlight. Something about her fluttered a moment at the gate, then she straightened and walked precisely down the street.

The colonel sat beside the uncurtained frame of the east window, writing on what had lately been the centre table of Mrs. Dancy's parlor. The door opened and let in a tightly buttoned blond young man, who with a firm hand slipped the latch, then stood in stiff discomfort, waiting.

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The colonel did not look up. *My dear General:* he wrote—*In addition to the official report, which speaks for itself, I am sending this for your private ear. Not that there's much to add to the report: I made it complete as I could—and still keep it fit for the politicians.*

"Mr. Ulrich—" he said aloud.

The blond young lieutenant responded.

"Mr. Ulrich, do you know where the Presbyterian parsonage is?"

"No, sir."

The colonel thrust his quill into the oak gall wedged in the inkwell. Pierced, it oozed over the point in crimson drops.

We are here—almost without opposition. If I write this in red, it is not the blood of our enemies, but what seems to me the current ink of the Confederacy. However, I am dog-tired.

"Do you know where the Presbyterian church is, Mr. Ulrich?"

The lieutenant's response was again negative. "But," he added brightly, "there's a map of the town in the adjutant's office."

"Oh, is there?" said the colonel. He turned around and sprawling in his roomy chair regarded the younger man. He was not himself much above thirty; his thin skin was tanned and stretched tightly over high rounded cheekbones, where a ruddier color seemed to have been rubbed in by the wind. His hair was profuse and chestnut, the clipped mustache of a lighter red, almost a bay. Resolution sat on his shoulders, but when he talked he held his head low, wrinkling his forehead, looking at his listener with small shiny uncertain eyes. This not only shortened his sharp nose, but generally increased the already extraordinary foxlike quality of his features.

"I take it then, that you haven't been out at all."

The lieutenant murmured something about having been too busy to investigate the town.

"That I can understand, Mr. Ulrich. We've all been busy." He picked up a sheaf of papers from the table and ruffled through them attentively, talking at the same time. "However, it's very simple. You go straight down the street we're on until you come to the jail. Turn to the right, and it's about two blocks, just beyond the church. You can't miss it, it's the only church on the street. With white columns out front and no steeple. They never had the money to finish it."

He drew a letter from the sheaf and placed it over his own. Suddenly he shouted aloud: "Orderly!" And without pause, but in a more quiet tone, went on:

"Go to the parsonage and present my compliments to Dr. Campbell and tell him that Colonel Strother directs that there shall be services this morning at the usual hour. Also you will remind him that he is to pray for the President."

"The President?" Mr. Ulrich repeated.

"Yes, God dammit, and for the success of the Federal Army."

A sad-faced boy came clumsily through the door.

"Get me Roussel," said the colonel. "At this time of day you'll probably find him on his bunk sound asleep. Rout him out."

The sad face retired. The colonel again lifted his small shiny eyes to the lieutenant.

"And detail about fifty men to go. To church—I mean. It'll do 'em good. They're to behave, you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Get to it."

He glanced for a moment after the lieutenant, then, the general's letter in one hand, returned to his writing.

You don't have to tell me, he wrote,

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that this is a hostile people; that it is not enough to meet their organized armies in the field, but that their whole population, young and old, rich and poor, must be made to feel the hard hand of war. My dear General, you don't know——

"Private Roussel, sir," the orderly announced and swung back the door for a swart-faced individual, who on entering hailed the colonel in a gesture alert and careless—vaguely a salute.

"Roussel, I have a job for you." He waved his hand toward the sad-eyed orderly and "Get out!" shouted.

My dear General, you don't know this command as I do. Strother finished his sentence and precisely dotted it before he turned his wrinkled foxlike gaze on Roussel.

"My God, but you're a terrible-looking sight!"

"I know it, colonel," Roussel admitted. He glanced ruefully at his cavalryman's blouse and with a certain skill introduced a hanging button into a buttonhole. Something of skin, bronzed and tattooed, was still to be seen where the blouse failed to meet.

"If you can't button yourself up," Colonel Strother suggested, "you might at least wear an undershirt."

From one of his pockets he produced a knife; straightening the blade, he began, very lightly, whittling the point of his pen, holding it between his knees.

"I want you," he went on, "to go to Miss Annie Strother's." For an instant his small shiny eyes were lifted to Roussel's. "I want to know when she goes to church."

"And bring you word here?"

The colonel smiled, but not at Roussel. It was almost a minute before he spoke. "Look here, Roussel—" He drew a small plan on an end of paper. "Here's where we are. That's the house. Miss Strother's—anybody can tell you. The gate's in the corner. But I don't want you to look like a guard or anything. Just look like you happened there. But as soon as she comes out, I want to know. She's—well—she's a woman around sixty. It's hard to describe her."

"I'll find her all right," said Roussel.

"Well, thank God I've got one soldier in this outfit! But look here—I don't want you to ask too many questions. I was going to say she was kind of mean-looking, but as a matter of fact she's not. They used to drive a pair of bays, nowadays she may walk. But, she'll go to church. That you can count on."

The cavalryman stared for a moment at the plan traced in red.

"You certainly know this town, colonel—" He folded the paper into his pocket.

"I ought to." The colonel smiled. "I was born here."

Miss Cary turned the corner and advanced under the maples into Washington Street. The sun was hot, for all that Hetty had said; Miss Cary felt it on her face and feared its ravages. She should have brought her starch-bag. Really, it was horrid of Hetty to have hurried her so.

And yet was there anything in her appearance she would have changed? A little flush became her, and did not her whole air and bearing conspire to show, even to the casual observer, just what she was, the very type of young Southern womanhood, and one who gloried in the honor. She wore a pretty but plain debeige dress, trimmed with Confederate buttons and corresponding ribbons. And her bonnet, though she had plaited it with her own hands from the inside corn husks of last summer, might have rivalled the finest Milan straw, especially after she had added the

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ribbons and the rosettes of the same dye. Hers was not Vanity but Pride. The race whose women could achieve such elegance under circumstances so poor must be indomitable. Even the Yankees should see that, though as a matter of fact the first soldiers she had encountered had refused to get off the sidewalk for her and had just stood and let her pass as best she could. But they were only the rabble of the army, every one knew that, the North had let loose its penitentiaries and hired a lot of foreigners and she meant to pay no attention to them. Fortunately Colonel Strother was a Southerner, at least his father had been before he married into Pennsylvania, and he would know what it was to talk to a true lady. She would go straight to him and demand a guard, which, since it was for two unprotected females, no gentleman could possibly deny. Miss Cary's step as she marched toward headquarters was bright, but precise.

Under the white columned porch of the Presbyterian church two soldiers in the Union uniform loitered, drums slung from their shoulders. The doors were open; from the darkness within Miss Cary heard a drone that soared, then slowly, drowsily fell.

Dr. Campbell. It's queer though, I shouldn't have thought they'd have services to-day.

She quickened her step. It was almost twelve. Passing the porch she felt two stares upon her, hotter on her face than the sun. Something white flickered in one of the soldier's fingers, shot out, fell to the ground just behind her skirts.

Flurried, she tried hard to think what she would say when she was brought into the colonel's presence. She was still trying when, abruptly, two boys turned the corner, running. The Rodifer boy and that awful Spike boy ran past her, their hands wild, shouting Fire! She felt the little Rodifer in her hoops, but he was gone before she could say a word, yelling his head off, after the other up the street.

Really, said Miss Cary, poor people have no decency at all. You'd think they'd at least keep their children home on a day like this.

Miss Cary admitted to small charity for the poor.

At Mrs. Gibson's the porch jutted toward the street, narrowing the sidewalk. Beyond she saw soldiers, hundreds of them. And the roadway, in front of the court-house and as far as she could see, was lined with army wagons, empty of their mules, drawn close to the curb. Long and low, they sagged in the middle; their canvas hoods, stretched on frames, made her think of great laundry bags held open at both ends. And suddenly she remembered her father's saying, "I never like to accept hospitality from poor whites. I don't like their food any better than I like their manners." She remembered her father and clutched her skirts tightly with both hands.

Proudly General Cary's daughter swept down the street and into the midst of the enemy. She tripped into their midst, but without looking, not once, at a soldier. That would be to honor them too much, though she might had she cared have withered them all with a single glance from her proud young head. But no, she would not see them. She would simply pretend they were not there. Clutching her hooped skirts, she swung them to this side, to that, to avoid the touch, the contaminating touch, of a Yankee.

Mrs. Colston reached Telitha's cabin by back alleys. Soldiers had taken away the gate and the palings of her fence the winter before for firewood; only the

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posts were still standing. Over the doorway with its small slanting roof morning-glories had been trained.

Telitha came to her knock. Mrs. Colston went in and Telitha dusted off a chair for her. She raised her veil. The place was clean, but still it smelt like a nigger cabin.

"I've come to see if you'd cook for me," she said.

"I'd be glad to get something to cook." Telitha looked at Mrs. Colston and waited, wiping her hands on her apron.

"Fanny left me this morning. She's gone to cook for the Yankees. They've got a mess or something at Mrs. Gravatt's. When can you come?"

"I ain't got much to get ready," said Telitha.

"Fanny says she's afraid of the Yankees." Mrs. Colston stopped and let her eyes slowly circle the room.

"They can't get nothing out of me," said Telitha. "Last winter seen to that."

"She says she is afraid. But it's not that. What she wanted was to see me doing my own cooking. You'll see, it'll be just like it was when our men were here."

Telitha looked ruefully at the bed.

"They took my quilts," she said. "They took 'em for their old sore-back mules."

"I know better what to do now. I'll get a guard this time. But she's not afraid. She was out on the sidewalk this morning as soon as she heard the Yankees were in the town. She was out with her hair all combed and in that old yellow dress of mine I gave her with the flounces on Christmas. Then she came back and tried to tell me the Yankees had said they would kill her if she didn't leave."

"Mrs. Colston, do you want me to stay?"

"Stay?"

"I mean can I sleep there?"

"Yes, you can sleep in Fanny's room. I'll show her. She thinks because the Yankees are here she can do as she pleases. But I'll show her, I'll show she still belongs to me."

Telitha crouched, a mild middle-aged woman with sloping shoulders and big hips puffed by many petticoats, and drew something from under the bed.

"I never heard nothing, I slept right through it all. I never knew nothing till I got up this morning and they told me the Yankees done took the town."

She spread a bandanna on the bed tick. "I might have heard 'em though firing in my sleep. Now I recollect, I was dreaming I was back at Mr. Tyler's and shelling corn." She bent again to the box under the bed.

"It's funny, Telitha," Mrs. Colston said, "that you never had any children."

"What'd I want with children? I had hard enough time keeping myself after old Mr. Tyler let us go free." She turned and faced Mrs. Colston. "I had two, but that was when I was young. They both died. I took on terrible at that time, but now I guess the Lord knew best."

She brought the ends of the bandanna over and tied them twice, crosswise. She stood up, the bundle swung from the ends of her sepia arms.

"I'm ready now, Miss' Colston."

"If I was home, I know what I'd be doing."

"So do I," said the corporal. "You'd be picking knots out of your mother's apron-strings."

"I'd just be getting up," he said. He was slight and fine as a girl, but a country girl, with tanned cheeks and a big mouth and eyes paler than his skin. His jacket, very tight, pinched his waist into

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wrinkles, then flowed out into trousers so voluminous that his legs were lost in their folds and only at last escaped, awkwardly, into a pair of army boots, equally too large for him, that dangled in apparent emptiness over the wall of the court-house yard. "I'd just be getting up and sitting down to breakfast."

"I thought you was a farmer, Danny," put in the corporal.

"Yes," Danny admitted, "but when this war's over, I'm going to sleep. I'm going sleep two days, or three days, or maybe four days. I ain't going get up till I can't sleep any more."

"When this war's over," said the corporal, "that'll be a long time. I wouldn't be surprised, Danny, if you didn't have to shave before this war's over."

"You stick around, Danny, this war'll make a man of you yet."

Danny looked at the soldier perched next him on the wall and smiled. There was something about Greer's face that always made him smile; he was so serious-looking. The wrinkles that cut his cheeks were like scars, and through one eyebrow and down to the cheek-bone there ran a scar—a sabre gash that had missed his deepset eyes.

"He'll stick all right," said the corporal. "He's got to stick."

"Well, I don't know," said Danny. "There's some of 'em don't."

"Yes, and you know what happened to Mac, don't you?" Greer gathered his cheeks and spat morosely on the sidewalk.

"He got caught."

"Yes, and you'd get caught too." Greer lifted himself carefully on his arms and slid to the ground.

"Where you going, Greer?"

"I am going to see what's doing at headquarters."

"You go hanging around headquarters and you'll find yourself on a detail."

"I'd rather work than listen to you two jawing."

"Well, don't say I didn't tell you," said the corporal.

"There's Gallop," said Danny.

"Hey, sergeant, come over and rest yourself. Move over, Danny."

Putting his back to the wall, the sergeant lifted himself to the stone ledge.

"All these Virginia towns are alike. I haven't seen one yet I thought was worth fighting for." He laid a huge hand on Danny's thigh. "Well, Danny——"

"Wait a minute," said Danny. Down the street he saw coming toward them a mincing figure of a woman faded as an old piece of calico that's been left in the sun, a funny little bonnet on her head that was the only still thing about her. She held her head very stiff, but her skirts were gathered up in a pair of black gloves, and every time she passed a soldier, which was about every second, she lifted up her skirts as though she thought he was a mud-puddle or something.

"She must be afraid of touching somebody," said Gallop.

Danny had slid down from the wall and was standing squarely in the middle of the sidewalk.

"Watch me!" he said.

As she came up to Danny, she drew her skirts in and made as if to pass between him and the mule wagon at the curb. With a step Danny was again in front of her, smiling. She stopped and her hoops swung against his legs. He reached out quickly, caught her with one arm round the waist, with the other drew her head toward him and kissed her unevenly on the mouth. He held her struggling and kissed her again. Then his arms fell, he stood aside and stared at her with a grin.

A shrill whistle went up from the wall.

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"Why, Danny," called the corporal, "why, Danny! You mustn't do that. It's not decent. She's old enough to be your mother."

Miss Cary, her hands still tightly clutched at her sides, her skirts no longer swinging, walked stiffly to the corner and there let her hands go, as, with a white and timid look in each direction, she scurried across the street and between two mule wagons mounted the opposite curb.

"I showed her, didn't I?"

"Yes, Danny," said the corporal, "but if you're going start kissing the girls, you want get 'em your own age."

"You know what, corporal," said Gallop, "I think the old man's got something up. He's been out this morning pulling a little raid all on his own."

"Is that right?"

"Oh, my God!" sighed Danny. "I wish I knew where there was something to eat. I certainly would start a raid—I'm hungry."

"Danny, you mustn't swear," said the corporal. "It's not nice. You must wait till you grow up to swear." He turned back to Gallop's sandy beard. "So the colonel's on the rampage, huh?"

On either side there were cedars, but the house at noon was all in the sun, a white façade mounting to a gleaming balustrade, the columned porch its only shadow. The porch was propped high above bunches of boxwood, unclipped and burnt now; its stairs went down to a walk and from it the lawn sloped away to where on trampled grass elms made a shade. An iron fence confined it from the street. There the populace pressed and moved in the dust, on both pavements, under the dusty trees. Two guards at the gate strove to keep a way through, bayonets fixed to their upright rifles.

From the top step of the porch, slight between columns, one hand uplifted and turned on the staff of his flag, one knee outbent, Salathiel Rowley, in a uniform that almost fitted him, met the morning with a handsome insolent stare. Above him his colors swayed, blue folded on blue, white stripes falling on scarlet. He felt the staff strain, while far out he gazed, over the trampled lawn, over the confused and indistinct crowd, his face alive in the light stirring air. His mouth almost smiling, aware that he was being looked at and pleased, he kept his sunlit gaze afar. In the great sky clouds were being piled brilliantly by the wind.

Within Miss Cary sat, in Mrs. Dancy's long shadowy hall, waiting for some one to take notice of her. Stiff she sat and small, holding tight to the arm of the old black-painted settee, because if she didn't she might go to pieces any minute. It was cool here after the sun, and draughty, for both doors were open and through the back door she could see horses grazing and a great bay that was probably the colonel's thrusting his nose deep into the lilac leaves. But it wasn't that. It was that soldier. It made her shake all over every time she thought of him—she who had never kissed any man but her father. And when she peered through the front door (and she couldn't help it, there were soldiers that kept passing and she had to look somewhere) it was with fear that she would again see the color-bearer.

He had stared at her so hard as she came up the steps and across the porch. A bold but gallant look, Miss Cary thought. And he had stood so tall between the columns, the flag over his head. Really she and Hester would never be safe unless the colonel consented to give them a guard. He must see that, two unprotected females and Hester

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lying in bed all the time, never out of her nightgown. She counted on him, he was a Southerner, at least on his father's side and blood would tell. And so too would West Point, though he must have come along much later, but he would know who she was. So she would just tell him.

It had been so long since she had been here. She had remembered it as much more elegant. It was very plain and old-fashioned, just white plaster walls and all those antler heads. Where was Mrs. Dancy now? In Richmond with the Senator, or in Petersburg with her mother? Some one had told her. And this settee she sat on—it was hard and uncomfortable. She had chairs like that, but she had relegated them to the kitchen. Oh, they used to come here when her father was alive, but after he died and her mother had only the river farm to live on, of course they couldn't entertain as they had once done. It was very sad, Miss Cary thought, how soon people forgot you.

An officer came out of the dining-room and shut the door behind him. Miss Cary, though she didn't look at him, followed him long enough to see his lieutenant's insignia, then let her eyes go casually up the stairs. The portraits along the wall were gashed. They were daubs anyhow, but still it showed it never paid to run away from anything. She never knew that the Dancys had ancestors. And who was Mrs. Dancy? Well, if she was in Petersburg, she was worse off. Thank God! there was one thing—they had never known what it was to be shelled in Mordington. And she had never had to eat mule meat. Really she supposed she oughtn't to complain. And she wouldn't complain if it wasn't for Hester. She did make things hard, being so finicky.

A flouncing shadow came through the doorway and lifting its veil was Mrs. Colston. She spoke. Miss Cary bowed coldly.

"I see you've come for a guard, too."

"Yes," said Miss Cary, "I'm waiting. I'm waiting for Colonel Strother."

"It's the only safe thing. I learned that last winter when our troops were here."

"I never thought of it then," said Miss Cary proudly.

Really she didn't like the woman. She was too sleek, too well-conditioned for one who had the war at heart. Besides, every one said she was a hoarder. Miss Cary had put what she had from her father and later what came from the sale of the river farm into Confederate bonds. After all, what else could she do who had no man to give to her country?

Mrs. Colston caught the young lieutenant just as he had his hand on the dining-room door. She said something to him which, unfortunately, Miss Cary was too well-bred to hear. He held the door open for her and waited.

He was himself just going in when two young women of the lower sort stopped him. Miss Cary had not seen them come in. The young officer leaned and one of them giggled something in his ear.

"Wait there!" he said and shut the door behind him.

Miss Cary just looked at them. They were dressed to the nines. She didn't say anything, for there was nothing to say. She just looked at them to let them know how she felt about it, then got up and gave them the settee. Shameless creatures! She knew what they were—wanting to go North with the army!

She walked straight to the dining-room door and went in. There was no guard, and after all she had as much right there as the Yankees.

The room was full of people. She had

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not expected that. Mrs. Colston was standing in line. At one end of the table sat an officer, bearded, his hat on, both elbows in piles of papers. The young lieutenant she had seen came up to her.

"What do you want?"

He had a German look, Miss Cary thought.

"I'm here to see Colonel Strother. I'm a friend of his aunt's, Miss Annie Strother."

"What do you want with him? What's your business?"

"I'll not tell you——"

"Then there are others that will."

He turned and astonished Miss Cary saw him go to the line and Mrs. Colston leave it.

They came past her and he opened the door. Terrified, she plucked at his sleeve.

"I must see Colonel Strother."

"I told you once, he's not here."

Mrs. Colston had passed through the door. Looking up, Miss Cary saw her placid face. The young officer was about to follow her. All decency, it seemed, had gone from the world. Stiffly, precisely, Miss Cary went before him and like something sailing before the wind moved through the hall, out the front door, down the porch stairs. The color guard was still there.

Miss Cary saw him and faltered. And for the second time that day her eyes filled with tears.

She put out her gloved hand, but the box bordering Mrs. Dancy's walk failed her, dividing its branches. It was with an effort that she stayed her feet. She remembered her father and how they had brought him home. She remembered her father's dying on the way home, the war over, and how *then* they had never given such a thing a thought until it came and her mother sat with the message in her hand, looking at her sternly and saying "I shall see him once more." Oh, but that was so long ago, in '48, when she was just a young thing, not twenty, yes, twenty that April. It frightened her to think how long ago that was. They had gone down to the station, her mother said they must, to meet him. And she remembered waiting in the carriage, and the guard that had swung down from the train before it stopped, her father's orderly, and then the long dead box covered over with a flag. So heavy. This was the flag that had covered her father until he was lowered into his grave. It was lifted now, filled by the wind. And the young soldier that held it looked so proud. Faltering, Miss Cary stared at him through her tears.

She longed to cry out. What would he have thought of his flag lifted in an invader's hand? What would he have said of his daughter insulted in the streets? She felt her father beside her, an angry ghost. These men had sworn to defend their country, not to destroy it, and they marched pillaging, burning, sparing neither the weak nor the strong. She longed for her father's voice to cry out to these men that it was they who had betrayed his flag, it was they who were rebels to honor!

Salathiel Rowley saw her standing there, pressed against the yielding box, saw her go down the walk and past the guards into the street. His eyes had grown tired of the sky. From the top step he watched the women that came through the gate, along the narrow pavement, up the stairs. He watched them go into headquarters, then again as they came out. At least it was something to do.

At the corner Miss Cary turned and looked back. The flag fallen with the wind felt a sudden stirring air. And the scarlet stripes curled about the staff be-

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gan to rustle upward, like flames about a martyr.

Salathiel Rowley did not see her. Two girls had just come out of headquarters, and one of them had tripped going down the steps and there they stood at the bottom laughing like anything, both of them, because she had just missed falling down the stairs.

Colonel Strother flung himself down in the great flowered and flounced wing-chair by the dark fireplace and stretched his legs out, propping his rowelled heels over the brass fender. Yes, this would be the place—this was the room his father and mother had always occupied when they came visiting. Nothing was changed: the blue of the paper on the wall was a little more faded, there was a broken pane in the window. But the smell was the same, the remembered smell of Virginia bedrooms, like wet straw. And the sash, he saw, was still sustained by a stick; the window weights had not yet been mended.

He leaned and peered under the high fourposter. Yes, there was the trundle bed as always, slid out of the way in the daytime. He had slept there. He remembered the huge warm-smelling negress dragging it out in the winter lamplight —what was her name? Susan or something like that—and making it for him in the far corner. She must be dead now. She had seemed to him incredibly old then—a hundred or more—though of course a child's mind could not tell age truly. And there had been snow on the ground: he had stood by that window, while Susan or whatever she was had spread the coverlets and tucked them in at the sides to keep him warm sleeping; and the stark trees had cast slanting lines of black on the crusted snow, lightened by the moon; he could feel still the draught from the cold floor on his small boy's ankles, naked under the long nightshirt. Nothing ever changed in Virginia, nothing but the seasons. It had been winter then, and winter when he was born. It must have been here in this room.

"By God!" He started like a man surprised, pulling in his long legs. "I never thought of it before. That was it. That was why they came down here. They were married in June, and I was born on Christmas day. On Christmas day, on Christmas day—" The words went through his head like a silly tune. "I must have been what they call down here the engagement child."

He got up and walked to the window —with the broken weights and the propped sash—the window through which as a boy of eleven he had stared at the snow and the black shadows of the winter moon. Day was in it now, and through it the summer sun came subdued by dimity. He looked down into the yard where soldiers were piling furniture and heaping it about with hay, brought from the barn to help the bonfire. He saw two of them heave with immense effort a mahogany table on to the pile, while Roussel stood by actively cursing. A negro was there, mouth and eyes wide, his big hands stupidly fallen.

"Still, it's not that," he thought. "It couldn't be that. I never thought of it before. I don't know why I hate them. Damn 'em, I just do. I despise the ground they walk on."

From the window he watched the progress of destruction in the yard. His tongue ran over his teeth as he thought of his aunt's return from the church.

"She'll be surprised. But, damn it, she had it coming to her. I wasn't going to let the chance go by."

He saw a soldier come running from

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the direction of the kitchen, a crooked pale yellow split of pine carried before him, its flame colorless in the bright noon. The negro began dancing, impotently and with big flapping hands, over the first spurts that quickened in the heaped hay.

"I always knew she had something on my mother. It's funny how little gets by a child. But just the same, it's not that. I just don't like them. I don't like their manners, I don't like their ways." And he said again "I despise the ground they walk on." He snatched the slat that held the window and let it fall with a thud and a sudden splintering of glass. "They are all alike—shiftless and pretentious. Virginians!" He turned toward the door. "And to think, by God, I was born one——"

He gained the hall, slamming the door on the chamber of his birth. On the stairs he overtook a soldier, who, when he saw who it was, grinned sheepishly and clutched something to his side under his blouse.

"What've you got there?"

The grin silently widened until it was like an animal's caught in a trap.

"What've you got there?" the colonel fairly yelled.

Unbuttoning his blouse, the soldier brought out a silver coffee urn.

Strother lifted it by a slim curved handle, high. The boy cowered.

"Get the hell out of here! And if I catch you looting again I'll string you so high the crows won't know where to find you."

Strother let the urn come down. By God, it was too good for that, to batter his thick head in. The soldier slunk down a step, the hurt grin on his boyish face, looking back at the colonel. For a moment he stayed there, twisted on the stair, while the puckered fox face reddened strangely and the colonel's hand came out as though it meant to take the boy by the neck and hurl him down the stairs. Then it fell back. And a calmer voice told him to get to hell outside.

Strother watched him out the door, then glancing aside saw the glimmer of his own face, angrily flushed, turn to him sideways out of a golden mirror frame. Reflection and he together went down the stairs.

Hay had been heaped in the hall, and in the parlor a soldier was pouring oil on a tiny rick of hay. Strother passed the black eyes of his grandfather and went into the dining-room. There he restored the coffee urn to its place on the sideboard between the candelabra.

Coming back into the parlor he found the soldier rubbing his oily hands on the back pockets of his pantaloons and wondering very obviously and hopelessly where he would find a light to start his conflagration. Strother sent him into the kitchen. Alone, his eyes wandered. In the centre of the carpet the rick of hay waited to be burned. And Strother waiting was conscious of his grandfather's eyes following him in the manner of old-fashioned portraits from above the mantel. Arrogant and fatuous, with disordered hair and highbound neckcloth, arrested in youth and by some vagrant painter put on canvas, the dead man sat, his knees crossed, a book in his hand, and with lively black eyes regarded his grandson. Strother met his gaze calmly. It was not thus he remembered him; he had known him only when old; he recalled him only as an old man with a not very clean beard who insisted on kissing him with lips that had the odor and wetness of tobacco, while he shoved a silver dollar into his pockets.

When the soldier returned from the kitchen with a burning squill, the colo-

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nel took it from him and himself applied it to the hay that was to hasten the burning of his Aunt Annie's house.

Mrs. Colston sat in her kitchen watching the guard calmly devour slices of bacon, fried cakes of white hominy, greens made into a salad with salt and vinegar, long ears of sweet corn. The whole he washed down with long noisy gulps of coffee sweetened with sorghum, diluted with cream.

"Some more hominy," she suggested.

"No'm, but I could use another one of them roasting ears." He looked toward Telitha pleasantly showing his teeth.

Telitha brought two ears from the pot and laid them steaming, still held between forks, on his plate.

"Telitha, get him a plate for his cobs."

The boy again smiled as he bent down to the corn.

"I tell you," he mumbled between munches, "this certainly does go good with me. That hard tack and monkey meat they give you in the army just stagnates on my stomach."

"You don't talk like a Northerner," said Mrs. Colston.

"No'm," said the boy, "I'm what you call a homemade Yankee."

"Where do you come from?"

"Tennessee. I most and generally lives in Knoxville."

"You don't by any chance know Doctor Hilstreth, do you?"

"Well, I can't say I know him any more. He's dead."

"I didn't know that," said Mrs. Colston.

"My old man buried him." The boy pushed back his chair and ran his buttery fingers through his curly fair hair. "I guess it must 'a been a year ago last spring."

"I'm sorry to hear it," said Mrs. Colston. "I used to know him well."

"My father made the coffin. He buries all the best people in Knoxville. You don't know my father?"

"I don't think so. I just know the Hilstreths."

"He does some distilling too. And he does a good deal of carpentry beside coffins. He always wanted me to help him. I didn't mind helping with the coffins, but I couldn't stand having nothing to do with the corpses. No, sir! No, ma'am, I mean. Fact is, me and my father never did agree very well. I always do just the contrary. He's a Southern sympathizer."

"And you're not?"

"Well, I ain't for slavery." He looked up at Telitha.

"Telitha's not a slave," said Mrs. Colston. "She's as free as I am. I hire her to cook for me by the week."

The boy lost the look he had had.

"Fact is," he said, "I don't like 'em. I never could see where we had anything to gain from 'em. Course my father, he's got to keep in with his trade. But I can tell you, there's lots down my way feel just the way I do."

"I know there is," said Mrs. Colston. "But you'd better have something more to eat."

The guard considered.

"I think I could do with another cup of coffee."

Mrs. Colston poured it for him herself.

"But you get better coffee than this in the army. You have real coffee, and you have sugar. This is just something we make ourselves."

"I guess it's the cream, but it tastes good to me." He was feeling very full and very comfortable. "I guess I'll go out now and take a look around. Where'd I put my gun?"

"It's right there where you left it. There!" Telitha pointed.

Mrs. Colston stood up.

"What are we going to call you?"

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"My name's Stainback." He picked up his rifle. "But I'd just as soon you'd call me Johnny. That's what they most and generally calls me."

"Tell me something—how'd they happen to pick you out for a guard? I mean at headquarters."

"Oh," said Johnny, "they know I'm reliable."

And he trailed his rifle heavily out of the door.

Telitha began clearing the table. Mrs. Colston stood looking out of the window that gave on the back yard.

"How old would you say he was?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Colston. They get kind of hickory-like pretty young up in the mountains. But I guess he's older than some."

There were two ears of corn still in the pot; Telitha lifted them out and put them on her own plate along with the hominy cakes that were left. There was nothing else.

"You know what they say, with the soldiers one side treats you just as bad as the other, the only difference is the Rebels is always hongrier. Well, that boy may not 'a been hongry, but he certainly could eat."

"How old did you say he was?"

"Oh, he's maybe nineteen, he's maybe twenty."

Mrs. Colston continued looking out of the window though the guard had gone.

I wonder, she thought, if he's ever killed anybody. He can't have been in the army long.

Celie Cary stood on the last step but one of the stairs, looking down across the balustrade at the pert young corporal. Behind him she saw another man squinting at her out of a gray face, a sabre scar slanting across one eye.

"There's no man here," she said. "There never has been."

Strangely, she felt no fear. Now that they were actually in her house—

"That's what they all say, madam."

Then the man behind the corporal spoke out of his gray shadow:

"That's why we have to burn 'em out. They come out when we burn 'em out."

"There's a sick woman up-stairs," said Celie. "That's all. If you'll come with me, I'll show you."

Suddenly she stared at the two men, her eyes changed with fright. Why had she said that? Why had she told them she would lead them to Hester's room?

A tall burly bearded soldier darkened the doorway.

"Cut the gab—" it called. "Let's get on with this!"

Behind him she saw other soldiers, waiting. Celie turned, gathering up her skirts to mount the stairs. Her hoops were gone, a faded brown percale fell in long folds, rumpling about her feet. Behind her a heavy breath climbed. At the landing it stopped, and a soldier clattered down the steps on hobnail thuds. She felt no fright now, she felt nothing, unless a vast depression. After all, why shouldn't she lead them to Hester's room? It was not fair. Why should she have to suffer their insults alone?

She turned the knob and went in. The door she did not close.

"They have spoken against me with a lying tongue," Hester shrilly cried. Sidewise she regarded her cousin as she came into the room. "They compassed me about also with words of hatred; and fought against me without a cause."

Bolt upright in bed, she sat, a scarlet-and-orange-and-black shawl about her shoulders, her long horse face bent to a Bible spread wide on her knees. The window was open that looked on the foot of the bed. Loose strands of graying hair straggled along her cheek.

Pressed against the wall beyond the

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door frame, Celie listened. Soldiers were trampling in the hall. She heard doors open. They were coming up the steps now; she heard two of them pass the half-opened door. They had gone into her room. Then a third soldier came by, shouting after them.

"Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow. Let his children be continually vagabonds, and beg: let them——"

Her drawers were being pulled out; dropped they fell clattering.

"Hester, will you be quiet—" She could stand it no longer.

The points of light in Hester's gray eyes topped the glasses' rims. "I am reading the Hundred and Ninth Psalm," she said hurriedly. "It's all about the unmerciful and what happens to them. Let them be before the Lord continually ——"

"They can't hear you."

"Oh, yes, they can." And Cousin Hester lifted her voice to its shrillest pitch.

"Because he remembered not to show mercy, but persecuted the poor and needy man——"

They were over her head now in the garret. She heard trunks being dragged over the ceiling, across her head.

"—that he might even slay the broken in heart," Hester cried.

Something fell, a broken thud and a screech and then horrible cursings.

"Hester! Hester! Will you be quiet!"

"They're Christians, aren't they?" said Hester. "They claim to be. Well, then—There's a few things I could tell them. As he loved cursing, so let it come unto him," she intoned. Then she broke off an instant, her horse face hardened and she looked at Celie, her eyes obscured by the light on her glasses. "I've heard about enough from them on how wicked we are. To own slaves—there's nothing in the Bible against owning slaves." She looked at Celie pressed against the wall, her hands spread out and pressed against the wall until the fingers were bloodless. "You look like you were going to be shot. I'm not afraid of them. They won't come in here anyhow." And again she bent her head, dangling with strands of loosened graying hair.

"Because he remembered not to show mercy, I read that. For I am poor and needy, and my heart is wounded within me." Shrilly her voice soared above the patchwork counterpane.

"That's a good book you've got there."

Celie found she was holding the door after the corporal had come in.

"I know it well." Casually he sat down on the side of the bed. "You wouldn't believe it, but my father thought he was going to make a preacher out of me." Hester lifted her great Bible free of his grasping hand. "Yes," he said, "you wouldn't believe that. But I used to be pretty good at it. And when it came to texts, I wasn't one of these 'Jesus wept' boys either."

"I am tossed up and down as the locust," Hester read on. "My flesh faileth of fatness."

"I don't wonder," said the corporal. "You certainly have got things hidden around here. Hey, sergeant—d'you find anything?"

Celie dropped her arm before the tall burly beard.

"You know what," said the corporal. "I think they got something hidden in this bed. What you say we help this lady up and tumble the mattress."

"You can't do that, you can't—" The corporal had risen, and amazed Celie found her arms entangled with his and her wrists held. He stood between her and the bed. "She's an ill woman. You can't touch her. Not if you are men."

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An important and challenging article calling upon the intelligentsia to cease chasing "folk art" and to understand the real basis of American civilization—the folks. Miss Suckow charges that artists by their present attitude of aloofness are handing the country over to their enemies, the Philistines.

The Folk Idea in American Life

BY RUTH SUCKOW

For the past few years, there has been a fairly determined search for the folk principle in American life. Writers and painters have gone on the track of the primitive among Negroes, the Indians of the Southwest, and the Southern hill-billies. They have been collecting ballads of cowboys and outlaws, and legends of Paul Bunyan and John Henry, the strong men. For even Americans know, as an abstract idea, that the folk element in any national life is the root of its æsthetic traditions. The little shops in New York, travelling from the Village up toward Madison Avenue, are filled with the objects of the old folk art of Mexico and Czecho-Slovakia; and that art lovers properly prize these objects can be seen in the apartments crowded with Russian peasant chests, Italian pottery, and even carvings of old New England sailing-vessels. In Taos the charming adobe houses of artists are fitted out with authentically primitive examples of Mexican tin, Indian pottery, and Spanish *santos;* remodelled farmhouses in New England are strictly early American; and in the general hodgepodge of California, houses in Spanish mission style are furnished with the treasures of China and the South Sea Islands mixed up with blue platters of English willow and pewter candlesticks.

But it is impossible to escape the feeling that the New England antiques and the Indian jars—all the thin little gathering up of an American "folk" art that is displayed in our tea-rooms and shoppes—cannot give a sufficiently broad basis for the full development of a national art in a country such as ours. The whole great booming welter of our common existence is left out of it. We are not Indians, we are not all New Englanders of the early Colonial stock, and very few of us got our start among the mountains of Kentucky or in the adobe houses of Spanish America. Little of the "folk" material dug out so far and definitely labelled "art" has much application to the common environment of the ordinary American—the environment from which at least nine-tenths of our intelligentsia have come. Much of it, in fact, is as foreign to that environment as the Syrian brass and the Italian tooled leather in the little shops. But it is what artists and near-artists have been prone to accept and build upon, in lieu of a folk art, since most of them are sadly convinced that there is no such element which is æsthetically fruitful in that common environment.

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Is this the truth? What is a "folk" life, anyway? Why, it is the common existence, in its most basic terms, of a group of people knit firmly together by common ties. Usually, among older peoples, the blood tie is the strongest. In Europe, we find its roots in the peasantry that are still at the bottom of the national life. But in America, where we have no peasantry, where the very principle and make-up of the nation forbids it, we cannot expect to find the folk element expressed in just the same primitive terms or with just the same narrow meaning as in older civilizations. The formation of our democracy began upon a different human level. To discover it in its broadest aspects, we must look for it among the people who do actually form the great mass basis of our particular civilization. They are the people who go by the name of "just common ordinary Americans." They are, in fact, almost everybody—and that is the trouble.

The whole matter may be summed up in this: the folk idea in America has become the idea of "folks."

Nobody doubts that there is a common national existence, becoming constantly more of a piece wide-spread throughout the United States. It furnishes comment for our visitors and gives despair to our intelligentsia. It goes under the various names of standardization, American home life, and mass civilization; and it is the customary thing nowadays to describe it chiefly in stereotyped terms of radios, automobiles, bathrooms, advertising, movies, and fundamentalism. But that is a hasty reading. There is something that underlies the mechanical America of skyscrapers, filling-stations, and bungalows that catches the tourist eye of the visitor.

There is, for instance, variety. The traveller on the train may see chiefly railroad-stations, coal-yards, and telephone-wires. But I do not see how it would be possible for any one to travel across country by automobile, in the intimate relation to the changing environment that such travelling implies, and arrive at either coast with a remembrance made up wholly of noise, dirt, mechanical industry, and ugly provincialism. His memory of towns must be interspersed with that of farm lands teeming with abundance, crops of every description, deserts inhabited only by burrowing animals, and fantastic cacti, great rivers, mountains, chasms, and forests. He must travel with the blinders of prejudice and preconception if he perceives only what is alike, and not what is different. He has driven through the brick-built, pre-revolutionary village of McVeytown, Penn., and through brand-new Tulsa, Okla. He has caught varied glimpses of the spirit of the country in the settled prosperity of the plain frame houses of the Middle West and the delicate and forlorn distinction of white Southern houses in a pleasantly dilapidated landscape; in the new settlements of tourist cabins that shelter a huge nomad population; and those deserted mining towns where pack-rats scamper over decaying floors in shacks with broken windows. At the end of such a journey, the much-talked-of standardization of gasoline-stations and chain stores seems nothing but a hasty superstructure erected of necessity coupled with energy to bridge the mighty gaps of an overwhelming variety.

But it is all American—no one can doubt that. Something deeply homogeneous binds together the extravagant differences. It comes out in the catchwords and slogans that every one takes it for granted every one else will understand; in the confidently friendly approach of strangers met by chance at the same table

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in a coffee-shop; in the final question of the waitress in the Western restaurant: "Have you folks had all you want?" Generous, easy-going, well-met, obtuse, and naïve, friendly first and suspicious only later—it is quite unlike the hard, integrated peasant simplicity of the folk of Europe. It is the "folks" spirit, the broadly basic quality of American life, supporting the differences, and bringing them all together.

If this "folks" life of ours is not as old as we romantically ask it to be, at least we can say that it began as far back as we can reasonably expect: with the beginnings of the settlements of this continent. For while there is a strong principle of rugged individualism in America, typified by Daniel Boone and Natty Bumpo, there is gathering strength in the opposite one of an intensely communal life. Towns and settlements were made by groups. The Pilgrims in the *Mayflower* came over in a "band." Southern settlers were sent by the shipload. The majority of settlements in the Middle West were made by groups from older settlements, or by new colonies of Europeans; and in turn, whole towns pulled out and went farther West again. The covered wagons crossed the plains, rarely alone, usually in droves. It was always new communities that were being formed. In fact, the word "community" has come to have a special meaning in this country, more important than town, village, or even state.

But among all the varied peoples who went to make up the new nation, likeness was in fortune and aim rather than in blood. Whatever else they might be, they were people who wanted to get ahead. This was the uniting principle that underlay the founding of the new communities. These people were not a folk. They were many—they were folks. And the still nearer ones were always "new folks." With the coming of every new family, there was always the hope of added help in carrying out the communal aims—which were also the individual aims—of growth and development. In the term "folks," as in the name the United States, the ideas of variety and plurality are inherent, bound firmly into a whole.

But it must be remembered that "the folks" is an American phrase applied to families as well as to communities. The very essence of pioneer community life was the idea of "one big family." It was born of necessity and the democratic ideal, and it has gone through the whole of American civilization. If racial ties were weak, then so much the more need for emphasis upon the unit that everybody could understand. Similarity of aim is as great a unifying force as similarity of blood, and is constantly remaking the world. It tended from the start, therefore, to crush out unlikeness and to make all the members of the family contribute to the great idea of getting ahead. The leading members were hard-working people of a fairly religious class, with a strong belief in education, Protestant, and to that extent Puritan. These, at least, were the bulk of "the folks" in the new communities; although there were always "characters," queer ones, variety.

However, the complaint of our artists and intelligentsia is not so much that we have no folk life in America, as that our ordinary life, the life of the folks, has not the quality which can produce just such an art as the old folk art of other nations. Characteristically, it is repetition that most of them are after, not creation. They are looking either for complete novelties or exact reproductions, and therefore they fail to make the simple analogy that forms the explanation. They are after the primitive. But the

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folks were not primitive. They were only a plain people coming into temporarily primitive conditions. For a primitive period, often clouded in darkness, it is necessary to substitute that period, somewhat variable over the country, known as "the early days," when communities and institutions appear in their simplest form. It is something, by the way, that few of our foreign visitors and few of our critics have the means or take the trouble to do.

The period itself is well known through documents, old settlers' tales, a few novels; and now that it is past, and distinctly past, it has even come to have a certain amount of artistic repute. A simplicity is apparent in it which almost compares to the primitive. It is, however, the comparison which is frequently valued above the actual character of the time. It is just where that character differs from those of other nations and is most itself that it comes in for denunciation and misconception. Where it touches the idea of "folk" it is good; but not the idea of "the folks." Since it meets the old folk idea in only a few points, and those minor or negative, the folks idea being the original and central one, even the life of the early days has drawn those adjectives of "thin" and "barren" which pedants and æsthetes whose hearts are with the past have so long applied to the cultural nature and possibilities of America.

Are these adjectives deserved? It seems to me that the word "barren" might just as well be given to a piece of midwestern soil which had not yet felt the plough, and "thin" to the crop of corn that followed. "Bare" might indeed have been applied. But "bare" and "barren" are different words. Bareness is often the first outline of strength not yet developed, holding within it the seeds of abundance.

In the early days, a community consisted of a small church, plain and bleakly direct as the Puritan faith; just as small a schoolhouse, just as directly fashioned for the purposes of "learning"; stores; and plain, bare, but snugly built houses. These four institutions, old enough in themselves, were reduced to their immediate purposes. So with the whole settlement. A teacher was needed, therefore a teacher was a valuable citizen. A blacksmith was needed, and therefore a blacksmith was valuable. All the folks were welcome because all contributed to the community. Around the community lay wilderness. Bareness characterized the whole—bare needs, bare purposes; immediacy. But it was not barrenness, for it had a purpose.

Because of this early bareness, simple homes, settlements far apart, towns raw and new, amusement—that great spontaneous source of art and culture—depended, like progress, upon all the folks getting together. Sunday itself was a sober festival, when folks had the chance to see and speak to other folks. All were equally concerned in the growth and management of the church. Even here, getting together was linked with the great idea of getting ahead; and the social gatherings took the form of suppers to raise money for the church. Only the children and young folks were exempt. For the young people, a whole social life grew up out of choir rehearsals, camp-meetings, with its centre in "The Little Brown Church in the Dale" of which the tenor and alto sang so touchingly in duet on Sunday evenings. There was a certain amount of frolicking, too, about the edges of the solemn purposes of "education" that might make a president of any boy. Recess was a time when children practised the old games that, although few of them were aware of it, held echoes and memories of racial ori-

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gins—"London Bridge is falling down" —and the new ones, like the game of Pilgrims and Indians, that were growing up on their own continent. But the earlier spelling-bees and singing-schools, the great day of examination by the school board, had improvement as their basis; and the basket socials, where the handiwork of the girls was auctioned off to the boys, were designed to raise money for the school.

Work and pleasure and getting ahead were bound up together. People made bees out of the corn-husking, quilting, and barn-raising that were too much for them to handle alone. Afterward, they ate together. Food took on an added festive quality from the pioneers' memory of old days when they had to live on corn and bacon—of older days in older countries when food for their kind was scantier still. Big suppers—appropriately termed "feeds"—became the centre of a real American merrymaking. Games were left largely to the young folks. They could dance for a moment in each other's arms in the hilarious course of "Down the River" and "Jip Along Josie"; they could make eyes at each other through the slyly hidden purposes of "Wink 'Em"; and snatch a few kisses in "Post Office" and "Clap In, Clap Out." The older people were tired. They had been working all day, and when it came time to quit, about all they were good for was to sit down and rest and fill their stomachs. They didn't need so much entertainment, anyway. Just getting out and seeing folks was entertainment. "Visiting" was better than any game for a gregariously minded people forced by circumstances into comparative solitude. All these gatherings were infused with the family atmosphere, intimate and homely, that took the place of class consciousness. They held the seeds and shoots of a folks culture. Beauty was little present; but beauty, visible and strange, lay still untouched in the wilderness about them.

But these were the old times, the early days. Even æsthetes can find a certain authentic charm in the simplicity of home-woven coverlets, home-made milking-stools, and patchwork quilts; in the old square dances, the songs dramatizing locality, that grew up out of the merrymakings. But they are past. The era following has been given little credit for continuing a cultural pattern. It is difficult to see, on the one hand, the similarity of aim and spirit that persists under the rapid change from riding in ox-carts to riding in buggies and then in automobiles; and, on the other, the positive possibility that lies in something that is just our own and nobody else's.

In this transition period between pioneer days and what we term a wholly modern civilization, the church still held its place in the community, although there were disregarded murmurs from rebellious children. No, the murmurs were not wholly disregarded. Even then, in spite of the weekly scrubbing of ears, and dragging of protesting infants to church, Puritan rigidity had softened to the extent of recognizing that children must have their good times. There was not the concerted effort to "hold the young people" that has since developed parish-house swimming-pools and ministerial leaders of the Boy Scouts. But the whole church joined in on the Sunday-school picnic that was the great holiday institution of the summer months; and those of them who had not quite grown up, in the awful sense of the term, could work off their joviality in thoroughly approved fashion by swinging the children in the great rope swings that were put up as soon as they reached the picnic-grounds. Children's day was one of the big religious festivals of the year, when

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gratified adults sat back to watch the Primary Department in their best short pants and white dresses wander up to the platform of the church and go through their "exercises." The Christmas Eve programme was still bigger. The Christmas-tree, lighted with candles and festooned with popcorn, with its tip touching the ceiling, held presents for everybody, later distributed by the most restless class of boys and the prettiest class of girls. Again the most jovial adult was able to get into the fun himself by putting on a rubicund mask and some cotton-batting and tumbling down the improvised chimney as Santa Claus.

In the schools, the family feeling persisted. Because the schools were thought of as democratic institutions where *all* the children went, the children could take their valentines to the schoolroom box. The schoolroom was decorated for the Thanksgiving programme with corn-stalks, pumpkins, autumn leaves, and pictures of turkey gobblers drawn in colored chalks on the blackboards. A little boy and girl, in Puritan white collars and buckled shoes, acted the parts of Priscilla and John Alden, those favorites of sentiment, and on Washington's Birthday, in powder and the shining pink gorgeousness of cambric, of George and Martha Washington. National heroes were held up with perhaps exaggerated veneration, since they were new heroes without the weight of unconscious centuries behind them; and the lore and legend so prized by the best Americans when it gilds the lives of the heroes of ancient foreign lands tried to make a beginning in the tale of George Washington's cherry-tree and Lincoln's funny stories.

The singing-schools and spelling-matches of "Hoosier Schoolmaster" days had gone out of favor; but certainly no one could claim that the high schools were not lively centres of communal amusements. By this time, it was football games and class scraps, class colors and high-school yells, and the ambition of every junior class to fasten its colors to the top of the stand-pipe. High schools gave their own plays. They began to publish their own magazines in which local hits varied with the best themes from the English classes; and the drawings at the head of each department—athletics, society, jokes—gave the high-school artists their chance to develop a type of emblematic art. The whole town turned out to hear the graduating exercises. And above the high schools were the colleges—the little coeducational colleges and the big State universities all over the country. Every college, even the little one-building Baptist school in the town of five hundred people, had developed its songs, its yells, and its "spirit." Football games, athletics in general, held, in a rudimentary way, somewhat the communal place of the games in ancient Greece. The colleges were not set apart from the life of the "folks." They were right in the centre of it.

In these days, the particular kind of existence that has come to be recognized under the term of "American small-town life" was in full blast. It was the day of circuses, big Fourth of July celebrations in the grove outside of town, band concerts in the square—a flourishing, strongly integrated, still largely unconscious community life. National festivals had not yet been subjected to analysis or criticism. The whole town took part in the celebration of Decoration Day. Women raised snowball bushes with an eye to making bouquets. They spent the morning in the armory separating the flowers that everybody contributed and wrapping the stems in tinfoil; and then, during the hottest

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hour of the morning, the school-children marched through the dust to the cemetery to lay the bouquets on the graves of the soldiers, each marked with a flag in an iron holder, when the cannon gave a boom. The statue of a Union or a Confederate soldier in the centre of the square became the town monument. It was a life already stamped with a national character, but uncompleted. The vacant lot was a recognized portion of these still unfinished towns, where the children, little and big, played games in the early evening. There was always building going on. The wilderness was gone, but still the woods lay close, natural and lovely.

Here, it might be logical to think, was the development of the communal life of the early days; the first growth of abundance out of bareness; and in the games, the dramatizations, the schoolroom programme and decorations, the county fairs with their displays of cooking, sewing, children's drawings, and farm products, in the growing national legends and festivals, the beginning of the conscious art of the folks. I do not say that such an art was fully developed, any more than the towns themselves, but the principle was there, racy and sound, for any one to seize.

Yet this is the very period when serious division began. The rebellious children of this era grew up to be more rebellious still, until most of them broke away from the folks life altogether. When they searched for a folk art, they went elsewhere. People who would travel any distance to see the Spanish church processions in New Mexico, for example, are not apt to recognize the old Christmas Eve programme as in any way related to a church festival. In fact, those who have been hottest on the scent of a "folk arts," a foundation, a tradition, a beginning, are the same rebellious children who have totally, explicitly revolted from the "folks" practices of their own communities.

And if they fail to perceive any such element in this simple era, to which even a rebellious childhood often lends a faint glow of sentiment, they turn away altogether from the present stage of booming development and visible crystallization. It is a common viewpoint to see this whole life of the ordinary American community of to-day as a great excrescence, strung up from nobody knows where, and smothering any possibility of an American culture. It is almost universal among our intelligentsia, whether they adopt the attitude of Gargantuan laughter, sophisticated tolerance, or sad abhorrence, to regard the folks life of to-day, with its great communal extensions of the life of the early days—rotary, organized yelling, clubs, university spirit, booms, advertising, chain stores, and riding round and round in automobiles—as completely out of keeping with any idea of culture.

In fact, American life has come to be divided quite sharply into two parts, unrecognized in our political parties but not in the larger life of the nation: the big majority who still make up the "folks," and the small but by no means inarticulate or uninfluential "civilized minority" who comprise a self-acknowledged intelligentsia. There are all sorts of minor deviations within these two parties. But in general it is safe to say that the first is regarded as having no concern with art and beauty, while the others, although they may talk a great deal about a native American art, have less and less personal connection with American life as such.

Where did the break begin? The very essence of the meaning of "folk" is involved in participation; and the majority of art-loving Americans to-day, un-

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like the Henry Jameses of the past, grew up out of and in the midst of the folks. The very milieu which æsthetes have always demanded had begun to develop out of this communal life, in the most logical way, unconsciously, according to its own tradition; and now—although a definite split has come, a kind of intellectual and æsthetic civil war—this has even reached some sort of visible outcome. The folks will tell you that it came about because the intelligentsia (often referred to as "the New York intelligentsia") is composed of people actually "un-American," that is, people of foreign and non-Nordic birth, with none of the Yankee strain. But such a rationalization—for it does not deserve to be called an explanation—falls down upon the most important points of fact. In plenty of instances it is people of foreign—that is to say, non-Yankee—descent who have been able to deal with the common phases of contemporary American life in a way neither satiric nor sentimental. Dreiser, Anderson, and Carl Sandburg are examples.

There are a good many reasons, some valid and some considerably less so, why few of our American intellectuals and æsthetes have been able thoroughly to identify themselves with the folks environment and to use its creative opportunities.

A primary reason lies in the racial memories of the American people. It would be hard to draw the line between those which have added to the richness of a young civilization and those whose influence has been retrogressive. For even while a new sort of folk-lore was growing up out of a new life, there persisted the other and increasingly foreign folk-lore which the people had brought with them. In the early days, in the midst of their own work and play, many of their songs and stories related to a life left behind. On the seacoast, in the old colonies, these were of Europe, largely of England. In the West, they were of the East. But everywhere, they were not of home, but of "back home." Any life left behind is apt to gather the haze of a Golden Age. These stories appealed to the imaginative children with that romantic glamour of the past which they could find, of course, in nothing growing up about them. The new songs and games had some kind of a vigorous element in them, but it was not this particular element which they had learned to associate with romantic beauty. That always lay beyond the rear horizon.

Because these imaginative children were the only ones who seemed to value the past in a new country among a practical people, most of them learned unconsciously to identify themselves with the old tradition instead of the new. To them it was "tradition." Because they saw this element losing ground in the new environment, they came to regard the environment as something that, of itself, crushed out art and beauty altogether. And because they were children of imagination, but so seldom of original imagination, they missed those creative evidences which had about them little tincture of the past.

So they grew up seeking the old, even when they began to do so in the name of the new. To-day we have the spectacle of a whole tribe of æsthetic nomads, a flock of cuckoo birds, always trying to make their homes in nests that other birds have builded. Many have gone clear abroad; but even more are now abroad in their own country. New York, of course, is the stronghold; but there are a handful of other American cities where they may find an exotic, and therefore artistic, atmosphere—San Francisco, New Orleans, Santa Fé, with smaller centres of the simple but expensive sort, at Taos

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and Carmel-by-the-Sea. Sometimes our minority flatteringly imagines that, in thus fleeing the wholesale American scene, it is representing the old tradition of individualism. It would be pleasant if this were true. But it is true only of a major few among American artists, and most of these have never broken emotional contact with their environment. It is the thoroughly human principle of the gregariousness that animates most of these flights. The fleers are not seeking the materials of an art so much as a community of their own kind. In fact, the chief trouble of our "civilized minority" has always lain in the fact that, in general, it has been desperately timid and unoriginal, not escaping from a pattern, but seeking to unite itself to one even older and more impregnably established.

But there is a difficulty beyond that which the past creates. It lies in that subtle and perplexing change of the old term "folk" to the new term "folks."

If "folk" involved a degree of participation, in "folks" the degree has been sweepingly heightened. It is the close hold of the family instead of the loose hold of the race. There is nothing indefinite in the sense of belonging to a family. A break, when it comes, is correspondingly harder and more irrevocable. Randolph Bourne, that keen prophet and intuitive student of the American scene, years ago, before such a visible break had come, divined the danger that lay for the folks themselves in the very name of "folks." The tightness of the family hold has tended to raise up a tribe of prodigal sons and daughters, who in the beginning—no matter how defiant now—were like a bunch of frightened and lonely children trying to huddle together out of the way of authority. Do not imagine that the folks had taken these flights with indifference! They may storm; but they are perplexed, fearful, unconfident. The commonest question of the most optimistic American communities has come to be: Why do we lose so many of our best young people?

But, after all, these children were the children of their parents, no matter how different their ideals might seem to be. They themselves—I speak again of the majority of the minority—were æsthetic fundamentalists and artistic go-getters. There is little spiritual difference between the millionaire who brings back an English castle and sets it up in Indiana and the young æsthete who adopts the French manner of painting, designed for a particular end, and claps it down upon a sprawling American subject. An animating principle of the flights, hither and yon, has been the ambition to get ahead artistically as fast as possible. These children, in characteristic style, could not wait patiently to develop the raw beginnings of a thing at home, but must hustle off to find themselves an art and a civilization that was ready-made for them somewhere else.

There is, in fact, a tinge of snobbishness in the ordinary artistic temperament which shies off on principle from the implication involved in that word "folks." Æsthetes can be fond of the term "folk" when it suggests a remote difference. They can be fond of their own rural countrymen if they can view them as Reymont peasants or Thomas Hardy rustics. But the term "folks" threatened to take them in. And the general æsthetic sense of America was in that adolescent stage of development when a youth sees "life" in the river shanties but suffers torture when his own family is anything but socially impeccable; when a girl thinks a Breton peasant woman in a cap is simply too quaint, but dies a thousand deaths when

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she has to walk down the street beside her mother in the wrong kind of hat.

So the life of the folks goes on booming, branching out in a hundred directions, and, for one reason or another, most of the rebellious young people are out of it.

But I repeat that this modern American existence from which they flee is no mere excrescence upon the fact of a possible American culture. It grew straight from the raw elements of the early days. It overgrew, for certain vital elements were removed at critical times. The bleak little churches are gone from all but a few rural waysides; the little schoolhouses, too. But they have expanded into the big community churches and consolidated schools of to-day that attempt, in the old spirit, to centre in themselves the social activities of the community. It is the old sense of being one big family that has fostered the growth of organization everywhere—that is at the bottom of success of clubs, drives in churches and civic organizations, university spirit—the virtue of "getting together"; and it is the old idea of getting ahead that gives the force to booms and advertising. The life is not devoid of a beauty of its own. Artists themselves have begun to perceive this in automobiles and electric refrigerators. Such beauty as it possesses, however, is overwhelmingly upon the material side, and the later growth from the old folk element of the folks life is too generally a rank and hasty affair, lacking in fineness and ultimate soundness. I see no reason for denying or mitigating this fact. It is evident.

So far, the folks themselves have got all the blame. But we know the bland rigidity of their tenets, the naïveté of their precepts. We have heard the indictments against them. We have the records of rebellion. Looking back at the early simplicities from which this existence grew, there must come the feeling that the present lopsidedness was not inevitable. Here, as in so many phases of life upon the American continent, we see the first rich native abundance slashed down and tossed aside to make way for something baldly utilitarian on the one hand or artistically inappropriate on the other. It is not only the prosperous people of Middletown but the minority themselves who have been getting ahead to their own detriment. Inclusion has marred the one, exclusion the other. The too inclusive principle has helped to drive out of the grown towns and communities that very element of imagination that might have turned standardization into a form where it has too often become banality; and the exclusive principle has made of the escaping young people a band of eternal tourists. Whether they regard the life of the folks with horror or with the "civilized urbanity" later in vogue, they have lost the spirit of participation. How can the seeds of beauty flourish in any soil where the very people who cherish the principle of beauty leave the seeds to the random cultivation of the very people who do not? It is an ironic circumstance in this country that so often the original principle lies with the Philistines, while the search and the desire lie with those who are eternally looking backward.

This is not to say that the eager tourists have not picked up highly valuable things. Nor is it to discredit the "folk art" of outlaws, adventurers, and small wayside communities. But the art which these artists themselves, in the spirit of outsiders, have created—and this is what counts—tends more and more to become brittle and attenuated. It is always being dug from shallow pockets. It soon dries up because it is fed by no deep springs

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of sympathy. A search for method as such has grown up out of this alienation from material, and there has been little in American art of that just and simple clothing of the spirit in the form that develops from inner harmony. It is, true enough, the folk foundation that has been lacking; for its actual presence in this country, the folks foundation, has been largely denied. There was a time—and not long past—when anything that dealt with the common aspects of American life was, as a matter of course, classed as satire. And because of this fear of involvement and participation among the knowing, it has taken the originally unknowing to seize upon the broadly fruitful elements of American life. It took Mark Twain, a wild man of his intellectual generation, to make an epic of a journey of a raft down the Mississippi; Ring Lardner, newspaper man, to turn boobery into an art; Carl Sandburg, a local Swedeboy, to tap the native fairy-lore of "Rootabega Stories"; Dreiser, the son of German Catholic immigrants, to see the depths of "An American Tragedy"; and Walt Whitman, a farmer's son growing up obscurely in the rural interior of Long Island, to hear "America Singing."

This is no new thing. America is all in a ferment about itself, and has been, time and again. But now, at the very moment when the nation begins to be seen in its full stature, the backward movement is in full swing again. In the very cry for America to come of age lurks the old demand for it to grow up, not in its own way, but in everybody else's way.

Perhaps this second civil war could scarcely have been avoided in the country, as it was, both old and new, simple and multifarious and perplexing. But it is time for a conclusion. It is time for our artists to cease following up the blind alleys of the past, however illusive and charming, and to get into the open corridors leading to the future. Instead of running away from the folks to nowhere, let them take their own place as artists, as intellectuals, among the folks —the place which they themselves have almost forfeited. To make such an admission does not necessarily include learning Edgar Guest by heart. Participation need not be blind indiscrimination. Æsthetic participation is always mingled with detachment. It is open-minded and frequently belligerent, and chooses its own substance nicely from out the common stock. Even if, in the humanistic manner, some of them must turn to the old line of Latin culture, they can bring nothing to it but the most pallid imitation unless their roots are in the life of their own folks nourishing their racial individuality. The folk spirit is the basic, unifying element of that intellectual and æsthetic confusion—that bewilderment of variety—of which we are hearing so much just now. This, for Americans, of whatever race, *is* a return to their fathers. In the folks spirit, with its directness, its simplicity, its intimacy, and its broad generosity, the family raciness of its history bound up with the American soil, its only half-used power, the possibilities are rich; and the chief of these is a greater and greater inclusiveness.

Meanwhile, here the country lies—huge, half formed, fundamentally various under the hasty superficialities of standardization, and fundamentally one country. If our artists do not include themselves and take the place they want —and fight for it if necessary—they are simply giving away their own heritage to the Philistines.

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Fear is, at bottom, the cause of the stupidity of the movies. A large number of earnest women and a small number of political jobholders hold the movies in subjection. Producers pay for protection from their critics by various methods, which Mr. Lorentz has investigated fully, chiefly by keeping the movies to the level of a child's intelligence.

Moral Racketeering in the Movies

BY PARE LORENTZ

Movie censorship receives almost as much notice in the press as the mundane habits of movie stars. Bulls from the office of Will Hays and statements from the various uplift leagues give one the impression that censorship breaks out over the industry like the measles and disappears as rapidly. As a matter of fact, there is a well-organized and stable machinery set up to smooth and purify all the celluloid that appears in the land, whether manufactured in Hollywood or abroad—and to protect the dividends resulting therefrom.

This machinery is composed of three elements: (1) Six sets of minor politicians in as many States; (2) Will Hays, ex-Postmaster-General in the Cabinet of Warren G. Harding, created "Czar" of nation's third largest industry by grace of the Fatty Arbuckle scandal; (3) the National Board of Review. The last two are results of what might well be termed "moral racketeering."

Circumstances have allowed this machine to work under cover. Mr. Hays, as the super press-agent of the industry, could not be expected to present a factual picture of movie censorship or of the real purpose of his organization. The most powerful censors are appointed by governors and it would be optimistic indeed to expect a politician voluntarily to betray the mysterious workings of his office. The women's clubs, which are to a large extent responsible for both Hays and the National Board of Review, while loquacious enough, have been noted for everything but logic or dignity. But, mysterious as they work, these three groups of censors have combined to mutilate, change, or muddle every movie shown in this country during the past ten years.

Follow a manuscript through the movie factory and you get a clear picture of the activities of undercover agents who exercise an unprecedented right—the right of pre-censorship. Not just one movie goes through this process, but every film you have ever seen.

The play "Coquette" furnished an instance. It was a fine piece of work—a story of a Southern gentleman of the old school who provoked the death of a boy and girl because they violated the old-school code. The play ran in New York for months and played in many other cities. Critics and audiences gave it unstinted praise. Mary Pickford chose it for her début in talking pictures. The manuscript was purchased, and George Abbott, co-author and director of the play, was engaged as director. A fine play, a famous player, a good director—

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you could not ask more of the movies. Work was started. The sales manager held the usual conference with Colonel Joy of the Will Hays office. Miss Pickford was informed that the plot had to be changed. Colonel Joy had conferred with Mrs. Winter (representing the women's clubs in Hollywood) and had come to the conclusion that it would be too much for the general public to have the heroine with child, as the plot demanded. A change was "suggested."

Miss Pickford objected to any change. It was her début and she did not want to have a crippled plot to work with. The sales manager said it was impossible to expect the State censor boards of Pennsylvania and New York to license the film unless the change was made. The heroine was not to be with child. The father, not the heroine, was to commit suicide. With the entire unity and strength of the play destroyed, they again started to work. But every day Director Abbott received long memorandums from the Hays office. The word "whiskey" must not be used—the Kansas censors would object. The heroine must not be kissed *on the neck*—it was taboo in Maryland. Finally the movie with its distorted and pointless tragedy was completed. But not yet could the public see it. First it had to be exhibited before five women in New York City. They conferred, marked a ballot, pronounced the work good, and a seal "Passed by the National Board of Review" was attached to the film. The battered print was then presented to six State censor boards. Each State demanded a few changes (no two boards agreeing on a change). There were more conferences with the sales manager. And finally "Coquette" was presented to the public. In Cleveland or any other city, Miss Helen Hayes could perform the play as originally written before any group of people without one voice lifted in protest. Around the corner in a movie theatre Mary Pickford had to present a vitiated version of the same play—vitiated by no wish of the movie customers.

The producers of "Coquette" did not override Miss Pickford and accept the demands of the women's clubs for the sake of sweet chivalry, nor did they agree to the demands of the State boards out of politeness.

II

If every motion-picture theatre prefaced its films with the title "This picture has been censored by a minor politician or his assistants," the patrons might be made to understand why the movies are so banal and childish.

It is the six State boards of censors which wield the principal power in the film-censorship machine. These boards exist in New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Kansas, and Ohio. The first was created in 1911, the last in 1915. At no time was there a public demand for their existence. When these laws were passed the pants-pressers and furriers who then owned the business were scrambling for patents and theatres. If censorship meant more customers, the producers were for censorship. The movie form was just taking shape. No man realized the potentialities of the industry (Edison sold the British rights to his patents for almost nothing). The producers were too busy to pay any attention to legislatures. As for the public—who cared about the nickelodeon? Yet the censor born in 1911 exists by legislative right, and, as we have discovered so often, it is a hundredfold easier to pass than to repeal a moral law.

A few corporations make 40 per cent of the world's movies. They likewise own great theatre chains. The corpora-

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tions dance to the tune the censors play for the simple reason that the censors have the power by law to demand changes that will cost thousands of dollars. Under the present circumstances a movie clipped in Pennsylvania is usually shipped on to several States so that the citizens of Kentucky, West Virginia, and North Carolina are forced to accept Pennsylvania's censored version of art.

It is hardly necessary to point out that three people with young girls or old women for assistants could hardly expect to maintain good judgment after sitting nine hours a day watching movies for signs of evil-doing. So many movies are produced the boards admit they cannot do justice to their work. The chairman of the New York board, in asking for help, told the legislature it was necessary at the present time to employ state troopers to help the board.

Yet no matter how careful a producer may be, the State censor *must* cut something, else how would he keep his job? The Virginia chairman actually prefaced his yearly report with the headline "Business Better Than Ever!" and then went on to boast of the great number of cuts his board made last year.

The head of the Maryland board is a druggist, doctor, politician. He has run for various offices at several times as the candidate of a Wet party. Contrast him with the head of the Kansas board, Miss Emma Viets. She received her education running a movie theatre in Girard, Kans. She has never allowed one drinking scene or one use of the word "whiskey" to titillate the fancy of Kansas movie-goers. The director has to steer between the two schools of political thought; the customer gets the benefit.

A majority of the changes they demand are merely ridiculous. All of them are tyrannous and questionable. "The Patriot" and "The Racket" furnished two examples. Many people claim that "The Patriot" was the greatest film ever made in this country. Certainly it was a superior piece of work. It was written by Alfred Neuman, the German playwright, and presented on the stage in New York. It came out in book form and was not manhandled even by John Sumner and his crew. Lubitsch, one of the best directors in the world, selected this play for his fellow countryman Emil Jannings.

From the sets to the tempo here was a movie that showed skill, that offered entertainment far beyond the usual childish romance of the screen. Not one "box-office" compromise was made. The play was not altered by one word. It has been accepted on two continents as a worthy piece of literature. What was the result? The censors of Pennsylvania filled three paragraphs with instructions for changes. They eliminated practically every scene between Jannings, as the mad Paul II, and Florence Vidor, merely because Jannings was making child-like, pathetic love to his friend's mistress. If these scenes were pornographic, then no movie could be shown in Pennsylvania. But you could not expect much discrimination from three politicians of a commonwealth that boasts of the Vare machine. "The Patriot" was changed by each of the six State boards, but Pennsylvania did the most damage. As usually is the case, no two boards agreed on one change.

"The Racket" explains a new and significant censor-fear. This play was written by a Chicago newspaper man. In Hemingway dialogue it told the story of an honest police captain struggling against the enormous corrupt machinery of his city and State. As a stage play it was successful and ran unmolested in New York City. The State movie censors of New York eliminated every scene

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and all titles that even suggested the word graft. Not only that but both the Pennsylvania and New York censors cut a scene in which a young policeman taunts a gangster and is shot in the back for his courage. It is significant that no other censor board saw harm in this scene. Graft and crime now worry these two boards as much as sex; in fact, 50 per cent of the cuts made last year came under the heading "Inciting to crime."

Religion, politics, and marital relations are cut to the most banal situations. Little of Ibsen, Shakespeare, O'Neill, or Tolstoy could reach the screen in original form.

The three Tolstoy manuscripts that have been filmed are almost unrecognizable. The Pennsylvania board actually forced the producers to make an entire scene, in the adaptation of "Anna Karenina," which had Anna married to her lover, a scene that not only was stupid but that destroyed a simple plot that has been read for years by all nations, a story that is required reading in many schools. "Resurrection" was cut in the usual indiscriminate manner, but the producer censored the story in advance —knowing it would not go through— and the heroine according to the movie was just a disappointed girl. There was not much to resurrect. "Redemption," a recent production, was so mangled it bore absolutely no relation to the play.

The censor boards have seventeen rules of conduct. According to these you cannot:

1. Portray suicide.
2. Refer to capital punishment.
3. Offend a nation.
4. Offend a religion.
5. Ridicule a politician.
6. Suggest miscegenation.
7. Portray vulgarity.
8. Portray break-down of justice.

There are nine other classifications, equally equivocal, but these alone are enforced in such a manner that the stuff of drama automatically is sheared from the screen. You can mention these subjects only if right—political, neo-Methodist right—succeeds in the end.

I do not think any sane man would choose petty politicians as logical custodians for public morals. It is ridiculous to think of three politicians in each of the six States having legal power to rule a four-billion-dollar business. If a newspaper syndicate, a magazine owner, or a theatrical producer were fronted with this onerous group of politicians he would fight. He would, I am optimistic enough to believe, have at least a minority fighting with him. But your movie corporation exists on a simple mathematical formula of geometrical progression, and one fight would mean the temporary loss of customers and money. While he was fighting in the courts for "Coquette," a competitor would be filling theatres, increasing dividends. I think the day a producer goes before the people of Pennsylvania with a list of the scenes cut by censor Knapp and his assistants he can effect a house-cleaning. The high pressure of competition secures the board against any such demonstration.

III

Besides the State censors, the movie goes through two other purifying rooms: Hays and his clubwomen delegates, and the National Board of Review. Will Hays has created, for public consumption, a mythological figure of himself clothed in robes of chastity. He receives a quarter of a million dollars or more from the major movie companies for his work, and he is indisputably the key man of the industry. He is not hired, however, because of a peculiar ability to determine the pure from the porno-

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graphic. Since he was nineteen he has been a politician. He became interested in the movies while managing Harding's campaign. He had seen to it that the late President got his amiable countenance in several miles of film. When the Fatty Arbuckle case brought a tigress cry from every woman's club in the country, the nervous producers called Hays into conference, made him czar. Immediately he laid down a barrage of propaganda which he continues to this day. He saw to it that no action was taken in Washington and he played ball with the women's clubs and the churches.

The women gave Will Hays his job, and he has fostered their strength until to-day he allows twelve delegates from women's clubs to confer with his agent, Colonel Joy, while movies are actually in production. Some of these women claim to be only personal delegates, others claim to represent millions of mothers. Whatever they represent, you have twelve ladies sending neat reports to Colonel Joy each day on the progress of our national art, you have the National Board of Review given the privilege of "commenting" on films before public presentation. He also allows the companies under his care to pay the National Board of Review for putting their seal of approval on every film out of Hollywood. The twelve delegates have no legal authority, the board has none, Mr. Hays has none—yet the movies follow their "suggestions"!

The clubwomen, headed by Mrs. Winter, former president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, are allowed to read all books and novels considered for production by the Hays companies (and they are the only important units in the business). The producers do not readily agree with the demands of the ladies, but they have to humor them. All the girls were against a filming of "The Green Hat" after a second reading. Mr. Hays passed along the word, but M-G-M merely changed the title and the hero's disease and "A Woman of Affairs" was made. Maryland and Virginia censored the major love-scene, but the women didn't burn this bit of heresy.

The D. A. R. urgently protested "An American Tragedy" and it was not filmed, although a producer gave Dreiser ninety thousand dollars for the right to do so, and production was stopped merely because the director made twelve reels from the first chapter.

Mr. Hays's suave staff of assistants coddles the ladies into uselessness in many instances. But a riot would ensue should "Strange Interlude," "Revelry," or any other controversial play reach the screen. So long as the producers allow Mr. Hays to entertain the clubwomen, the movies cannot go far beyond the understanding of the Ladies' Aid.

The story of the National Board of Review is typical of Anglo-Saxon censorship. In 1909 Mayor McClellan, of New York City, closed down the new nickelodeons as a political gesture. The head of the People's Institute, one of the most admirable public institutions in the country, offered to form a board to review films and suggest to the producers their merits or faults. At that time he made a flat statement that "the People's Institute is against censorship of any kind." He also suggested to the mayor that there were several things in New York City more deadly than the struggling nickelodeons.

To-day the National Board of Review makes a weak attempt to follow the original founder's creed. It does recommend "better films." It does issue a list of pictures suitable for children. It does attempt to point out to its national chap-

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ters the artistic merit of our best films. It does claim that it is not a censorship organization. Against these admirable habits is the fact that in return for its "suggestions" the National Board is paid by the foot by the movie producers. It is not that Will Hays is not capable of control. It is that the National Board of Review has local chapters in most cities in the country and, as a member of the Hays office said, "It is better to have all the women in one place so you can know what they are squawking about."

In other words, the National Board of Review is paid by the movies for the same reason that Chicago laundrymen pay gangsters—protection.

The board objects to this statement. But five people must have salaries (the executive staff), office expenses must be paid—they cannot get enough money by contributions to keep going, so the movies pay them. Naturally the movies are not paying any organization for fun, are not giving them the privilege of preinspection for nothing. The board can, and says it can, arouse local chapters, correspond with women's clubs, agitate an Arbuckle storm again if it so desires.

The actual workers of the National Board are as mysterious as the State censors. The most important branch of the organization is the "reviewing committee." This committee is chosen each week from a list of two hundred and fifty women who work without pay. Who are they? Middle-aged women from the suburbs and outskirts of New York City who have nothing else to do. They have a ballot which they mark. This ballot is probably one of the most miraculous documents ever connected with an art. Can you imagine a board of nondescript women marking the works of Oscar Wilde, Fielding, Hemingway, Shakespeare even, rating them "Good," "Educational," "Subversive to morality"?

The board, if it could exist independently, might be put to admirable use. At present it is tied. Whether it likes it or not, it is a censorship organization. Florida has a statute to the effect that only films accepted by the National Board of Review may be shown in that State. There is a mayor's order in Boston to the same effect. Thus, if the board would refuse to put its seal on a film, that picture could not be shown in Florida. Five women in New York dictate to the entire movie audience of Florida. That smells somewhat of censorship.

A great many earnest people are interested in the National Board of Review: teachers, doctors, lawyers. They do little reviewing—that is left to the volunteer women. The board has consistently gone on record against legal censorship. But what good can they do, how much can they fight? A recent campaign is a fair example. An English producer sent a film called "High Treason" to New York. The board passed it, recommended it to their national chapters. The State censors of New York and Pennsylvania banned the picture, refused to let it be shown anywhere in either State, although it is now being shown elsewhere in the country.

"High Treason" was shown privately by the National Board before a group of writers, artists, and lawyers. It was a sound imaginative drama of the next war. The dramatic interest was between the leader of a peace army and the president of the Federated European States. The peace-army leader assassinated the president in order to prevent war, and is then sentenced to death by an English court. Outside of its admirable futuristic camera effects, the movie is a harmless bit of peace propaganda. The two State censor boards refused to give any reason for their ban.

After the private showing sponsored

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by the National Board, two prominent criminal lawyers volunteered their services. They said they would fight the two State censor boards and make them show cause for their action. They volunteered to solicit money and inform the movie patrons of the two States of the merits of the condemned film. The National Board executives refused this legal aid. They said: "The English producer who owns the film does not want a fight. If he angers the Hays office, where will he show his pictures in the future?"

"Then," the executives were asked, "is the Hays office actually in favor of State censorship?"

"When it bans foreign competitors it is," was the answer.

The lawyers still wanted to fight. They asked the National Board why its position with its local chapters would be hurt by a fight for a private movie company any more than the fact that it accepts money from Hollywood endangers its position. The answer is obvious. So long as the National Board of Review has to take money from the Hollywood companies it cannot afford to fight the policies of Will Hays. And, it would seem, the State censors can afford to do this bit for Mr. Hays's group of American producers in return for the jobs which the industry has created for them.

IV

Never has an art form been subjected to such control. If to-morrow you were to organize a company and make a movie, what could you do with it? You would need a theatre. All the urban movie theatres are owned or controlled by the big movie corporations. Suppose you hired a small independent theatre. In six States the censors have the power to forbid absolutely the appearance of your work, a volunteer group of women demands the right to pass on your work before the public has a chance to praise or condemn it. How can a foreign producer present his work to the public unless he joins the Hays organization, unless he grants every demand of the theatre owners, who happen to be competing producers? There is no way out. Free speech, opinion, art; such words fade into the dim record of another day when you approach the movie industry. It is ruled by fear and is a victim of moral racketeering.

The movie may be a legitimate art form. The best technicians in the world are in Hollywood, and they have achieved beauty in form many times, but the content of their art remains childish. To battle the censors, the women, a super-politician and a dividend-cautious producer is too much to ask of any artist. It is no wonder that a trip to Hollywood is regarded by writers as a descent into hell, a free ride to a psychopathic ward, a fantastic dream of wealth without content. And it is easy to understand why a so-called art that has risen to be a world industry monotonously produces vacuous, cheap, and banal entertainment.

Succeeding issues of SCRIBNER'S *will be featured by incisive, provocative articles by Margaret Emerson Bailey, Sherwood Anderson, Silas Bent, Albert Jay Nock, Katharine Fullerton Gerould, and other commentators on the colorful, rapidly changing life which makes up the American scene.*

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IS FEMINISM BANKRUPT?

An interesting analogy to the course of feminism in the life of Margaret Fuller, first product of the Woman Movement in America, who went from culture, to politics, to morality—and death.

The Woman Movement: After One Hundred Years

BY GERALD CARSON

For fifteen years feminism has been losing headway. A gradual loss of vital force, retarded at first by the war, then quickening after, has finally brought a hundred-year-old movement to the end of its rope. To-day the Woman Movement is in process of liquidation.

A movement of protest must have something to protest against. Nourished and heartened by the vigor of the opposition, feminism rose from each defeat with redoubled strength. And then—a smashing victory left the feminists without a cause. Like a conquering army with no enemy to face, the feminists have seen their strength melt away in desertions, riot, and dissension. Apparently the feminist programme contemplated everything except success!

To-day this internecine strife is being conducted on several fronts. There is still the old doctrinaire pre-war feminism which refuses to recognize any sex differences between men and women, and holds out for 100 per cent equality in every department of life. Touching upon the vexed question of protective laws for women in industry, Miss Alice Paul, spokesman for the National Woman's party, says: "Such measures presuppose an inferiority that the party does not acknowledge exists." Solidly intrenched against the National Woman's party is the National League of Women Voters, who accept the dogma of Especial Need.

Then there is the idea, stemming largely from Havelock Ellis, and rapidly gaining ground at the present time, of a functional society wherein men and women are seen to complement each other, according to their special aptitudes. Many women, whose philosophy is grounded upon experience, have found that economic freedom in a changing world offers a life that is far from being as full and satisfying as it should have been, according to the campaign promises of the early feminists. Already a considerable literature is accumulating as the "tired" or "new-style" feminists compute their gains and losses and announce that strict equality is an illusion.

Two other parties are in the field: those who still labor to create in women a taste for political action and the joys of citizenship, and the party of the Moral Left, which wishes to free woman from all disabilities in living her instinctive life.

The first of these latter two parties is that of the great women's clubs and the women's magazines; concerned historically with the winning and exercise of

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the suffrage, with civic betterment, with all aspects of the social rather than the individual problem. The second is the party of Dora Russell, of Judge Lindsay, of Alice Beals Parsons, Beatrice Hinkle, Freda Kirchwey, Suzanne La Follette, and of a dozen other writers whose prime concern is, roughly phrased, the removal of those social hazards which hinder women from free emotional experiment. Their cause is what Suzanne La Follette has called "Self-determination in sexual relations."

These divisions which have come upon feminism to rend it from end to end illustrate clearly the lack of agreement as to what to do next after the chains have been struck off. We still lack a philosophy of woman in relation to society, and so far the feminists have not been able to offer much help. They are held together by no common agreement as to first principles, and they have failed to develop effective leaders who could bridge over the reconstruction period. Everywhere there is apparent among the feminist army a tendency to scatter and live off the country.

All this is in sharp contrast to the conditions under which the Woman Movement was born. A hundred years ago the air was full of ideas about natural rights, laws of nature, the social contract, the general welfare, the consent of the governed. The individual man was guaranteed free opportunity to make his way in the world as best he could. Out of those social ideas which were written into the Constitution and handed down to succeeding generations of Americans as sacred and inspired truth grew the antislavery agitation; and out of the slavery question came the woman question.

The cause of the "enslaved African" gave the women a set of principles that were closely reasoned and completely agreed upon, and a group of Cromwellian leaders who were veterans of the campaigns for abolition and temperance. Once the deadly parallel had been drawn between the position of the slave and of woman, ultimate victory was inevitable.

"We decide the whole question of slavery by settling the sacred rights of the individual," said the early feminists, and then went on to raise the same question of "individual sovereignty" with respect to woman. The antifeminists never found a satisfactory answer.

According to a well-established philosophy of history great needs produce prodigious men. And the Woman Movement began by producing Margaret Fuller. Margaret Fuller tried everything —art, literature, social reform, economic freedom—but she found her destiny in love. In her career one observes how in social, as in physiological development, the individual can recapitulate the race; for the whole rise and fall of the Woman Movement is comprised in the personal history of American feminism's first effective thinker.

It was necessary that women should believe in their powers. The first requisite for a Woman Movement was an advertisement of what women could be. Margaret Fuller filled that need. With an exquisite sense for the values of publicity, she focussed the attention of the country upon herself as the woman of the age. She believed in herself and publicly devoted her life to the preservation of her own individuality. This remarkable cultural ideal was sufficient to make her famous in her own generation, and the idea of self-culture has always remained the most permanent characteristic of the Woman Movement.

The debt of the Woman Movement to Miss Fuller has never been sufficiently noticed. Unlike that indomitable pair,

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Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Miss Fuller never drew up resolutions, protests, petitions, or constitutional arguments, backed up with fat little portmanteaus stuffed with facts. She never ferreted out Bible texts to confute conservative divines, or addressed epistles to the Pennsylvanians calling upon them to remember their wrongs. Hers was the earlier task of guiding the whole temper and attitude of women everywhere, of fertilizing their thought, freeing their imaginations, and whipping up their courage; all of which she did as much by her life as by her writings; for it was due in considerable measure to her widely advertised intellectual achievements and her dramatic personality that little groups of alert women scattered here and there about the country first began to perceive that they were held together by a common bondage.

Miss Fuller performed astonishing feats of sciolism and improvisation in the drawing-rooms of Boston. In 1839 she launched a project which was to do an unprecedented thing for the ladies of America. She proposed to establish a series of *conversazioni,* with herself as mistress of the chase. It was her purpose to afford to women of mature age "stimulus and cheer" and to those of younger and more tender years a clearing-house for "doubts and difficulties"—in short, a combination of the advantages afforded by a lyceum lecture and the Y. W. C. A.

Accordingly, a little group of ladies assembled in Miss Elizabeth Peabody's rooms in West Street on November 6, 1839. As many as twenty-five had been attracted by the prospectus which Miss Fuller had had Mrs. George Ripley circulate, and they made a very brave showing with their agreeable manners and intelligent faces.

It was a solemn moment. The women of Boston, which meant the intellectual flower of the women of America, were about to learn what they were born to do and how they should go about doing it. Miss Fuller appeared very well dressed and "looked sumptuously." Indeed, all of the ladies were on their mettle, and looked worthy of the subject proposed for the first conversation, which was "The Grecian Mythology."

This topic recommended itself to Miss Fuller for several reasons. "It is quite separated from all exciting local subjects," she pointed out, "serious without being solemn," and "playful, as well as deep." All accounts are at one upon the point that the ladies were thoroughly aroused, their faculties sharpened, and ready for whatever their intrepid leader might propose.

After Grecian mythology had been exhausted, the conversations shifted to the fine arts. Miss Fuller passed on rapidly to consider poesy, sculpture, painting, and, if the diction of the time may be permitted, the histrionic art.

Miss Fuller's prehensile mind drew to itself all things which came her way. She was—we are indebted to one of her early biographers for the admirably concrete simile—like a stately swan breasting the swift currents of the world's genius. She absorbed everything that would forward her development; and because of her wild courage, her intensity, her confidence, and her ambitious and pretentious intellectualism, Miss Fuller was enabled to draw up into herself by a sort of capillary attraction those aspirations which moved many women.

The time was not ripe for the active promotion of the "cause." But as Miss Fuller pondered upon "the common womanly lot," she became more and more engaged with the important preliminary task, the task of writing, talking, arguing, thinking, and stimulating others, all of which should operate in

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good time to generate an effective public opinion.

II

Miss Fuller's conversations with the Boston ladies furnished the material for "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" (1844), the first feminist tract ever produced in America. "Woman" served its time. It was a bugle-call, sounding boots and saddles to the ladies of America to ride off toward their power and opportunity.

There was an English precursor, Mary Wollstonecraft's "The Vindication of the Rights of Woman." Fifty years before Miss Fuller introduced here the subject of woman's vocation and destiny, England had heard Mary Wollstonecraft pleading substantially the same cause: that the true faculty and capacity of woman had been obscured in the deep shadow of false sentimental theory; that freed of artificial lets and impediments woman would manifest a breadth of executive, emotional, and cognitive capacity which would enrich human life beyond the dreams of the philosophers; and that it was a matter of high morality that women should be free to embrace the responsibilities of full living.

In the eighteenth century the idea prevailed that there was a field of especial, circumscribed activity which was "woman's sphere." No doubt existed but that women were profoundly different from men and inferior to men. Alternately exploited as the weaker sex or "the fair sex," women were able to make little headway against the reigning social and psychological ideas of the period.

Margaret Fuller demanded that women should be regarded as rational human beings, who should be judged, in the words of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, "according to the common standard of human nature," and not "a separate, peculiar, and womanly standard."

"Woman" first appeared in print in *The Dial,* as an essay of magazine length. The novelty of the idea that women were under a solemn obligation to ascertain the law of their being and follow it gave the essay a vogue. Encouraged, Miss Fuller expanded and republished it as a book.

"Woman" makes dull reading to-day. Its ideas have become commonplaces, and its style is so determined in its pursuit of the sublime, that only the professional research worker, inured to the hardships of his calling, can read it without fatigue.

Soon the efforts of the early feminists bore fruit. They raised a crop of anti-feminists. Even Emerson, whom Concord and Boston thought to be a wild and unstable man, capable of scimblescamble radicalism, shied a little at so broad an emancipation of female energies as Margaret Fuller demanded. "A woman in our society finds her safety and happiness," he tells himself as he pens his memoir of Margaret Fuller, "in exclusions and privacies. She congratulates herself when she is not called to the market, to the courts, to the polls, to the stage, or to the orchestra."

Miss Fuller knew that this point of view would be urged and she had something disarming to say upon the subject. She said that, as a matter of fact, the world was not going to be turned over. Marriage, home, and children would still occupy their traditional place in the lives of most women; or, as Miss Fuller expressed it, "Mothers will delight to make the nest soft and warm"; but women should have the choice at least, said Miss Fuller, between motherhood and speaking in public assemblies.

While urging that women be per-

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mitted to conduct their lives with full responsibility and opportunity, Miss Fuller disarmed a little the vigor of the rebuttal by the tenderness of her tributes to the traditional human relationships. "Earth knows no fairer, holier relation," she says—touching again a theme which held perennial interest for her—"than that of a mother."

Margaret Fuller's essay set forth an idea of power and dignity, the idea of the inviolability of the inner life of the individual. She proposed a kind of "return to nature," on the side of spirit and consciousness, after the long drought of Calvinism. This was what Emerson was about: "Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string." This was what Thoreau was about: "All the past is here present to be tried; let it approve itself if it can."

As she watched "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" catch hold and make a stir, Margaret Fuller may well have paused to trace her career: child of the old New England blood, the precocious victim of an almost insensate educational programme, later a school-teacher, lecturer, and at the time "Woman" was published the first woman literary critic of *The Tribune* in New York. She was famous, or at least celebrated, and generally regarded as the country's most impressive demonstration of what a woman could be. And yet, despite the fact that she was familiar, as Emerson said slyly, with the conventional reputation of all the great European artists, Miss Fuller had never travelled. "Woman" gave her some reputation abroad. So in 1846 she went to England, enjoying there those modest rights and perquisites which were the portion of an American author. She moved on to Paris, where she was exigent in the collection of interviews and holographs, bearing herself with queenly grace as though she were a sort of literary Miss America.

Miss Fuller stopped twice between Paris and Italy: at Lyons to view conditions among the weavers and pronounce them intolerable, and at Avignon to pay her respects at Laura's tomb. Then she advanced upon the Italian cities, seeing Titians at Brescia, more pictures at Venice and Mantua; loving Bologna because there the intellect of woman had been cherished; remarking, at Milan, upon the bust of a female mathematician.

No life ever had a more definitely marked climax than that which now came to Margaret Fuller. She fell in love with the Marquis Angelo Ossoli, an impoverished young aristocrat, a republican, a Catholic. Without ambition, education, or great intelligence, he was nevertheless beautiful and affectionate. That was enough for Miss Fuller, who had ambition, education, and intelligence for two.

It was around October, 1847, Miss Fuller's latest biographer, Miss Katherine Anthony, estimates, that her intimacy with Ossoli began. It is probable that Miss Fuller entertained no idea of marriage. Ossoli was young—ten years younger than she. His services in civil life had no economic value whatever. Last but not least was Boston. Boston was in her and she, ultimately, must be in Boston. With Ossoli? Ossoli in the uniform of the gallant Civic Guard would not look so brave in Miss Peabody's rooms. How would he look to those odd young men Ellery Channing and Henry Thoreau? To the lady Transcendentalists? To Beacon Street? To such folk as Hawthorne, Alcott, Emerson, the Ripleys, and Elizabeth Hoar? And how, she must have wondered, would Ossoli look when the question was posed whether omnipotence abnegates attribute?

Miss Fuller was not too fond there-

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fore to know that tragedy lurked behind any permanent relationship with Ossoli; not too fond to feel the "incubus of the future" when she knew herself to be with child. A marriage was immediately arranged; the child was protected against calumny and the return to New England.

The baby, a boy, was born September 5, 1848, in the very heat of the republican excitement. In June of the following year the French were in the streets and the Ossolis fled to Florence. Here Miss Fuller enjoyed a brief interval of tranquillity. Soon she would have to take up the burden of providing the income of the family, finding, by the irony of circumstance, that economic opportunity has another name—economic necessity.

The Ossolis sailed from Leghorn in the barque *Elizabeth,* a merchant ship bound for New York with a cargo of rags and marble. In setting out upon the journey Margaret was visited by all those thoughts which come to a traveller about to enter upon unknown hazards. She thought of heat and cold and storms and wreck and poverty and the tragedy of being separated from her husband and child. She vowed that no disaster would separate her from Ossoli or her little Angelo, and she kept her vow. On July 19, 1850, during a violent hurricane, the *Elizabeth* struck on Fire Island beach, and Miss Fuller, Ossoli, and the child all were drowned.

III

Almost no one deals kindly by the New Englanders now, and Margaret Fuller has suffered even more than most. It was her ill fortune to have her most unsparing contemporary critic, Hawthorne, outlive her; and Hawthorne kept a journal.

It was Hawthorne who said that Margaret was great in only one respect—a great humbug. Because posterity enjoys peculiar advantages, we can revise both his terms and affirm that she was neither. She was not great, because she has no more to convey to the modern reader than the vestigial piquancy of an interesting and somewhat unmanageable personality; and the great do not lose their substance so. She was not a humbug, because she touched off a great social cause. Miss Fuller started the women of America off on their quest for freedom, and her life adumbrates the complete history of the group movement which was to come. Freedom to be erudite, to pursue the arts, to appear before public assemblies, to talk politics, and to work, all dropped away into insignificance when Miss Fuller assayed freedom to love, and found it woman's crowning glory.

Twenty years after Margaret Fuller's death a feminist leader, Mrs. Paulina Davis, spoke of "Margaret Fuller, toward whom many eyes were turned as the future leader in this movement," and of how "we were left to mourn her guiding hand—her royal presence. To her I, at least, had hoped to confide the leadership of this movement."

It is doubtful if she would have accepted it. At the time of her death she was already fifty years ahead of her contemporaries, having arrived already somewhere in the neighborhood of Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Ellen Key, and Havelock Ellis. Most of the feminist leaders of our own day have not yet reached that point, for they still proceed upon the assumption that if women had precisely what men have, they would have what they want.

"What," says Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, "will bring the revolt to a close? . . . absolute equality of opportunity only will satisfy and therefore close the movement."

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Well, she was right; but the close was marked by funeral ceremonies for the Movement. The career is now open to the talents; but so often the talents do not suit the career. We face danger from a new quarter—that the career may exclude those feminine needs which a later generation of women have learned cannot be satisfied by a pay-envelope. Thus it appears that the personal quest, to which the individualistic philosophy of Margaret Fuller gave such powerful impetus, bids fair to outlive all of the other elements which went to make up the Movement.

The interest of the women of to-day in the various forms of social action is astonishingly slight. Gone, according to Mrs. Catt and Anna Steese Richardson, is the usefulness of those salt licks of feminism, the women's clubs. Gone, according to Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross, former Governor of Wyoming, is the interest in the franchise. Gone even is the sting of the sixty-six ways in various States in which women are still not on an equal legal footing with men.

The Woman's Home Companion, that great journal of instruction and enlightenment, whose blue-ribbon fiction brightens the leisure hours of over two million women each month, confesses editorially that even typical college, professional, and business women do not know what the Farm Relief Bill means, and ventures the opinion that "we" do not even read the newspapers except to keep informed as to the domestic life of the Lindbergh family. The latter-day history of the Woman Movement proves again the homely truth that the pleasure is in the chase, not the kill!

Those ideas of the sacredness of the individual personality, which animated the early feminist pleaders for the suffrage, for education, and for economic opportunity, have led inevitably to a totally new issue—a moral issue. Let us accept at this point the guidance of Mrs. Bertrand Russell, a modern feminist of the left wing. Mrs. Russell is interested in promoting the life of instinct, and especially the sexual instinct. She wants society to be "warm and quick with animal life," and to have, by a pretty analogy, "the natural grace and agility of an uncorseted body."

Mrs. Russell's idea of social progress is what the editorial writers have been calling for twelve years "the post-war moral break-down." "To me," says Mrs. Russell, "the important task of modern feminism is to accept and proclaim sex."

This, one readily perceives, is not a cause which can be advanced through lobbies, or women's clubs, or committees, or public speaking, or any concerted action, but only through the ancient skill and resourcefulness of the individual woman in independent action.

And so, the "new" woman turns out, after all, to have been true to her best self. She followed the inner monitor and it led her to the unexpected discovery that women are not men! It is a discovery which is fraught with stupendous social consequences. As yet we can scarcely estimate them; but already the mode is feminine!

"The cycle of fashion has spun around a hundred years," say the clever Cheney Brothers, who salute the new silhouette in behalf of their lovely silks, "and to-day, in 1930, we have the gracious curves . . . the flowing lovely lines . . . the frankly feminine silhouette of the 1830's."

As one contemplates this new silhouette, with its high bodice, with the queenly sweep of the new hem-line, and the exquisite accent of the new "foundation," one faces the future with justifiable optimism!

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Four Poems

By Sara Teasdale

ALL THAT WAS MORTAL

All that was mortal shall be burned away,
  All that was mind shall have been put to sleep,
Only the spirit shall awake to say
  What the deep says to the deep;
But for an instant, for it too is fleeting—
  As on a field with new snow everywhere,
Footprints of birds record a brief alighting
  In flight begun and ended in the air.

CALM MORNING

Mid-ocean, like a pale blue morning-glory,
  Opened wide, wide.
The ship cut softly through the silken surface;
  We watched white sea-birds ride
Unrocking, on the holy virgin water,
  Fleckless on every side.

MOON'S ENDING

Moon, worn thin to the width of a quill,
  In the dawn clouds flying,
How good to go, light into light, and still
  Giving light, dying.

SECRET TREASURE

Fear not that my music seems
Like water locked in winter streams;
You are the sun that many a time
Thawed those rivers into rhyme;
But let them for a while remain
A hidden music in my brain.

Unmeaning phrase and wordless measure,
That unencumbered loveliness
That is a poet's secret treasure,
Sings in me now; and sings no less
That even for your lenient eyes
It will not live in written guise.

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A charming woman, whose real character is revealed in a curious way

The Portrait

BY ELIZABETH CORBETT

THAT Friday evening began for me in a mood of peculiar content. I had had dinner at the club and a rubber of bridge afterward. But I was careful to get back to my own flat before eleven o'clock. At eleven Marise sometimes telephoned to me. More often she did not. But the chance of a call from Marise weighed heavier than an evening with the people I used to like before I met her. And this too after four years.

I had taken a flat within walking distance of Marise's house in Gramercy Park. She had been there perhaps a dozen times in the four years—our four years. I kept a car, too, because I could sometimes smuggle her off in it for a few hours. But even now most of our meetings were casual encounters before strangers. I couldn't expect Marise to give up her friends on my account. I hadn't given up my own friends, though they no longer counted.

When I sat down alone in my living-room I could see Marise framed in the doorway, Marise at the piano, Marise running a lazy eye over my pictures. Especially I could see her the first evening she ever came here, stopping for half an hour on her way to the Opera. That was the evening I had learned that she loved me.

She sat in a corner of the couch with her cloak flung back. I don't know what I said to her. Whatever I said, there was not much of it. I was watching the gleam of pearls on her bare shoulders, the magic of lamplight in her tawny hair. Marise was one of those women who live in their bodies. After I met her I knew that that is the only way for a woman to live.

But she must have tired of my dulness, though she could see she had struck me dumb. She smiled her slow smile, that began in her eyes and ended by enveloping her completely. Then she lifted one hand to her breast.

Under the great rope of pearls that is the reward and the symbol of a successful marriage was a gold chain as fine as a wire. Its end lay hidden inside her dress, and indeed I had not noticed the chain at all until she began to loosen it. At the end of the chain hung a little old-fashioned locket of gold and black enamel.

She leaned forward until she could lay the locket in my hand. It was warm from her body. "Is this something old?" I stammered.

"It was my mother's. I always wear it." Again her smile began, enveloped her, died slowly away. "Aren't you going to open it?"

Seen so close she was so overpowering that I could not take my eyes off her long enough to open the locket. I fumbled with it until Marise, smiling this time in merriment, lifted a hand and touched the spring. Then indeed I look-

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ed down, and started in astonishment. My own face looked back at me.

"I cut myself off the picture," Marise explained. "It's sweet of you, I think."

The week before we had met by chance and run away on impulse—run away together into the country because it was spring. All that day we had been as gay and silly as children. And although she was the important Mrs. Keteltas and I a struggling young lawyer who had met her in the first place only because some one needed another man to fill out a dinner-table, when we met an itinerant photographer we had our picture taken together. I couldn't remember afterward from which of us the suggestion came.

Marise's sweet husky voice went on like a voice in a dream. "I've worn that locket for years, Tony. Now I shall always wear it, under my pearls."

Like a voice in a dream the words died away. The locket swung back against her breast. But Marise in my arms for the first time was not like a dream. She was the stinging reality on which my life began to build.

She built less than she tore down. I had come to New York to make my career, not to wait for telephone calls or mingle with a crowd on the chance of glimpsing her. At the end of four years I was farther off a career than at the beginning. But loving Marise was worth it. Anyhow I couldn't help myself.

The hands of the clock drew toward eleven, and my heart began to beat high. Often my suspense ended in disappointment. But there was always the chance that she might call. Once in a blue moon she might even come.

At five minutes after eleven the telephone rang. Then for a delicious moment I prolonged my suspense. I moved over to the corner of the couch where Marise had sat that first evening. I reached for the instrument, picked up the receiver, and answered: "Well?" Once by accident I had answered Marise that way, and she mimicked my answer. Since then it had been the first word of our private code.

But instead of Marise's sweet and mocking "Well?" a slightly foreign voice spoke my name. It was Marise's maid Therese.

"Good evening, Therese," I said, and waited. Marise's messages through a servant were marvels of ingenuity. Casual invitations to tea which I knew better than to accept, news of art exhibitions which were not quite a rendezvous, those addresses which pass from friendly hand to hand in these latter days, all served to let me know that Marise was thinking of me. If I sometimes cursed her discretion, I saw the necessity for it. I had nothing to offer her, and Marise was used to taking.

But instead of a crisp message carefully delivered, there came a curious silence. "Is that you, Therese?" I demanded.

"This is Therese."

And again nothing. Impatiently I demanded: "Did Mrs. Keteltas ask you to call me?"

There was a sobbing sound which I could not connect with the brisk, automatic Therese. Then at last came a rush of words. "I thought you ought to know, Mr. Brockton. It happened so sudden, no one knows what to do. But I thought of you. I thought I ought to tell you."

"Yes, yes?" I urged. I had a premonition of disaster, but no warning of what actually came.

For Therese at length delivered her message. "Mrs. Keteltas died half an hour ago. The end was quite sudden. Her heart, sir."

The telephone crashed to the floor, and lay there making noises at me. I was

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afraid to pick it up and call back, afraid to struggle against my own sense of unbelief. For I did not believe it. Marise couldn't die. Marise was life itself.

The shock of disaster itself is less appalling than what follows it all too soon. The omnivorous mind again begins to work. The fact must be faced. Marise could not die and leave me. But Marise was dead.

Actually I had once dismissed from my mind a warning of this very disaster. Quite by chance I had come along a corridor as Marise was leaving a doctor's office, bowed out by the doctor in person, as became the important Mrs. Keteltas. Even in my joy at the unexpected encounter I had a disturbing flash of the doctor's face. He was a young man, no older I should judge than I myself, and for the moment his professional mask had slipped. His handsome calm face was white to the lips.

Discretion is all very right and necessary, but Marise never refused a gift from the gods. Having met me by accident, she let me take her somewhere for tea.

As I was removing her sable coat I felt her hand tremble for a moment on my arm. But seated opposite me she was as serene as ever and as magnificent, dressed in tawny tints that echoed the deepest tone in her hair, her satin-smooth skin unrouged, and about her neck, just visible under her shortest string of pearls, the tiny gold chain that led down to her heart.

She drank her tea thirstily, and looked at me a little harder than usual. A little hard, a little hungrily. "You count for twice your value to-day, Tony. Once for Tony, and once because you came just when you did."

"Any man ought to look valuable outside a doctor's office. He's rather a young chap, isn't he, to know much about doctoring?"

"I like young men, Tony." The way she said that was a caress.

"But how did you happen to go to his office, Marise? I thought Gramercy Park always summoned its doctors to itself."

"I couldn't have a doctor in the house without Charles's finding out about it," said Marise, reaching for the teapot. "Then he'd worry about my health until he bored me stiff."

"But is there anything much the matter with you? You don't look sick."

"Nothing much. A heart leakage. But I've had it for a long time."

The word "heart" sent a chill to my own. "But Marise, your lovely color——"

"Yes, my lovely color. People with heart leakages often have that lovely color. It ranks as a symptom." She shrugged. "Oh, well, until it happens! If you should see Charles anywhere, don't say a word to him about this. The worst of an old husband is that he's so fatherly."

It had remained another of our secrets from Charles. We seldom discussed Charles. Good taste forbade, and anyhow he didn't count between us. He was a part of Marise's background, like her pearls and the box at the Metropolitan and the house in Gramercy Park. At the bottom of my heart I was sorry for him. It must be bitter to have a wife like Marise, and then be conscious if ever so vaguely that you don't register with her.

To have a wife like Marise! With a stab I realized that he had her at last. A shadow of Marise in his empty rooms. Sargent's painting of Marise in a place of honor. "That picture of my wife was done in London the year we were married. She was considered a great beauty." And even the empty shell from which she had slipped: her clothes, her books, her thousand articles of use and adornment, all belonged to him.

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All at once I remembered the locket. It had lain for years against her beating heart, had lain there when that heart ceased to beat. It had marked the beginning of our love and measured its continuance. I was going to have that locket. If I had it the husband could keep everything else and welcome. After all she had been mine, not his.

I leaped to my feet, seized my hat, and rushed out into the street. It was a chill spring evening. Often and often on such a night I had come this way alone and thought of Marise, had walked past her house and noted which lights were going, perhaps had seen her own light upstairs flash on and had gone home strangely comforted. Left to themselves my feet would at any time have taken me to that house in Gramercy Park.

But to-night I halted uneasily just outside. I had seldom crossed this threshold, but when I did it was as a casual guest. That was the reward of our discretion. Now I experienced its penalty. There are friends who are free of a house in the hour of calamity. But I had no standing here except as a man who is occasionally asked to dinner.

I gritted my teeth at the humiliation, but I was going to have that locket. I went to the side of the house and rang the servants' bell.

Morris, the gray-haired butler, opened the door and recognized me at once. "I don't think Mr. Keteltas is seeing anybody, Mr. Brockton. But I will find out."

"I shouldn't dream of disturbing him at such a time," I said hastily. "But ask Mrs. Keteltas's maid to come here for just a minute, if she will be so good."

He left me standing in the passage while he went to find Therese. That was a sign of a household disorganized by death. To me it was a sign of something more. I had loved Marise with an apology to the conventions, because there was nothing else to do. But I had never gone sneaking around servants' entrances and waiting in passages.

Therese came down to me after a short delay. She had been crying, but her face lighted at the sight of me. I was grateful even for her sympathy. She was one person before whom I did not have to pretend indifference. Come to think of it, she was the one person. A servant and a lover in the back passage, while over our heads time was already busy reducing Marise to Charles's last duchess painted on the wall. "She was considered a great beauty."

"Therese," I began, "I'm grateful to you for telephoning to me. But I couldn't talk to you over the phone. I want to know how it happened. I can't rest until I do know."

"Mr. and Mrs. Keteltas had been out for dinner, sir. They came home early, because she complained of feeling tired. She went to her own room and rang for me. When I entered the room she was standing just inside the door, swaying a little. I reached to take her cloak, and she fell against me and slipped to the floor. She never made a sound. When the doctor got here she was—dead, sir."

"Then it was quite easy for her?" I choked.

"Yes, quite easy. But oh, Mr. Brockton, I can't believe it yet!"

"Therese, there is something you can do for me, if you will. It is a little thing for you to do, but it will mean much to me."

"If there is anything I can do, I will do it. But one can do so little!"

"Mrs. Keteltas had a locket, black enamel on gold. It had belonged to her mother. You must have seen her wear it."

"She always wore it, sir. It was a thing I was never allowed to touch. I never did touch it until just now, before they

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took her to the—the undertaker's." She burst out crying afresh.

I soothed her hastily. "Then you took it off her neck? You know where it is?"

"It's up-stairs in her bedroom, sir. I laid it aside until I could ask Mr. Keteltas what he wanted done with it."

"You must never mention it to him," I said sternly. "There are reasons. Go up and get it now, and give it to me."

The girl looked at me doubtfully. "It isn't mine to give, sir. I should have to speak to Mr. Keteltas."

"He mustn't even see it. Just get it and give it to me," I urged. "You have my word that that will be all right."

It was the first time I had ever used my standing as Marise's accepted lover. A lover hadn't any standing in that house. Therese said firmly: "I'd like to do as you ask, Mr. Brockton. But I can't take anything that doesn't belong to me."

In my frantic state I did the worst thing possible: I remembered that occasionally I used to tip Therese. The moment she saw my money her face turned to stone. "It isn't mine to give you," she repeated stubbornly.

In the face of her peasant honesty I raged without hope. I was turning away defeated when the door at the farther end of the passage opened, and a gray-haired man came toward us. At first glance I thought it was Morris the butler. Then I saw it was Keteltas himself.

His hair was rumpled and the deep lines in his face were deeper, but his self-control was almost cynical. "It's good of you to come, Brockton," he said, quite as if he were greeting me in to dinner. "Step in this way, and you'll be out of the draft."

Too dumfounded to think of a reply, I followed him down the passage and into the library. A fresh fire had been kindled on the hearth. He motioned me to a chair opposite his, and huddled close to the fire. He looked very tired, and very old.

"I didn't want to disturb you to-night," I stammered. "But when I heard the news I couldn't keep away."

"I quite understand that you couldn't," he said with his eyes on the fire. "The minor proprieties matter very little at a time like this."

"You had known that this might happen?"

"I knew it, and was in a way resigned to it. Marise was never meant to be old."

I felt a sudden sense of kinship with him. After all we were the two men who had loved Marise. And on a table at his elbow stood the sandwiches and the whiskey and soda that had been placed there to await his homecoming.

I muttered something about leaving him to rest. "Sit still," he said casually. "I shan't go to bed to-night."

I was indulging in a welter of pity for him when all at once he looked around at me and smiled. "Did you come for your letters?" he asked.

My pity went up in flame. The blood pounded in my ears as I answered: "I never wrote Marise any letters."

"Then perhaps there is some keepsake——?"

"I hope you aren't going to be nasty," I blurted.

"Oh, not at all! I've long ago got over any resentment. Marise was the sort of woman men can't help loving. If there's anything of hers that you'd like to have for association's sake, you're welcome to it."

I had the name; I might as well have the locket. "There is something that has —associations," I acknowledged. "But I don't know that you will care to part with it. It's an old locket that used to belong to Marise's mother."

"Did Marise play you any pretty little

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tricks with that locket? She was full of pretty little tricks."

"I don't see how you can talk that way about her." I choked over the words.

But Keteltas smiled again as he put out his hand toward the bell. It was an old man's hand, with knotted blue veins along the back. But as it rested on the bell he paused and seemed to change his mind. "On the whole, I think I'd better get it for you myself. Servants talk so much."

He rose with difficulty, and steadied himself against the back of his chair. "Would you mind giving me an arm up the stairs?" he asked irritably.

He leaned heavily on me as we labored up the staircase. We crossed a dim hall, and paused on the threshold of a dark room. I shuddered when Keteltas groped for the switch. But the flooding of carefully shielded lights revealed nothing but the order that so quickly follows cataclysm in a house like this. Only there by the bedside, under a lamp with painted Cupids dancing on its shade, lay the little gold-and-black locket and the slim bright chain that caught the light in a line of fire.

I seized the locket, but Keteltas's hand descended on mine with a convulsive grip. "Just a minute. If your heart is set on this, I am willing for you to have it. But I advise you not to take it."

"Of course my heart is set on it. It was what I came over here to get, if you want to know," I blurted.

"I knew that already. I overheard you raging at Therese. Still I advise you not to take this locket."

"Then what did you bring me up here for?"

Over our locked hands we eyed each other. "You can have it if you must," he conceded. "But you'd better let me take it into the other room first."

"That won't be necessary," I said quietly.

"Do you know what I want with it?" he asked.

"You want to take out the picture. But you don't happen to think that it's yours?" I challenged.

Again that malicious yet shadowy smile played about his mouth. "Do you by any chance think it's yours?"

"I don't have to think about it. I know." Taking ruthless advantage of my strength, I held him off with one arm. With my free hand, just out of his reach, I felt for the spring.

The breath seemed to stick in his throat. "Brockton, I implore you for your own sake, don't open that locket."

But I opened it to score him off for his devilish doubts. I knew that Marise, though caught in the web of circumstance, was faithful to love when she found it. She had found it that spring day in the country, when we had our picture taken together.

The locket sprang open, and I drew it closer to my eyes, then closer still in sheer—disbelief. The face that looked up at me had not lain against Marise's heart that evening of sweet surrender. It was a face I had seen only once, though the circumstances of that one sight had impressed it on me. This was the face of the young doctor who had given Marise her death-warrant.

I dropped the locket as if it burned me. But the chain twisted around my fingers. When I tried to pick it away, it enmeshed my left hand too. And Keteltas's voice had ceased to mock, but it seemed to come from very far away.

"I thought of the time when I too believed in her, and I wanted you to keep your memory of her. But there were others beside you and me, young man. She was a light woman."

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Is Soviet Russia a profligate nation? What about nationalized women? What about the marriage laws? And bathing beaches? Mr. White, whose "Home Office of the Revolution" and "The Triple-Barred Cross" in SCRIBNER'S have done much to clear up the questions of world propaganda and religion, here elucidates the much-discussed "new morality" of the Revolution.

Moscow Morals

BY WILLIAM C. WHITE

AN eminent professor from a university near New York came to me one morning in Moscow with a letter of introduction. He asked if I would take him around to see some of the "cultural" exhibits in the city. Having that morning free, I agreed and we started toward a museum.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"To the art gallery."

"Ah, yes . . . but I should like rather to see some of the effects of the revolution on culture . . . particularly . . . uh . . . on morals." Then, in a whisper, he added: "Where is it that the women bathe publicly in the city without bathing-suits?"

The Russian revolution was more than the passing of political power from one group to a stronger group. Political power passes in other lands by ballot, coup d'état, or revolution; but rarely do the results of the transfer of power go deeply into the economic structure, the customs, or the "morals" of the land. There have been revolutions and coups d'état in other countries since 1918. Their works attract little attention. But the depth and the extent of the Russian revolution, as it goes so penetratingly into every root of the life of the land, as it indirectly illuminates for examination the roots of life in other lands, interests great numbers of people everywhere; it may repel them or it may attract them, but it interests them.

Communist theory holds that only when a revolution is a *class* revolution, when one class surges up to tear another down, will its effects penetrate far below the surface of politics. In such a revolution the institutions of the defeated class will be replaced by others, built by the new ruling group.

No effect of the Russian revolution interests the foreign visitor to Moscow more than the changes wrought on marriage, divorce, and, in the "bourgeois" usage of the word, morals. Other revolutions have flamed forth to success; but the aged institutions of marriage, legitimacy, and continuous monogamy were left untouched. Yet the Russian revolution, in November, 1917, in the third week of its history, revised by proclamation the whole marriage and "moral" situation and has continued to revise it ever since; to-day the foreigner learning Russian need not worry about the words "illegitimacy," "morality," or "immorality," for he will seldom hear them used.

The foreign visitor can easily find evidence of the changes the revolution has wrought in factory laws, in property

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control; it is more difficult to find concrete evidence of the change in "morality." To be sure, he sees no ladies of the evening pacing the pavements as in Berlin or Paris. He finds no night clubs and no gaudy dens of sin. He will find bathing *au naturel* in the Moscow River, in the shadow of the Kremlin, just above the place where the sewers pour in their offerings. He will find clerks in the marriage bureaus willing to explain the whole procedure and, in twenty minutes of spare time, he can watch half a dozen weddings and divorces. If he wishes he can find plenty of Russian girls eager to marry foreigners, or, rather, gentlemen with foreign passports and exit visas, and he can go through the rites of Soviet matrimony himself, divorcing the blushing bride half an hour before his train leaves. Yet none of these things gives him an understanding of why the Communists attacked the age-old system of marriage immediately after the revolution or an adequate conception of the results of that attack.

Rather, the foreigner returns home with tales of simplified marriage and divorce; and his hearers (many of whom wonder in quiet envy whether an American court would consider legal such an easy way out) conclude *a priori* that, if marriage laws are loose, Russia must be a continual merry-go-round of marriage, divorce, and worse; that the Russian revolution has brought only "immorality" into the land, and therefore any similar loosening of the marital laws in other lands would bring the same deluge of "immorality."

And any who disagree or who attempt to explain without damning are liable to be labelled as promptly as was one correspondent in speaking with an American diplomat—a very young diplomat, to be sure. "Tell me about those 'communized' women in Russia?" he asked. The correspondent replied in amazement: "Surely you don't believe that story? Immediately after the revolution the Soviet in one Volga city did order the women 'communized'; perhaps some Soviets elsewhere did the same. But that was soon ended and today there is no such thing nor has there been for ten years and more." It was the third secretary's turn to reply in disgust: "Say, you're pretty much of a Bolshevik, aren't you?"

To understand the marriage code we must go back to the reasons that led to its making; and we must remember that the law was drawn to fit conditions, some of them peculiar to Russia. We must remember also that the spirit of the code roughly expressed is: "Do what you like in marriage and divorce so long as any resulting children are fully protected." We must remember that family life goes on as before—the Communist rule has not yet gotten round to communizing family life; children are *not* taken from their parents to be raised in some common hutch or warren. We must remember that the revolution has eliminated some of the old reasons for marriage—no longer can any one marry for money, for rank, or for social standing; but it has not altered the chief reason that has always led men and women into marriage—the desire to live together, to make a home, to raise children.

Before the revolution marriage and divorce were in the hands of the Church; divorces could be obtained by "giving evidence," a procedure with concomitant expense that barred divorce for most Russians; a procedure with accompanying hypocrisy that blocked divorce for the hero of one of Tolstoi's novels if for no real people. Any institution of civil

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marriage would be a blow at the power of the Church.

Secondly, illegitimacy was a social problem that faced Tsars, merchants, and peasants. The largest hospital in Moscow was run for unmarried mothers; connected with it was an orphanage that trained nameless boys for the army and the fatherless girls for domestic services. A new code must provide for the great number of children born "out of wedlock." At the same time property rights of women in marriage were recognized only in part and only in "legal" marriages; the courts would not support any claim of a woman, no matter how long she had lived with a man, unless it was in "legal" wedlock. A peasant would sometimes bring a woman into his house in the spring and use her labor during the harvest; then when winter came and "there was only room on the stove for one," he drove her out with no share in the property she had helped acquire. And a few months later there was another child for domestic service or for the army. The new code was designed to equalize the property rights of men and women in marriage.

The "law" which established civil marriage and divorce was published immediately after the Bolshevik success, in November, 1917. It was rather a proclamation than a law, as were all the acts of the Soviet government in those hectic days of impending civil war. There were decrees on land, on peace, on marriage—designed, like election promises in America, far more to win supporters for this new government than for anything else. After publication of the "decree" there was a rush in the cities to settle marital quarrels of long standing; it can be imagined that there were those who blessed the Communist party for freeing them from a drunken husband or a nagging wife. A detailed code came a few months later.

In the years that followed there were numerous criticisms of this code. Therefore, in 1924 and 1925, there was a most unusual legislative phenomenon in Russia; preparatory to amending the marriage and divorce code, discussions on proposed and desired changes were held in the cities and villages of all the Russias. Peasants at village Soviet meetings who had been sleeping during lengthy harangues about the progress of the world revolution in Java now woke up to find a subject that came close home. The amount of material in the form of popular suggestions which poured into Moscow was immense. From this material was written the present code, effective since January, 1927. Here at least is one bit of *popular* legislation in the Proletarian Dictatorship.

No one in Russia claims it is perfect; there are sad and pointed deficiencies. There are many citizens religiously minded and church-going who consider it not a piece of popular legislation but the work of the devil through his most efficient agent, the Communist party. But there is certainly little agitation for a return to the old system. The younger generation are growing up to think that marriage and divorce thus arranged are the most natural thing; they have accepted the system whole-heartedly, though seeing its flaws. Should the rule of the Communist party cease and Russia turn "bourgeois," this marriage code would suffer few changes. But it is a *Russian* code, designed to fit circumstances peculiar to Russia; adoption of the code is not necessarily part of the Communist programme for world propaganda or world revolution. Reno need have no fears.

At 5 P. M. (the time is important),

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one summer day, a young couple went to the marriage-registration bureau in their district in Moscow. A highly rouged young lady examined their identity papers, filled out a legal form, wished them "good luck—and don't come back for at least three months." They left the dark, smelly building married.

At 5.14 P. M. the young lady was interrupted at her task of applying more rouge. The couple had returned. They looked angrily at each other but did not speak; no words were necessary. The young lady said, "I want a divorce." Even the clerk was a trifle surprised, accustomed as she was to dizzying changes of affection. She automatically grabbed a pad of divorce forms and began writing. But she could not overcome her curiosity and asked the question rarely heard when a Soviet citizen wants a divorce—"Why?" The young lady explained: "He lives in one room with his mother and I live in another room with my mother. Before we came here to register he agreed to come live in our room. After we registered he changed his mind and I *will not* go and live with that old shrew." The divorce was granted and they separated.

They were back next morning, smiling, to be remarried. The clerk was too speechless to ask any questions. "You see," the young man explained, "we decided to get married again . . . and to make the two old women live together." Neither the marriages nor the divorce had cost them a kopeck. Such a case is, of course, rare, but this, briefly, is the law:

Marriage is "formed" in the eyes of the state by mere cost-free registration of the fact in the local registration bureau. The woman can keep her maiden name, she can add a hyphen and her husband's name, or she may take only the husband's name. Church marriage alone is invalid in law. Marriage is "completed" when the couple live together and maintain a joint establishment, the latter is more important than registration. The marriageable age is set at eighteen, the voting age, except in those regions in the Russian orient where women mature earlier. Certain provisos are set forth in the law; both parties must be of sound mental condition (this could be more rigorously enforced); marriage between aunt and nephew, uncle and niece, and first cousins is permitted. Most important, both must enter voluntarily into the marriage, a rule that strikes hard at the traditional system of match-making and the power of the father in the family. Courts have often protected the daughter who suffers because she refuses to follow the father's wishes.

In one case a young girl refused to marry the man her father had chosen for her. The father barred her thereafter from the house. She appealed to the police; they compelled him to give over her share of the household property and land—with which she promptly married the man she wished. More impressive was a case in another village; a father had so consistently refused to allow his daughter to marry the man she wanted that, in despair, she committed suicide. The young man brought suit against the father, who was sentenced to three years in prison for "counter-revolution"!—"causing the death of another through insistence on ancient and outworn bourgeois customs."

Both parties before entering into marriage are supposed to be free from venereal taint. This condition is not severely enforced, although the walls of the registration bureaus are often hung with pointedly personal posters. The government does require that both parties know of the health of each other before

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marriage, and sentences up to three years have been passed on a diseased man for marrying without informing the woman, and subsequently infecting her. Venereal disease was wide-spread in Russia before the revolution and continues so; there are some villages where almost the entire population is infected.

The procedure in divorce depends on whether children are concerned or not.

Between childless couples divorce is granted with the simplicity that marked the above fourteen-minute marriage, and without the question "Why?" Either husband or wife can come to the bureau, answer one question, "Are there any children?" and, if the answer is "No," receive the divorce immediately. A copy is mailed to the other party. A husband may therefore divorce his wife while she knows nothing of it—until the mailman brings the news. Local mail travels slowly and the husband has a chance to get three days' running start.

There is nothing to prevent remarriage immediately after divorce, or, in theory, marriage and divorce each day. If, however, it can be proven the marriage was incurred just "to take advantage of the girl," the court can step in, and has in such cases sentenced the man to two years in prison. Not long ago, near Kazan, a Mohammedan, in the Indian summer of his life, booted out his old wife one Monday morning and married a young girl the same afternoon; he chased her out Wednesday morning and married another girl Wednesday afternoon; he kept her till Friday morning; this thing might have kept up indefinitely except for the three ex-wives, who joined forces with the local police and had him jailed for three years. Couples, before marrying, can register agreed-upon conditions for one another in case of eventual divorce; these conditions the government enforces if the divorce takes place. Otherwise the childless wife has no right to alimony and can claim none; but she has property rights and, in the case of city dwellers, the room belongs to her. The importance of this will be shown later.

When there are children the ease of divorce disappears. In ordinary circumstances the husband must pay 33 per cent of his income until the child or children are sixteen. If he agrees, the divorce is granted without further formality; his employers (meaning, in cities, government institutions) are notified, and the alimony is deducted from his wages at the source. Backward as Russia may be, thanks to a well-organized system of police-identification cards, it is difficult to hide one's identity in another city and thus jump alimony.

If the husband refuses to pay part of his income, if he wants the children, if the wife wants a divorce and tries to force him into the payment of alimony, or if he is out of work and she has a job, the case goes to court. In the latter case there have been instances when the court has ordered the wife to pay alimony to the husband. In normal procedure the children go to the mother. There are cases when a man pays alimony to one set of children, marries again, has children, again divorces. A Moscow story tells of the husband who faced the judge for the third time. "Pay one-third of your income until the child is sixteen," barked the judge. "I can't do it," said the timid citizen, "I am already paying two-thirds." That is an anecdote; in fact the alimony for two sets of children is determined by the court, but in no case is more than one-third of the income allotted for alimony, no matter how many sets of children. The law puts the support of children on brothers, sisters, or grandparents in case the parents

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become unable to continue supporting their child.

The law implies that no longer shall any children be considered illegitimate. The extinction of private real property has eliminated many of the factors that make legitimacy such an important question in Western lands. The mere fact of birth legitimizes the child, and the father, if proven, must pay expenses incidental to the birth. The mother can sue him for support of the child—no matter if the child is the result of casual relationship or unregistered cohabitation. The courts are always inclined to take the woman's word about the paternity of her child and to accept circumstantial evidence—as many young Moscow lads have found to their sorrow. Blood tests to determine paternity are sometimes used.

Soviet courts have the right to deprive parents of "parental rights" by sending the children to an orphange if the parents are judged unfit. Such a sentence was passed last autumn in the case of a woman involved in an important contraband affair; she was sentenced for three years and deprived of her parental rights for life—the little daughter going to a children's home.

Registration of a marriage does not affect the rights of a mother nor the claim of a child on its father. But on registration depend the property rights of a wife. In case of divorce the divorced party, if registered, can sue for an equal division of household goods acquired during marriage, or, in some instances, for a division of all the property in the household. There is usually little property to divide, so matters are simplified; in the cities property consists chiefly of household goods and furnishings, and in the villages live stock and land. Since unregistered wives have only limited property rights, most women insist on a registered marriage; but no social stigma whatever attaches to a marriage unregistered, and the tendency since 1918, which was marked in the new code of 1926, is to differentiate less and less between registered and unregistered couples; as far as a child is concerned there is not the slightest difference.

Following registration the couple may go to church and enjoy the religious rites of matrimony (with the tiresome standing beneath the crowns held by the two best men)—all the paraphernalia of the Orthodox service. I should guess that the religious ceremony follows the civil in 80 per cent of village marriages. Here, as many have told me, the girl will not consider herself married unless it be in church. And they drag to church with them the recently returned army conscripts just back from three years' service, and thus nullify three years of Communistic anti-religious education. Yet village girls have no convictions against accepting civil divorce. In cities the percentage of church marriages is very considerably less.

The law as enforced—and personal interest makes it one of the best-enforced laws in the country—hits at the things at which it was aimed. Prerevolutionary difficulties about divorce, illegitimacy, and the protection of the wife and mother have been more or less removed: and the effect of the law is not to produce the general chaos which might be imagined. The population is not marrying or remarrying, changing wives weekly, monthly, or even semiannually; there was one factory girl of nineteen who had nine husbands in two years, but that case was unusual enough to get into the newspapers—and one can perhaps guess what she would have been under another code of laws. Divorce rates are

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high; in some places and among some classes they reach 60 per cent. They are distinctly lower when there are children in the family. The majority of the divorces are sought by the men. But there are great numbers who marry once—and stay married. After all, people there marry for the same reasons they marry elsewhere—a wish to be eligible for divorce is not one of those reasons. Yet the turnover is rapid among certain classes—in the artistic and literary world, and often among the young factory employees. In the villages there is less divorce, but there it is often the woman who seeks to separate; eventually the number of wife-beating, vodka-swilling peasant husbands should decrease.

The state has stepped into family life in other ways. In factories and offices women are given a month's holiday before and after childbirth; nor is this only on paper. It does not apply to the villages, where conditions are entirely different. Again, the state has legalized abortion. A Kezan newspaper in February, 1930, advertised a "newly opened, fully equipped *Abortarium*." The operation is performed on request in all state hospitals without charge—and without anæsthesia, to discourage too frequent visits. While it is often the men who insist on their wives' undergoing the operation, since it is easier to get out of a childless marriage, yet the birth-rate in Moscow increases annually. In the villages doctors refuse to perform abortions unless there are already three children. In the city the line forms at one clinic at midnight for the reception at 9 A. M. Doctors often protest, but it has been felt necessary to institute this because of the many hindrances—illiteracy, ignorance, and religious scruples—to the spread of birth-control information. Contraceptive devices are among the very few things imported free of duty. "The women are rebelling," said one doctor in a village hospital to me. "They will not labor in the fields, work in the house—and bear a dozen children in addition, to see half of them die."

One factor, often unconsidered, which influences "morality" in the cities is the shortage of rooms. It is customary, in inquiring where a friend lives in Moscow, to ask the street, his apartment number, and whether to knock one to six times; for in each apartment of six rooms there are, most likely, six families. The room, after a divorce, usually belongs to the wife, and the question of where the husband, if divorced, shall live is often a deterrent to divorce. Yet nervous friction engendered by continually cooping a couple in one small room may act just as often to cause divorce. The shortage of rooms has had some effect also on the comparative disappearance of commercialized prostitution from all the cities, for the room shortage is an urban phenomenon common everywhere.

The room shortage, coupled with the marriage laws, provides amazing complications at times, which to some foreigners seem peculiarly Russian. One couple, living in one room, quarrelled frequently. They went on a vacation separately and he, in Crimea, met and married a new wife; she, in the Caucasus, met and married a new husband. The two couples returned to Moscow. Where should they live? Of course, in their one room. So they hung a curtain, a household fitting that plays a great part in the unicellular life of Moscow. For six months this arrangement continued. One day the former husband and wife tired of the new couple—put them out, and remarried.

One of the best comedies since the revolution, "The Squared Circle," deals with a similar situation. Two students in one room take wives on the same

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day and without informing one another. They have only one room—and they set up a joint household with the curtain hanging between. One wife, "petty bourgeois," brings much furniture—what-nots and knick-knacks with which to deck them. The other girl, a young Communist, moves in her worldly goods—three volumes of Karl Marx's "Kapital" and a tooth-brush. Before long there is discord on both sides of the curtain: and each husband falls in love with the wife opposite. Unable to get out of this impasse, trying to "square the circle," they call on an old Communist. He calmly suggests that the wives change over—and the curtain falls on his last line, ". . . . and the revolution won't suffer." The moral seems to be that there are more important things to do in Soviet Russia than to waste energy worrying about women and wives. The audience follows the play sympathetically, never criticising its "morals," silently amazed at how well the stage should mirror life, for the audience knows real stories even more striking.

Money plays its part in "morality," and especially in keeping down divorce. Wages rarely provide more than necessities. A man with children must carefully consider whether life with a new love is worth while—if that life must be lived on only 67 per cent of his income; the girl, too, probably does a bit of thinking. The scarcity of money plays its part in the relative absence of commercialized prostitution. In many cases the wife works, and the continuing thought of the things which a double income can provide and which a single income cannot tends to smooth over quarrels that might lead back to the registration bureau.

Women sometimes complain that the men profit most by the divorce law. Men, on the other hand, feel like the peasant who heard an orator speaking on "Women in Politics," at a meeting on "Woman's Day." "What," asked the speaker, "is the greatest gift of the revolution to women?" The little, weakened peasant answered bitterly, "Alimony, comrade." But men and women together unite in pointing out at least three weaknesses in the law: the first is the great number of divorces that result from petty quarrels, from nerves taut and torn by life lived under curious pressures; in other countries, under other conditions, such quarrels would result only in a walk around the block. It is particularly divorces like these, among newly-weds and childless couples, that contribute to the high divorce rate. The critics, while pointing out that, since there are no children, nothing very important is involved, none the less would like to see something done to prevent such drastic results of emotional explosions.

The second criticism concerns money; with the low rate of wages, even though the law fully guards the divorced mother and her child (even when the child is born within a fitting number of months *after* the divorce), yet the alimony, and therefore the protection, does not amount to very much. One-third of the average Moscow salary is less than twenty-five dollars a month and this is little for a mother and her children. On the other hand, women with children seem to have no difficulty in remarrying, especially in the villages where the size of the family determines the number of shares of land which the family will have.

The third criticism of the law seems to have no answer. What of the woman of fifty, her children past sixteen, who is divorced by a husband when, in his second infancy, he wants a girl of seventeen? The wife can claim a property di-

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vision—but no alimony. I have heard children, who must support their mother deposited carelessly on them by a rejuvenated father, express themselves with keen bitterness on this result of the marriage law. Some few government leaders, in very important Kremlin positions, have rather made this the fashion as they continue to flatter the Tsar by imitating his custom of running after the ballet girls. But they are frequently condemned for this by Communists and non-Communists; and many declare that the government should provide for the wives of such husbands. Sympathy is bare comfort for the discarded wife.

The marriage law has helped to end the whole system of dowries, of paternal control in families, and has worked amazing liberalizing changes among the backward women of the Eastern peoples in the Caucasus, in Tartary, and in Turkestan. There has been another important change—as much the result of the revolution as of the marriage law—no longer are there any social barriers to marriage among the younger people of conflicting nationalities, particularly between Russian and Jew, as there were earlier.

The marriage law is credited for the seeming absence of commercialized prostitution in Russian cities; the lack of money and the lack of rooms should receive some of the credit. The foreigner usually adds: "Why do you need prostitution when you can get in and out of marriage so easily?" The Russian counters: "Prostitution is part of the hypocrisy in your moral system in bourgeois countries; we have taken the hypocrisy out of marriage and divorce and—prostitution disappears." There are a few painted damsels, looking for all the world like their sisters in Vienna and Paris, hanging around Strassnoi Boulevard in Moscow, and a few in the "Bar" restaurant in Leningrad. But they are not numerous, although recent investigations rather hint that, as Russia becomes even a bit more prosperous, they increase.

Among certain classes—the students, the young factory workers, the unemployed housewives—there is what seems to the foreigners to be a distinct looseness in "moral relationships." Foreigners find plenty of respectable ladies dogging them—some of them sent by the authorities to combine business with a neat bit of quiet political observation; there are others, far less dangerous, after the silk stockings, the Coty compacts, and the Houbigant lipsticks which the Soviet stores do not sell but which foreigners can provide. It was a German engineer who asked a friend bound out to Berlin for a vacation: "Please bring me back some silk stockings—there is an old lady here who must wear them for varicose veins. Bring six pairs size eight, six pairs size nine, and six pairs size ten."

It is easy to pass judgment on such a system of marriage, divorce, and morals, when cast against the background of our own environment, training, belief, and tradition. Put in its proper background in Russia, any judgment necessitates supplementary judgments, plus an understanding of economic conditions, traditions, and customs that is hard for any foreigner to attain. Looseness of moral relationships among certain classes can be explained by remembering that some of these groups have grown up in the villages, in one-room huts, where all the mysteries and arts of life and death went on round about them, under conditions in which one physical act is not considered any more serious than any other. It can be argued further that many groups have subordinated sex and "morals" to

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a less important position in life, and have found more valid criteria of judgment, more pressing things to think about. The Communist party frequently expels members for drunkenness, for petty theft, but pays no attention to the "private life" of its members. A member may act more or less as he wishes with women, up to the point of scandal, but let him embezzle fifty dollars of party funds . . . or falsify his alimony payments—. Soviet newspapers print no scandal about relations between men and women. But if an engineer makes a mistake in a factory, he gets headlines that would make a tabloid blush.

It is well to remember a few single but none the less correlated phenomena and facts: that the Church, before the revolution, never succeeded in unifying "morality" and its teachings of religious *observance* in the minds of its people—religion meant rites and not behavior; that the Church was willing to connive in divorce-getting; that Russia never knew the militant "moral" code of our Protestant churches: Remember that our Western dances are forbidden in public in Russia, except for the foreigners and the theatrical and literary groups, as being too exciting; that Moscow theatres very, very seldom require a censor for costumes—there are lines that a Philadelphia censor would take out, but there is more for him to do with the lack of costumes in one American burlesque show than in all the theatres of Moscow; that there are no undressed musical comedies, no bathing-beauty contests, no "strip" or "peep" shows in any city, and night life is non-existent except for a few dull and greasy "gipsy" halls where one drinks hard and fast to drown out the singing; that the few "cabarets" close at midnight, feature bad beer, boiled crayfish, and cheaply but completely gowned fat ladies singing sob ballads. Remember that, near Moscow, at the most popular bathing-beach, men and women bathe side by side without costumes, separated only by a ten-foot stretch of beach; that along this stretch of beach, to keep the proprieties, a policeman rides up and down on a horse; that at that beach it is only the foreigners who are embarrassed. These are Russian things, in the Russian land. So also are the marriage and the divorce code . . . and Moscow morals as well.

The professor and I came to the river. The beach lay thirty feet below the street level. A high fence shielded the women's dressing-place from the pavement and another fence divided men and women; but both were bathing side by side in the river, *sans coutume,* and lying on the dirty sand, sunning themselves. There were a few knot-holes conveniently placed in the fence behind the women's quarters. On the fence was a sign "LOITERERS WILL BE FINED." Near by stood a small boy with a whistle.

We stood there and the professor asked: "Was there such a thing before the revolution?" I said I did not know. The small boy was eying us suspiciously and I asked him what he was doing.

"Well, comrade," he replied, "I am working. I stand here with a whistle and if any one looks through the fence too long I blow the whistle and a policeman comes. He fines you three roubles. He is my father and he keeps half the fine."

"Do you have much business?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, some Russians . . . but chiefly foreigners."

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This is about a bull but not a Wall Street one

The Miracle

BY ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

"TOM," growled the General, who was still lying abed, "what the devil are you mumbling about?"

Tom Hodge, one of the blackest and also one of the most indestructible of the Darnell niggers, straightened his back from the business of fire-laying to look languidly toward the four-poster. "I ain't feelin' so good dis mornin', suh. Might' nigh didn't git here 'tall."

The General's eyes lifted with faint interest. "Where's your misery now?" he inquired. "And you might pull the curtains."

"No immejiate misery, suh," replied Tom with hesitant dignity, "only—well, you know dat consarned black bull, suh?"

"Merely by sight," snapped the bed's occupant, shaking off the comforter.

"De fac' is," pursued Tom, almost unwilling, "de fac' is, de dutty varmint done killed me daid."

The General's face smoothed out into an utter absence of expression. "Indeed?" he nodded.

Tom bowed slightly. "Yassuh," he confirmed the statement, "fo' five minutes."

The sweet damp of a Kentucky morning was blowing in through the half-open windows, but the fire had begun to cast its warmth. Tom continued to dig it solicitously.

"'Twas 'twixt de woodhouse an' de kitchen, 'bout six to-day," he went on to explain, "as I wuz jes' easin' de wheelbarrow roun' de cistern fo' to dump it by de do', when lippity splick, I heahs de cloven hoof."

"The devil?" inquired the General.

"Yassuh; guess it twuz."

"Did you die *then?*"

"Not *dat* time," Tom admitted, "but 'twuz right den and dere I denied de wheelbarrow."

"Proceed." The voice emanated from behind the fluttering folds of a silk bedkerchief.

"Fum dat place I p'oceeded to de quarters," Tom continued, "but dey ain't no use axin' me how I got dere."

"I am not inquiring."

"Nawsuh. It was jes' like you wuz to tech a match to one dem fizz-bangs, an' den ax how come it done shift its position."

"I understand perfectly."

Tom nodded and swallowed. "De fust thing *I* know, dey wuz a kind of a light wind singin' thu ma legs an' de groun' flyin' behime me. De bull he beller like to bust hisself, 'cause he knew well as I did he ain't goin' to be able to fetch up wid me lessen I let him."

"Oh then it *was* the bull?"

"Yassuh, dat red-eyed Blackie."

"Not tethered, eh?"

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"Nawsuh; free as grass. 'Twouldn't been no p'edicament whatever, though, if de groun' hadn' been wet, but de Lawd nevah made me fo' no mud ho'se."

"I am sure of that. Continue."

"Wall, suh, me an' Blackie went on fo' some little piece 'fo he ovehtook me. 'Fo I knew it, I wuz lyin' flat on de groun' an' he sailin' pas'. Seems like he couldn't stop up in time."

"You were not dead?"

"Nawsuh, but I was pluralized wid feah."

"Go on."

"So after dat, seein' how de caht had kinda got befo' de ho'se, I lit out arfter Blackie."

"With an eye to securing him, I presume?"

Tom hesitated as he struggled for veracity. "Nawsuh, dat ain't exactly whut entered ma mind. Whut I calclated wuz dat if I chase him fur enough, I'd have a better chance to git away if I run in de udder direction."

"Escape was your only motive?"

"Yassuh, escapement was ma wish. Wall, den arfter I leap' out into de pasture, Blackie he stand still kinda twistin' his tail. He lift it up and fling it down, and den wrench it backwards like as though he's tryin' to make up his min', and all de time he keep shakin' his hornery haid an' snortin' like he wuz goin' to bust loose any minute. Somepin' tole me to move back agin, so I stahts to kinda glide ma feet behime me widout takin' ma eyes offn de bull. Fuhst thing I knew, I done backed maself into de sink hole."

"Did you die *then?*"

"Nawsuh, but I come mighty nigh it."

"I have often spoken to you niggers about keeping the sink hole fenced around."

"Yassuh. Seems like dey's a kind of ledge 'bout fo' feet down, and dere I stuck. Blackie come looking over de edge, an' I wuz dat sickened wid de whole fight, damn if I didn't chuck a handful of duht right splam in his face." Tom paused in deference to the very memory of it.

"Lawdy, he wuz de *maddes'* bull I evah see!"

"Well?"

"Den de gravel begin to move sideways where I wuz holdin' on, an' I done sunk some mo'. By dat time I's so decimated wid weakness an' app'ehension, dat I had to keep ma eyes shet so's not to relapse to de bottom, but I jes' had 'bout strength enough lef' to holler. 'Long 'bought half a hour later, Buck Dudley done fotch me out wid his suspenders."

"Were you dead?"

"Nawsuh, not yit, but I was feelin' might' po'ly. Howsomeever, I didn't see Blackie 'round nowhere, an' I 'lowed I wouldn't say nothin' to Buck. Eatin' seemed 'bout de bes' thing I ought to do, so I mosied on back to de quarters. Oh, Lawd!"

Tom's face grayed as he called to mind the moment of that dread decision.

"Well, what's the matter; did you die *then?*"

"Yassuh, it wuz jes' 'bout dat time I begin to fail."

The half-wet logs sputtered violently as Tom prodded them anew. The General blew his nose desperately, and at last the narrative went on.

"Jes' as I rounded de quarters yard I seen him. Dere he wuz, madder'n Jehosophat—layin' fo' me. You'd think he wuz on wires de way he jump aroun', and his black legs as thin as tar-twine. Hes face's still duhty where I done lambaste him wid de mud outn de sink hole, an' his eyes redder'n a turtle's."

"'Look out!' yells F'licity Samson—de yaller wench. She jes' took dat time

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to spy me out. 'Looks like Blackie got his eye on yew.'

"Wid dat all de consarned niggers in de quarters come cranin' dey necks fo' to see whut de rumpus about, an' I breaks fo' F'licity's do'.

"Blackie, he break too. F'licity stand dere hollerin' like a Comanche an' won't git out de way. Natchely, I ain't goin' to stop and neither ain't Blackie, so I circles fo' de pasture agin. Roun' de field we goes, an' arfter I git back to de place where I reconnize de lay of de land agin, I got to goin' so fas' I cain't stop. Blackie he rampsin' along 'bout six feet behime an' de snorts he's lettin' outn him throw de sod up in lumps. 'Hi!' I yells to F'licity, 'by de time I runs aroun' dis fohty-acre field a couple times mo' maybe I git slowed down enough to git thu de do'.' "

Tom paused for the breath which even in the telling of the tale forsook him. "Gawd a'mighty, I sho' did suffer!"

"Sit down," sympathized the General.

"Yassuh; thank you, suh. Wall, suh, seems like once mo' roun' dat field wuz 'bout enough. F'licity she come to by dat time and git de yard cleared so's I could git a straight parf to de do', an' I bust thu. If it hadn't been fo' de wall on de udder side, I reckon I be goin' yet."

"Doubtless."

"I jes' fall down on de bed and lie dere. De roof wuz flyin' roun' an' de flo' heavin' like a porpoise. If you wuz to have axed me could I put up wid anything mo', I'd have cried like a bebby."

"Awful," agreed the General.

"Den—den—" Tom's voice wavered.

"Some one *asked* you," prompted the General.

"Nawsuh, 'twuz wus'n dat. Blackie done stick his haid in de do'! He jes' stood dere fo' a minute lookin' at me, an' den he give a kind of a squat an' a flutter . . ."

"Good Gad!"

"Yassuh, an' dat's how he come to kill me daid."

"Oh, you did die *then?*"

"Yassuh, ma heaht stopped beatin'."

"How long did you say it stopped beating?"

" 'Bout—'bout—f-i-v-e minutes."

There was a brief silence. The General coughed once or twice as he turned restlessly in bed.

"Tom," he bawled at last, "you're a damned liar! You know as well as I do that you can't kill a Darnell nigger."

Tom raised his eyes in woful rebuke. "Yassuh," he murmured huskily. "I 'membered dat arfter I'd been lyin' dere fo' a while. . . . De fac' is, dey cain't no Darnell nigger lie up in peace knowin' yo' fire ain't made, suh. Not even if he's done daid."

The General started. "Tom," he snorted, "pour my bath. Give me my linen. And Tom . . ."

"Yassuh?"

"Give me your hand."

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If President Hoover loses his national popularity, the blame may not necessarily be his own. It could conceivably come from the efforts of Mr. Michelson, Democratic publicity director, who is carrying out a campaign of intelligent opposition which will undoubtedly have an effect on the Congressional elections this fall and has already altered the course of the Hoover administration.

Charley Michelson

BY FRANK R. KENT

THERE are two widely separated schools of thought about the political future of Herbert Hoover. One believes that his administration will become increasingly unpopular, that his difficulties with Congress will increase after next November, that his personal prestige will steadily diminish, that by 1932 his ineptitude as a national leader will have been convincingly demonstrated and he will be a one-term President. The other is equally firm in the opinion that with the final recovery of business, which the most pessimistic concede cannot be delayed two years, all effective assault upon Mr. Hoover will disappear. Before 1932 his wisdom and strength will have been made manifest. He will then stand before the people as a strong, far-sighted, capable man who, silent under attack, wisely guided the nation through a period of depression, averted a prolonged and painful panic, restored it to prosperity and contentment. The credit will, of course, go to him, his critics will be confounded, his popularity retrieved in a bound, and his triumphant renomination and re-election assured.

The view you take depends upon your inherited partisanship, your inherent prejudices, and your personal feelings about Mr. Hoover. But whichever of these ideas is cherished and however they be explained, it must be agreed that the first year and a half of Mr. Hoover's administration has been packed considerably more full of trouble than is normal, and that the "breaks," as they say in baseball, have been against him. His most ardent adherent does not deny that he has had pretty rough going in the past twelve months.

The purpose of this article is not to analyze the reasons for Mr. Hoover's manifest difficulties; not to discuss whether he has made a good or a bad President, nor to what extent he is the architect of his own political unhappiness. There are two sides to those questions and a plausible case can be made on each. What it is proposed to treat of here is the political agency in Washington that more than any other has helped to mould the public mind in regard to Mr. Hoover, magnifying his misfortunes, minimizing his achievements, and generally making life miserable for him. It has thwarted, frustrated, plagued, and pestered him in an extraordinary, unprecedented, and effective way. It has been—and still is—a remarkable performance, an illuminating illustration of the amazing power of unopposed propaganda in skilful hands. On

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the surface it is the story of the new Democratic publicity bureau—but really it is the story of "Charley" Michelson, the director of the bureau, and it is interesting because what he has done and is doing is only clearly appreciated in Washington, and not in the least understood in the country as a whole.

To begin with, it is necessary to explain that during the presidential campaigns each party has large and elaborate publicity departments through which two-thirds of all the money raised for campaign purposes is expended. They waste more than all the others. But between elections these departments as a rule are almost completely dismantled. From 1920 to 1929 the Republican National Committee, having plenty of money, did maintain a fairly well-equipped though not at all high-grade propaganda outfit that functioned largely for the benefit of the weekly organs and country press. It dealt in "canned" editorials and the general stereotyped brand of Republican publicity. But during those years—and before—the Democratic publicity had almost entirely dried up. Heavily in debt and with no source of supplies, the party committee was reduced to two small rooms as headquarters, and the publicity department consisted of a single poorly paid, unimaginative, and obscure ex-newspaper man who needed the job. In brief, there was no Democratic publicity during either the Harding or the Coolidge administration. With the incoming of Mr. Hoover an extraordinary reversal of this situation took place. Right after the 1928 election the Republican bureau of publicity simply fell to pieces. Henry J. Allen, who had been the chairman, became senator from Kansas. His assistants, who had really done the work, were dropped from the party pay-roll with a thud. A new national chairman —the unfortunate Mr. Claudius Huston —who was much too busy in other directions to function effectively as a party head, came in. He either did not know or did not care about party publicity. Apparently it did not appeal to him. Apparently it didn't seem necessary. At any rate, for the first time in many years the Republican party was completely without a propaganda department or a publicity director. Not even the shell of one such as the Democrats had maintained was kept. The idea seemed to be that the acts of this administration would speak for themselves, that no prepared publicity was essential to a proper popular understanding, that Mr. Hoover's regular, twice a week, personal conferences with the correspondents gave him sufficient opportunity to present his views to the people, that organized party propaganda except in campaigns is out of place. Perhaps this theory might have proved sound had the Democratic policy on publicity remained the same as before. But it didn't. It underwent a sudden and extraordinary change. A lame and impoverished makeshift, capable only of the feeblest publicity flickers, was suddenly transformed into what is recognized as beyond question the most elaborate, expensive, efficient, and effective political propaganda machine ever operated in the country by any party, organization, association, or league.

What happened was this—Mr. John J. Raskob, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, became impressed with the idea that what the Democratic party needed to give it better than a fighting chance in a presidential election was a little life between campaigns. It was not an original idea with Mr. Raskob. A good many so-called Democratic leaders had talked of it before. The notion that the Democratic party could for more than three and a half

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years lie supine and inert, letting the party in power commit its errors of omission and commission with practical immunity from real criticism and then in the four months before election persuade the voters that the Republicans are a bad lot, not to be trusted, and that the salvation of the country hinges upon the election of a Democrat, had been proven unsound often enough to convince almost any clear-headed man. The duty of the opposition party is to oppose. The trouble with the Democrats was that between elections they let the other side, to which normally the bulk of the daily and weekly press adhere, practically monopolize the channels of publicity and propagandize the country without competition or anything resembling organized antagonism. To expect to wipe out nearly four years of this in four months was silly. Yet that had been the quadrennial Democratic effort since 1916. "No wonder we can't win," Democratic leaders used to say. "What we need is real publicity, but we can't get publicity without money, and we have no money." They had the idea all right but they never got any further with it than discussing and deploring until Mr. Raskob came along. It cannot be said that Mr. Raskob was a shining success as a campaign manager. If results count, he failed pretty badly, but at any rate it is true that he made a grand fight, raised and spent more money than Democrats had ever dreamed of before, and, though inexperienced in political management, was certainly receptive to ideas—good and bad. It was discovered early in the campaign that it was easy to sell Mr. Raskob an idea. Some he bought had eleven toes or three thumbs, or were otherwise malformed and abnormal. For example, there was the idea that if he would put half a million dollars into Pennsylvania it could be carried for the Democratic ticket. This was so obviously unsound that very few except Mr. Raskob took any stock in it at all—and he only because of his utter lack of political sophistication. It, along with a considerable number of assorted suggestions, schemes, theories, strategic plays and policies, bought by Mr. Raskob during the 1928 campaign, turned out pretty badly. None the less, he is a difficult person to discourage. He is still open to ideas—and a month or two after the election, when he had measurably recovered from the terrible shock occasioned by the defeat of his dear friend Alfred Emanuel Smith, he bought another—and this time, as it happened, a thoroughly sound one. Just who sold him the notion of supplying the Democratic party with a first-class, high-grade, sixteen-cylinder publicity machine to function in Washington for the three-year period between the inauguration of Mr. Hoover and the nomination of the 1932 Democratic presidential ticket, I do not know. But whoever it was, he performed a real party service. Mr. Raskob seized it, partly because he did not care about resigning and slinking out of the political picture. This seemed a way by which he might justify his continuance as the titular party head, and at the same time confound his party critics. And partly, I think, though he was a Republican prior to 1928, his Democratic contacts in the campaign infected him with the party spirit and he now regards Democrats as his "gang," a thought very far from his mind in 1920 and 1924. At any rate, Mr. Raskob agreed, I am told, to underwrite the activities of the Democratic Committee for a period of three years to the tune of $250,000. He selected the astute, politically seasoned, and personally popular Mr. Jouett Shouse, of Kansas City, to act as executive chairman, put the necessary funds in bank for

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him, delegated authority to him. In effect, Mr. Shouse became the chairman and Mr. Raskob the chairman emeritus. The joint Shouse-Raskob purpose was to have the Democratic Committee function between the 1929 and 1932 campaigns as it had never functioned before in a similar period. To this end a swell suite of offices was leased, occupying nearly a whole floor in the National Press Building. Much handsome, overstuffed furniture was bought and installed. Conference rooms were partitioned off, secretaries, stenographers, clerks, and messengers engaged. In brief, an equipment such as would have seemed appropriate for some great industrial corporation was assembled. No such elaborate and expensive headquarters between campaigns has ever been seen in Washington. It is amazing so little has been written about it. But after all, headquarters, big or little, do not mean much unless there is a man around whom they revolve. This time the Democrats not only have the headquarters and the money but the man, too—to wit, "Charley" Michelson. They could have dispensed with nine-tenths of the equipment so long as they had the money and Michelson. He is the publicity director. He is the dynamic force that makes the wheels go around. He is the works. In effect he is the committee. Without him it would be just the shell it used to be. With him it hums. When Mr. Shouse and Mr. Raskob picked Mr. Michelson to run the Democratic publicity they did about the smartest thing that has been done in national politics for a long time—smarter by a whole lot than they knew, much smarter than anything either of them did in New York during the Smith campaign. They started out to get a first-class newspaper man instead of, as usual, a fifth-class one, to take charge of propaganda. With the money they were able to pay they could easily have gotten almost any second-rate journalist in Washington, but they were distinctly in luck that circumstances made it possible for them to get one of the first grade. It is the first time either party has done so. Mr. Michelson is a man of high intelligence and unquestioned character, a combination so rarely found on a party pay-roll as to be practically non-existent. He comes of a distinguished family and has had a long and varied experience as a newspaper man and political writer. For many years he was the chief of the Washington bureau of the New York *World,* and he can write. He is a member of the Gridiron Club and is popular among the hundreds of newspaper correspondents in Washington, nearly all of whom are his friends. In addition he is a Democrat—an Al Smith Democrat, an extremely anti-Hoover Democrat, a Democrat who knows the political game from the inside and knows as many politicians in both parties, in and out of Congress, as any man in Washington, a Democrat with a real capacity for mischief and with just enough congenital malevolence toward Republicans generally to make the capacity count most effectively.

When Mr. Shouse and Mr. Raskob concluded their arrangements with Mr. Michelson, they gave him a free hand and said "Go to it." And he went to it like a fireman to a fire, only his idea was not to extinguish the flames but to build them. The goal set for him was to "smear" Hoover and the Hoover administration. That is what he is there for and all he is there for. That is his job, and it would be hard to imagine a man with his heart more completely in it. It would have been a genuine pleasure to Mr. Michelson to "smear" the Hoover administration if he were not paid a

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cent. To get paid $25,000 a year for doing something you yearn to do anyhow, to have the tools, implements, ammunition, and opportunities for doing it furnished free of charge, to have no real opposition or competition, to be able to hit without getting hit back, why, that is ideal. At least, so it seems to Mr. Michelson, who has had, this year, about the best time of his life. Alert and clever, from the minute he took charge he has spent his days looking for holes in the administration armor and devising ways of shooting through them. It has been his pleasant task to minimize every Hoover asset and magnify all his liabilities. He takes his little mistakes and makes them seem big. He is out to obscure every Hoover virtue and achievement and turn an exaggerated light upon all his personal and political shortcomings, missteps, and mishaps. If there is a way to widen the breach between Mr. Hoover and leaders of his party in House and Senate, the gimlet-eyed Michelson will find the way and do as fine a piece of widening as any one can. If there is a chance to rub salt into an open sore on the Republican side, Mr. Michelson is on the job with the salt—and some turpentine. To sum up, the whole aim and idea of Mr. Michelson's employment is to put Mr. Hoover "in bad" with the American people. That is what he was hired for, and for the first year at least he certainly has earned his money. The Michelson effort has been to paint a picture of Hoover as an inept, bewildered, weak, and unworthy man without sense of direction, backbone, or power of decision. If he has an admirable quality it has not been mentioned among the millions of written words that have flowed from Mr. Michelson's fluent typewriter in the past eighteen months. On the contrary, Mr. Michelson has discovered more faults, failings, and flaws in Mr. Hoover since March 4, 1929, than any one ever suspected before, more in fact than seems possible for one man to have. These discoveries Mr. Michelson has not kept to himself. That is distinctly not what he is paid for. His employment is to get into the daily and weekly press of the country as much stuff putting Hoover and the Hoover administration in an unfavorable light as he can. His success in this direction has been extraordinary and unprecedented. Partly it has been due to the opportunities afforded by the extra session, and the various knotty problems which the campaign and his White House predecessor left in Mr. Hoover's lap. Partly it is due to the fact that until recently he had no competition from the Republican publicity department—and not much now. And partly it is due to his own skill and enthusiasm. At any rate, the net result has been that, unlike his predecessors, Mr. Hoover has had much the worst of the press publicity since he came into office. The whole tone of the press has been critical, and vastly more columns attacking him have been printed than columns defending him. Usually there has been no defense at all. A solid year and a half of this sort of thing, which Mr. Hoover's friends describe as "dropping the white lead in the coffee-cup," could not fail to have an effect. It has. It is interesting to note the way in which Mr. Michelson has worked to get his stuff "across." In the first place he kept himself in the background. That was obviously essential. The newspapers, except a few, do not take kindly to "hand-outs" from press agents, political or otherwise. The views of the paid publicity man do not appeal to them as news. No one has a keener appreciation of this than Mr. Michelson. It is all right to send the canned editorials and clip sheets to the weekly and

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county press of the party-organ stripe, but he knew if he was to get his anti-Hoover attacks into the larger and more effective papers it had to have a real news flavor. It might be synthetic, but it had to look like the genuine article. Accordingly his game has been largely to "plant" interviews, statements, and speeches with Democratic members of the Senate and House of sufficient standing and prominence to make what they say news. If Michelson, the paid propagandist, said it, it was not news. If Senator Harrison or Jack Garner, or Caraway, or Walsh, or George, or Tydings, or any one of a dozen other senators and representatives said it, it was news. The fact that the words, the music, and the ideas were Michelson's made no difference. That would be known, of course, by any reasonably intelligent correspondent, but not by the public. The Michelson hand was well concealed, the statesman put to the front. And this not only made it possible for Michelson to get his compositions into Republican as well as Democratic newspapers, but filled the Democratic statesmen, thus used as his mouthpiece, with great delight. They were—and are—enthusiastically co-operating in the Michelson game. He does not have to "draft" them now; they volunteer. He gives them personal publicity that is practically priceless. Publicity is not only extremely soothing to the political soul, feeding the vanity of members of Congress and catering to an inherent human hunger, but it is essential to their success and standing. Without it they might as well not be in Washington. The more of it they get the better off they are. Even a little bad publicity is better than none. Personal publicity is the chief aim of ninety-nine per cent of the men holding public office, big and small, in the country to-day. Think then of the pleasure that Mr. Michelson has given the Democratic leaders in Washington the past year and a half. He has not only time after time got them first-page publicity in practically every important paper in the country, but the sort of publicity they could not possibly provide for themselves. No wonder some of them strut. The Michelson English and the Michelson ideas are of a far superior brand to senatorial English and ideas. The speeches, interviews, articles, and statements he has written for them, and which have appeared as their own, have been far better than they could have written for themselves. They have made them appear not only as sound and original but polished, witty, ironical, studious, and profound. From their standpoint the publicity campaign against Hoover has simply been wonderful. They have not only co-operated with Mr. Michelson but cheered him on. The net result is that they have among them hit Mr. Hoover with practically everything save the office furniture. Every move he has made has been followed by the firing of a Michelson publicity barrage. He has been shot at from all sides and with guns of every caliber. And it has been effective. No one doubts that.

Some months ago Republican leaders became upset over the situation. The sharpshooting Michelson with his eager Democratic (and Progressive, too) mouthpieces in Congress got badly on their nerves. Something had to be done. They consulted and conferred. They scoured Washington for a Republican publicity director to offset Mr. Michelson. Eventually they picked James L. West, for years Associated Press reporter at the Senate. For the last few months Mr. West has been functioning as well as he could, and perhaps as well as any one could. But he has a hard job. In the first place, as the majestic Senator Watson of Indiana says, "it is easier to attack

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than defend, harder to alibi than to indict." In the second place, Mr. Michelson has attained too great an impetus to stop—and the competition serves merely to spur him to more vigorous effort. In the last few months his output has been extraordinary. Speeches, interviews, and statements have been profusely "planted" all over the place. Editorials and "news" items have streamed through the mails to the smaller papers, hitting Hoover, the administration, and the Republican party in a hundred different ways. Without the money, the enthusiasm, or the opportunities, it is hard indeed for Mr. West to match this output. It would be hard for any one. The net result of the year-and-a-half work of the versatile and vigorous Michelson is that the Democratic party goes into the campaign this fall militant, menacing, and hopeful. As a result of the off-year election it is conceded that they will gain from three to six seats in the Senate, giving the party, now with thirty-nine members of that body, so close to a majority that anything like administration control is out of the question, and the coalition, which virtually dominated the last session, will be stronger in the next. As to the House, everybody concedes that the present huge Republican majority of one hundred and five will be greatly reduced, and that barring a return of prosperity complete enough to nullify the tariff as an issue, the chances are not far from even that the Democrats may gain control of the next House. This would give them the Speakership, and would undoubtedly be a major political disaster for Mr. Hoover and his party.

When it is considered that this condition has been brought about in the less than two years since the Democrats suffered the most crushing defeat they ever experienced, it is literally amazing. In 1928 the party carried only eight of the forty-eight States. The solid South, where it had been impregnable for sixty years, was split to pieces. There was so little left of the party after the returns were in that various erudite and earnest professors of politics wrote long and profound articles for the magazines, pointing out that the Democratic party had died, and speculating on the sort of new party that would take its place. These professors, for one thing, miscalculated the depth of the Democratic roots. For another, they knew very little about the strength and nature of the State units upon which the party is based. For another, they knew nothing at all about "Charley" Michelson. It is he who built the fire.

Prerogative

By Ruth Lambert Jones

What is home,
Oh Harlequin,
But a spot
I'm weary in?
Petty, stifling,
I believe,
Home is but a spot
To leave.

What is home,
Pierrot, to me,
But the spot
Where I would be?
Weary, surfeited,
Heart-sore,
Home's the spot
I seek once more.

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J. E. B. STUART

BY CAPTAIN JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

Sharpsburg and the Maryland Campaign of Lee Prior to Chancellorsville

Hard upon 2d Manassas, Lee threw his army into Maryland. While the beaten forces of Pope reorganized, behind the Washington forts, now under McClellan, the Army of Northern Virginia concentrated at Frederick, Maryland. On the 11th of September, Lee divided his forces: Jackson, with more than half, was sent west to reduce Harper's Ferry, where some 12,000 Federals were in garrison. Longstreet marched northwest to Hagerstown. D. H. Hill, with one division, took station just west of South Mountain guarding the trains of the Army, and Stuart's cavalry screened the rear, on a line north and south of Frederick.

McClellan, again in command of the Army of the Potomac, did a splendid job of reorganization and moved from Washington to Frederick more quickly, and in better shape, than Lee believed possible. At Frederick, while Lee's forces were still widely dispersed—Jackson held up at Harper's Ferry, Longstreet at Hagerstown, D. H. Hill at South Mountain,—McClellan secured, by a lucky accident, a copy of a Confederate Army order which gave him exact knowledge of Lee's plans. He advanced from Frederick, delayed only by Stuart's cavalry screen, and had opportunity to destroy the scattered gray detachments in detail. He moved so slowly, however, that the opportunity passed: D. H. Hill made a successful stand at South Mountain; Jackson captured Harper's Ferry and everything in it; Longstreet came down from Hagerstown; and Lee concentrated behind Antietam creek at Sharpsburg.

On 17 September the armies fought, between 35,000 and 40,000 Confederates delivering defensive battle against about 90,000 blue soldiers. McClellan attacked in detail, and withheld more than a third of his infantry from battle, and the fight closed with Lee's army much reduced but intact. Next day, Lee lay in his lines, but McClellan did not feel strong enough to attack him again. On the 19th, Lee retreated unmolested into Virginia.

The two armies faced each other across the upper Potomac for the next six weeks. About the middle of October Stuart, with 1,800 sabres, rode entirely around the Army of the Potomac, going as far north as Chambersburg, and returning safely to Virginia with 1,200 horses and mules. About the end of the month, McClellan crossed the Potomac east of the Blue Ridge and again invaded Virginia. Lee marched from the Shenandoah Valley and took up position behind the upper Rappahannock, across his front, Stuart screening the movement from the Northern Cavalry. McClellan then lapsed into inactivity, and was removed from command, Burnside succeeding him.

Burnside decided to strike through Fredericksburg, and in December the armies confronted each other on the line of the Rappahannock. On the 13th of December was fought the battle of Fredericksburg, where Lee, on the hills south of the town, received Burnside's attack and defeated him with great slaughter. The Armies then went into winter quarters.

Cavalry was active during the winter, Stuart and Wade Hampton raiding continuously on the Federal lines of communication between Fredericksburg and Washington. In the Spring, Burnside was relieved by Joseph Hooker, who reorganized the Army and concentrated the cavalry under one command. On 17 March a mounted force under Averell crossed the Rappahannock at Kelley's Ford and attacked Fitz Lee's Brigade. Major John Pelham was killed in this action. Beckham followed him in command of the Horse Artillery.

When the winter broke and the clearing weather made campaigning possible, Lee's Army was about 55,000 strong, most of Longstreet's Corps being absent in the south on an expedition against Suffolk. Wade Hampton's Brigade was also absent. Hooker moved at the end of April,

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marching swiftly and secretly from Fredericksburg to the upper fords of the Rappahannock with his main body, while Sedgwick's Corps remained in place on Lee's front. Hooker sent his Cavalry Corps, under Stoneman, to ride around Lee's left toward Richmond, with the mission of drawing the Confederate Cavalry away from the gray army, but Stuart refused to be drawn, detaching only the small brigade of Rooney Lee to follow Stoneman and see that he did not do too much damage, while he remained with Fitz Lee's Brigade to watch the enemy. Thus in position, he met Hooker's advance at the fords, identified his several Corps, and covered Hooker's front while Lee marched up from Fredericksburg to meet him.

Hooker's plan was to force the upper fords of the Rappahannock under cover of the Wilderness of Spottsylvania, assemble his army, and strike south, certain that Lee would retreat from Fredericksburg toward Richmond, and be forced to interpose his Army between Hooker and the Confederate capital somewhere to the south. But Lee, regardless of his disparity in numbers—55,000 against more than a hundred thousand—did not retreat. He marched west from Fredericksburg to meet Hooker in the Wilderness itself. The Wilderness of Spottsylvania is a dense body of woodland, about fifteen miles by ten, from the south bank of the Rappahannock above Fredericksburg to the vicinity of Spottsylvania Courthouse.

Early on 1 May, Hooker's main body was across the river, marching east through the Wilderness by the Turnpike and the Plank Road. On both these roads, his columns met the enemy. The night before, a cavalry reconnaissance to the south, toward Spottsylvania, had also met the Confederates. The contacts on the highways were with Jackson, and the cavalry action with Stuart, and it was evident to Hooker, by the forenoon of the 1st, that Lee was not retreating at all, but was standing to deliver battle. Hooker at once ceased to be aggressive.

V. Chancellorsville—Jeb Stuart Leads the Second Corps

THERE is no campaign in which psychology plays so strong a part as that of Chancellorsville. General Hooker was not an indifferent soldier, and his movements in the first three days, from the 28th of April to the 1st of May, had been bold and skilful. His army had crossed two rivers, threaded the difficult narrow ways of the Wilderness in good order and without loss, covered forty-six miles, and gained a position which effectively flanked out the dreaded Fredericksburg hills. So far, so good: no army has done better. But one fatal mistake had been committed; the detachment of Stoneman's cavalry. On the 1st of May, the effect of this error began to be felt, and Hooker's campaign started to go to pieces.

Chancellorsville was an old, white-columned mansion, facing south on the Orange Turnpike, nine miles west of Fredericksburg. It was a crossroads in a wide clearing near the eastern face of the Wilderness. The Orange Plank Road forked off to the southeast, passed south of the pike, and came back into it six miles to the east. A road ran north dividing a mile and a half from Chancellorsville, the right-hand road taking you three miles to United States Ford on the Rappahannock, and the left-hand, four miles to Ely's Ford on the Rapidan. A little west of south, three miles, in the Wilderness, was Catherine Furnace, an old smelter: there were ancient gold mines in the vicinity. Across the Wilderness, east and west, passing about four miles south of Chancellor's House, was the line of an unfinished railroad. As you went west on the Turnpike, you plunged, a mile from the mansion, into the Wilderness again: just to your left rear would be Fairview Cemetery, and a mile to your left Hazel Grove—points on a low ridge of cleared ground, with

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Chancellor's House at one end and Hazel Grove at the other. Proceeding by the Plank Road, for about another mile, you open the Dowdall clearing, in which stood Dowdall's Tavern, Wilderness Church, and Talley's Farm. Then, nearly a mile of open ground, and the Wilderness closed upon you again. Here it was not so dense, along the road, as farther to the south and east. At Wilderness Church, the Orange Plank Road left the Turnpike and branched southwest. Three miles from Wilderness Church and five miles from Chancellorsville stood Wilderness Tavern.

The Turnpike, it will be seen, traverses the region from east to west, following generally the highest ground. North of it are the streams that feed into the Rappahannock, Wilderness Run, Hunting Run, and Mineral Springs Run; and south of it the streams go toward the Peninsula; the Ny River at Catherine Furnace leads you eventually to the Pamunkey and the York.

Now it is the 1st of May.

Consider Hooker, ruddy, handsome, splendid in his blue and gold, by the Chancellor House in the mild spring afternoon. West and south and east rolls the Wilderness, like a sea, new green leaves and white dogwood flowering. His artillery, and columns of sturdy infantry, move in the open fields around him. Smoke wells up from the woods to the south, Catherine Furnace-way. He has just issued to the troops resounding, congratulatory orders on what has already been achieved: but I imagine that his face, turned toward the forest walls that shut off the east and the southeast, was anxious. He knew certain things: Sedgwick was immobilized at Fredericksburg. There were rebels across the river road, the Turnpike, and the Plank Road, and out the unfinished railroad at Catherine Furnace. And last night they were coming from the southwest, at Todd's Tavern. How many, he did not know: those deserters mentioned Longstreet, thought to be at Suffolk. But Stonewall Jackson, certainly, and Jeb Stuart, certainly, and General Lee! There was a dangerous feel . . . Jackson, Jackson, in the soft May air. Joe Hooker abandoned his offensive and began to cover up. Some of his fighting generals came, amazed at the orders to stop, when everything was going well, and have recorded (after the event) that this day their Chief seemed a beaten man. Indeed, the thing had passed from him, with those collisions on the roads to Fredericksburg. Lee had it in his hand.

During the afternoon, Lee's last elements are arriving from Fredericksburg, and Fitz Lee's brigade, now with gray infantry close behind, is feeling Hooker's front, exactly locating his lines. South of Catherine Furnace, Jackson, riding in advance, sends for Stuart; he thinks he has found a position from which the blue line can be enfiladed, but Wright's brigade of Anderson's, which is up, has no guns, and he asks Stuart for some. Stuart brings four of Beckham's Horse pieces and, with Jackson, rides down a narrow road to the little timbered knoll selected. So thick is the brush that only one gun can be emplaced, and it goes into battery, the others standing in the road behind. It opens through the screen of leaves, and at once two Federal batteries, unsuspected and very near, beat it down with a blizzard of shell and canister. Horses and men are knocked over, kicking, the terrified gun teams plunge and rear in the narrow way, and nobody understands how any person came from the place alive. As for Stuart and Stonewall Jackson, their work is not yet done, but

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Stuart loses here his adjutant, young Major Channing Price, a good officer and very dear to him.

Night falls, and Stuart collects the reports from the regiments and from Fitz Lee, and goes to the Commanding General, whom he finds with Jackson, three miles east of Chancellorsville, on the Plank Road, in an oak wood. Lee has thought that Hooker's left, near the Rappahannock below United States Ford, is vulnerable: but Jackson's staff has reconnoitred Mineral Springs Run, which covers the blue flank, and reports it too strong. In the centre, Jackson has seen the strong earthworks and abatis, already rising. Now Stuart brings Fitz Lee's report, and they plot his information on the map: the Federal right trails in the air, in Dowdall's clearing, on the Turnpike. There, without question, is the place.

Lee and Jackson sit on hardtack boxes with the map between them, in the ruddy firelight, and Staff and couriers look from a respectful distance. Around them in the Wilderness, 90,000 men in blue, and 50,000 gray soldiers, all within a few miles, squat at their camp-fires, gnaw field rations, hold the outpost lines, write letters, look at the slow-climbing moon, or sleep. The lean cavalry horses nibble at the bark of trees; keen gray videttes, carbines on thigh, watch the roads to Chancellorsville. After a while, Jackson rides to his headquarters, farther up the Plank Road, and has some orders for his staff. Jackson sleeps an hour or two, on the ground. They remember that he had a heavy cold in his chest this night, and when, before dawn, he rises and drinks coffee, his sword, leaned for the night against a convenient tree, untouched by anybody, falls to the ground with an iron clang. . . .

At four o'clock in the chill dawn, Jackson's Corps, three divisions, is marching west through the Wilderness. Jubal Early is at Fredericksburg, to watch Sedgwick. A. P. Hill's Light Division, D. H. Hill's division, under Rodes, and Trimble's division with the 2d Corps artillery, made up his column, 25,000 men. McLaws and Anderson, perhaps 12,000, remain with General Lee, under his personal command. Another detachment lies back on the roads to Fredericksburg observing Hooker's left, Jeb Stuart rides with Fitz Lee on the right of Jackson's column, between the infantry and the Federal front. General Lee has divided his forces again, in the immediate presence of 90,000 men, and his back is turned to Sedgwick, who stands with no mean force, in his rear.

The 2d of May is fine, and sunny, and the air fresh and cool. Hooker's people do nothing, except in their centre, where Sickles pushes down by Catherine Furnace, and starts a brisk local battle that crackles and smoulders, by turns, through the morning, into the afternoon. So boldly and so skilfully does Lee dispose his two divisions that the Federal centre is greatly impressed, and sends to the Federal right for help: a brigade, Barlow's, is marched that way from Dowdall's Tavern. The hours pass, and a certain slow stream of information trickles to the blue corps headquarters, and to Chancellorsville. From Hazel Grove they see a column, all arms, and trains, marching southwest. Lee—retreating, decides Hooker, and orders more activity, out from Catherine Furnace. Pleasanton's cavalry moves forward, and gets into Jackson's rear, so that Jackson's last brigade has to face about and fight. But neither Sickles nor Pleasanton presses matters. They take a Georgia infantryman, a hot-headed fellow of Jackson's, indignant at being captured. Just wait, he says, till you see what

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Old Jack does to you. Old Jack's going to take you all apart! This is reported, but Headquarters considers that the intentions of the enemy can hardly be calculated from this mere statement of a straggler!

They observe, throughout the day, gray troopers moving to the left along the edges of the clearings, just in view of the blue outpost line. In the afternoon, a German colonel, von Gilsa, who has the extreme right element of Hooker's right, gets a report from his patrols: a mile west of his line, astride the Turnpike, the rebels are forming lines of battle, facing east. Von Gilsa takes his horse and gallops furiously for his corps commander, Howard, at Dowdall's Tavern, and tells him about it. Howard is preoccupied, listening to the far-off fighting at Catherine Furnace, whither he despatched Barlow. "Colonel von Gilsa," he says, not at all impressed, "you will put your trust in God." And von Gilsa, amazed, angry, starts back to his brigade.

At 2 o'clock this day, Stonewall Jackson, riding ahead of his infantry, has come nearly twelve miles by devious, covered ways; the Plank Road partly, the unfinished railroad partly, and by wood paths, and finally by the Brock Road, to the Orange Plank Road, two and one-half miles southwest of Dowdall's Tavern. Here he had planned to form line to his right and attack. But Fitz Lee, who has ridden with his screen all day, comes up and begs the Lieutenant-General to ride with him and look. They trot to a point on the Plank Road from where, on a hillock, you look down into Dowdall's clearing. They saw, a few hundred yards north, the right end of Hooker's line—strong earthworks, guns emplaced—and the 11th Corps, lying about at ease in the golden afternoon, the rifles mostly stacked. The Turnpike runs beyond them, quite empty. Their line faces south. To the west there is nothing—no intrenchments, no guns, no troops formed that way. Fitz Lee relates that a brilliant light grew on Jackson's face, and that his lips moved, but he said nothing for some minutes. Then he gave orders: his leading division would continue by the Brock Road, across the Plank, to the Turnpike, and receive orders there. Two more miles of marching.

The 2d Corps marched that day fourteen miles—ordered: no talking or unnecessary noise: no straggling: men who fall out of column are to be bayoneted. At 4 P. M., Rodes, leading, reached the Turnpike, half a mile east of Wilderness Tavern, and Stonewall Jackson began to form line of battle to left and right of the highway, facing east.

He sat on the grass, under a tree, his staff and Jeb Stuart with him. The gray infantry came up, and deployed to left and right. They came by one narrow road, 25,000 men, and it took two hours to form the first division, Rodes's; then Trimble after him. A mile to each side of the road, in two waves, at four hundred yards distance, their troops took station and dressed their lines. A. P. Hill came upon the Turnpike and headed east, remaining in column. It was nearly six o'clock. Jeb Stuart's work is done: there is no more need for cavalry here: he gets Jackson's permission to take a regiment and a battery and ride up to Ely's Ford, where some small enterprise may be carried out against a wagon park there reported, and he rides off, humming a little tune to himself. On the Turnpike, at six o'clock, Jackson orders Rodes forward.

A mile of the Wilderness intervenes, unbroken, before you reach the first Federal troops. You cannot walk in a straight line through that wood to-day,

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without tearing your clothes and clawing your path through dense underbrush. Try marching fourteen miles, first, and then struggling through on a given course, in formation, and loaded down with military gear. The Confederate regimental officers relate that they kept direction by pocket compasses—a thing not yet seen in this war—leading with compass instead of sword. Yet the lines went swiftly. A little before sunset, flocks of turkeys, hares, deer, and foxes, broke from the Wilderness into Dowdall's clearing. Close behind, with the brazen pealing of bugles, and the high, screeching rebel yell, swept the gray infantry, with their bright bayonets and their red battle-flags. Von Gilsa's brigade, at Talley's farm, took the first impact: he had two Maine regiments and two German regiments. The American half dispersed: the Germans stood and fought, and were very quickly overrun. By Wilderness Church, there were some guns in park, and several of these were got into action. A few scattered groups resisted bravely. But for the most part, the attack stamped over Howard with the completeness of a nightmare, and the 11th Corps disintegrated. The débris rolled, in frantic rout, down the Turnpike toward Chancellorsville. For nearly three miles, almost without a check, Stonewall Jackson drove his enemies. A little east of Dowdall's Tavern, the darkening Wilderness intervened an arm, and here the gray assault began to slow down. About this place, a wood road debouched upon the Turnpike from Hazel Grove, and out of this road, into A. P. Hill's marching column, rode in twos the 8th Pennsylvania cavalry, sent up from Hazel Grove to see what the shooting was about. Gray infantry and blue cavalry were equally amazed: then the blue horse were engulfed. On the high ground three-quarters of a mile west of Chancellorsville, the gray people halted. Rodes and Colston were so intermingled that it was imperative to re-form. Hill, still fresh, and in column, was ordered to deploy. It was about eight o'clock, and Stonewall Jackson, with some staff officers and couriers, rode impatiently to the front, to reconnoitre, while Rodes and Colston straightened out their commands. After a few hundred yards, he ran into blue troops from the Federal centre, unshaken except by rumor, organizing a line just this side of the Chancellorsville clearing. The Lieutenant-General rode back, first along the south side of the pike, for the blue skirmishers were firing up it; then, near his own troops, about where a track runs from the Turnpike toward United States Ford, he turned diagonally across the highway and continued up the north side. On to the road to United States Ford stood the 18th North Carolina Infantry Regiment, formed in line. They had heard the firing out in front. They were keen and alert. They saw a body of horsemen approaching from the direction of the enemy. A voice called, Yankee Cavalry! and another voice called, Fire! Their volley struck down Stonewall Jackson, and most of his staff with him. A. P. Hill, next senior, held command a few minutes and was wounded. Command devolved on young General Pender, and Hill, from his litter, sent a staff officer galloping for Jeb Stuart.

Jeb Stuart had ridden to Ely's Ford, and found Averell's blue cavalry, returned from Stoneman, and very tired, but in position to guard the passage. While he made his dispositions to attack, Captain Adams, aide to General A. P. Hill, came to him on a panting horse: General Jackson wounded: General Hill wounded: you are senior in the

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2d Corps. Stuart turned over his little force to Major von Borcke: you fire three rounds into them and draw off. He sent Fitz Lee orders to hold the Ely Road in case Averell should grow aggressive; and he rode at a gallop to take up his responsibilities.

I think he rode with a lifting heart, in spite of the shock of Jackson's wounding. There had been murmurs: you find them in old letters, in the newspapers, and, hinted a little, in the reports: young Jeb Stuart is a fine cavalry soldier—yes! But he's never handled any infantry, and, after all— Jeb Stuart was sensitive to such things. Arriving about midnight, he established himself on the Turnpike, and took hold with a strong hand. Since the wounding of Jackson, about nine o'clock, a number of things had happened. Jackson's last orders were, to Hill as he deployed: "Press them, Hill! Press them! Cut them off from Unites States Ford!" Jackson's last information, when these orders were given, was that there existed no organized enemy line of battle on his front—this, from an officer who had made a hasty reconnaissance. Then he went to see for himself, but when he came back, he was shot, and gave no more orders. The next event was a storm of artillery, from blue guns, very near, at Fairview Cemetery, which caused loss and disorder in Hill's troops on the Turnpike, and wounded Hill himself. Then an abortive blue attack—one of Sickle's brigades—had materialized against the Confederate left, glanced across Hill's front, lost direction, and turned upon its own lines between Hazel Grove and Fairview. Stuart had these items when he took over. He issued instructions for all formations to be closed up and put in readiness for further movement. He sent his staff—strangers to the divisional officers of Jackson's Corps—to gather exact data. He sent Major Sandy Pendleton, of Jackson's staff, to the wounded Lieutenant-General to see if he was able to give advice or directions. Jackson, it developed, was in hell of pain, his senses dulled with the opiate they gave him, and he couldn't collect his thoughts: he said, feebly, "I don't know: I can't tell: say to General Stuart that he must do what he thinks best."

As was his habit, he had told nobody in his Corps what he intended. There were no written orders. Rodes, Colston (commanding Trimble's division) and A. P. Hill had conferred, and agreed that the troops were not in shape to deliver a night attack, and their officers were engaged in sorting out their commands and preparing for what the morning might bring. These efforts were going forward when Stuart arrived. He quickened them with his own unflagging energy. The men were much exhausted, and had not been fed, and were scattered and intermingled, but order began to reassert itself. Jeb Stuart sent Colonel Alexander, acting Chief of Artillery since Crutchfield was wounded, to reconnoitre the front, and Alexander did his work thoroughly and quickly. The Confederate line was nearly two miles long, astride the Turnpike and back several hundred yards from the edge of the Chancellor clearing, where the Federals were industriously entrenching themselves all night: Alexander saw them, heard their axes, heard them talk. They had infantry and guns in position, good breastworks, and abatis: their engineers this night accomplished miracles. Stuart wanted to use his artillery; Alexander found but two roads on which it could be moved, both narrow, and commanded by the enemy. One was the Turnpike, running straight to Chancellorsville. Immediately south of it, four hundred yards from the point

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where it debouched upon the clearing, were Fairview Cemetery and a blue battery of twenty-seven pieces. The other road was the wood track from the Turnpike to Hazel Grove, out of which the 8th Pennsylvania had ridden to be destroyed by A. P. Hill. Blue infantry and guns held Hazel Grove, which now thrust out in something of a salient, but if you took Hazel Grove from them, you enfiladed the line up to Fairview, and stood at the end of the ridge which dominated all the Chancellorsville clearing. Stuart considered that Hazel Grove, then, was the key to the Federal position, and he massed his reserves behind his right, giving that sector his personal attention. Meantime, the moon went down, and the front was quiet, except for the ringing of the northern axes at Fairview, and the small noises of stray soldiers looking for their commands. The wagons of the 2d Corps began to arrive, and the officers importuned for permission to feed the troops, who had not eaten, now, for twenty-four hours. And there came a message from General Lee at about three o'clock—and in forty-five minutes, a second one. He was over in front of Chancellorsville, to the right of Hazel Grove, on the south. He was going to attack as soon as it was light enough to see. He wanted Stuart to press the battle vigorously, and connect with him. The lines would join, Stuart calculated, about Hazel Grove, or a little east. He sent swift orders, which stopped the arrangements for food: rations could wait. The sky, down the Turnpike, was taking on the dawn-look. He made the last adjustments of his line, and ordered the gray infantry forward. Unlike most movements in this war, his attack got under way exactly when he ordered it. His staff officers and couriers had galloped the lines to good purpose, and there was a rare *zero hour* touch to the thing.

Jackson's hard-bitten brigades, reduced by casualties and manœuvre to less than 20,000, responded as a good horse leaps to the spur. High and clear, their yelling pierced the misty Wilderness, and their musketry shattered the dawn. They knew, now, that Stonewall Jackson was wounded, and Stuart gave them a watchword—he loved such things—: Remember Jackson! And riding himself to their front, he gave them a song—to the ancient fiddler's breakdown, the "Old Dan Tucker" tune—

"Old Joe Hooker, won't you come out' the Wilderness—
Come out' the Wilderness—
Come out' the Wilderness—
Old Joe Hooker, won't you come out' the Wilderness—
Come out' the Wilderness now.—"

Very steadily the northern men stood to meet them—the guns at Fairview, the guns at Hazel Grove, the strong blue lines between—the 3d Corps, Sickles, and the 12th Corps, Couch, and some of Pleasanton's dragoons. North of the Turnpike, there was charge and countercharge, in the woods and out of them, and a young Yankee volunteer colonel, Nelson Miles, gained the admiration of his friends and the respect of his adversary by the stand he made. Across the Turnpike, blue and gray volleyed into each other's faces for hours. But on the right, the fight grew gigantic. In less than a mile of front, a hundred guns contended. There was five hours of hard battle. Twice the gray infantry, having gained the edge of the woods, rushed up to the breastworks in the clear, and twice the Yankee canister and musketry threw them back. The reports here grow almost lyrical: sober colonels describe Jeb Stuart, on a great bright

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charger, leading the infantry waves, with a voice that dominated the tumult, and that song. . . . He rode with the first guns into the open where the Turnpike entered the Chancellor clearing. Twice he led the 28th North Carolina regiment in a charge. His fine horse Chancellor is killed early in the day: he mounts another, a big blood-bay, and dashes into a regiment that has broken under the Northern rifles and is running back: snatches their battle-flag from the color bearer, turns them about with a great, brazen voice, and leads them against the flaming breastworks with their flag in his hand. He rides ahead of the last assault, leaps his big horse through the drifting smoke, over the Yankee fortifications, and the animal stands, with flaring nostrils, above the dead and the débris between two silent guns. The gray infantry flood up behind him. Jeb Stuart halloos his people forward to the chase, and the fight streamed across the clearing, up from Hazel Grove.

Confederate gunners, hot with whip and spur, ran their guns into battery on the ridge, and swept the Fairview lines. The flank elements of the 2d Corps were aware of blue fragments that fled across their front, and of a growing racket to the south. Out of the woods, down there, broke the red battle flags of McLaws and Anderson: Lee's army was united again, and Lee rode upon the field in the midst of his troops.

They say, who saw it, that the moment was such a one as lives in the hearts of men through any after-life of dullness or of glory. The line was everywhere in the open, with its fierce flags swooping on. White smoke of musketry fringed the infantry advance, and white smoke shot with red flashes swirled about the guns. The shells howled overhead, and the small arms made a crackling tumult, and there was wide outcry. The Wilderness to the south was burning, and a long smudge rolled up from its depths. Chancellor House had taken fire and was wrapped in flames. The army of Northern Virginia, swung as a keen scythe is swung, saw its chief, and raised a wild triumphant shouting. Under Lee's eye, they hustled the last of Hooker from the open ground into the Wilderness to the north.

Now it was ten o'clock in the morning of 3 May. Lee did not rest, for the thing was yet incomplete: always he was seeking for the Cannae-battle. North of Chancellorsville, from a mile to two miles, Hooker's Army stood. It had been driven, but it still existed. Lee proceeded rapidly to re-form his divisions, get his guns forward, and prepare the final blow. He proposed immediate assault. The blue people were in great strength, but they were huddled in small compass, and were a beaten strength. Then, at eleven o'clock, before he could begin, word came from Early: Marye's Heights lost, and Fredericksburg. Sedgwick was moving on Lee's rear. And Sedgwick had 20,000 men. The attack was suspended. McLaws, in line of battle on the right, was drawn off and sent by the Plank Road to Salem Church: Wilcox, of Anderson's, at Bank's Ford, was started to join him. At Salem Church they met Sedgwick, in the late afternoon of 3 May, and checked him. Lee came up with the rest of Anderson, and on the 4th, Sedgwick was driven slowly back to Bank's Ford, while the 2d Corps, about 20,000 men, held Hooker's 60,000 to his lines. Hooker thinks that Sedgwick—one corps—should have come to help him.

He is badly beaten, is Joe Hooker, although only half of his army has been

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actually engaged. The morning of the 3d, while they fought at Fairview, half a mile away, and he watched from Chancellor House, a shell stunned him, adding personal shock to his misfortunes. But, since the 1st, his thoughts have been all defensive: he thinks now only of getting away. His engineers, and his veteran troops, on the 4th, strengthen mightily his lines: the enemy must come at him across the open, in front, and he lies in good cover. On the 4th, there is a truce for some hours, and gray officers and blue meet between the lines, all very pleasant and gentlemanly. Carl Schurz, the German soldier of the Union, now a division commander, writes in his diary that he could not help feeling attracted to General Stuart, "the young enemy who seemed so gay and brave."

The gray intention is plain. Obvious reconnaissances, and steady harassing fire of artillery, all indicate that Lee will attack when he is through with Sedgwick. And on the 5th, Lee is at liberty, to attend to Hooker, against whom he can array perhaps 40,000 men. His generals are dubious: Staff says, it can't be done—frontal attack on fortified lines, they in cover, we in the clear—no! What Jeb Stuart says is not recorded. The blue generals were calm and confident. But there were, apparently, two men on the ground who thought Lee would attack successfully—they were General Lee and General Joseph Hooker.

The 5th breaks dark and stormy, with wind and a driving rain making the roads too heavy for his guns, and Lee waits, perforce, for clearing weather. The 6th comes, and the gray lines go forward. Hooker's works are empty. Cavalry comes in from the flank and reports him crossing the Rappahannock: he was entirely over by eight o'clock the morning of the 6th.

In the period, from the 29th of April to the 6th of May, Hooker lost 16,844 men and thirteen guns, out of 130,000 under his orders, and he returned on 8 May to the old camps behind Falmouth. Lee's army lost, out of 55,000—every man put into battle—12,277, and, more than all of them, Stonewall Jackson. For on the 10th of May, at Guiny's Station, Lieutenant-General Thomas Jonathan Jackson died, he being in his fortieth year. He had stood, well enough, the amputation of his left arm, laudable pus cheered his doctor, and the bullet wound in the chest was healing. He was thought to be nicely on the mend. Then pneumonia took him. "Any victory," says Lee, "would be dear at such a price. I know not how to replace him."

Chancellorsville was a barren victory. A tactical masterpiece, up to a certain point, bold surpassingly in conception, possible only for veteran troops of the highest valor and skill, it had no effect on the situation in Virginia, or on the strategic aspect of the war. The Confederates had the gleaning of the field—some 20,000 muskets, stores, 13 guns; and 6,000 prisoners to feed. Otherwise, Joe Hooker still stood on the Rappahannock. There was no pursuit, no drawing of the enemy, as Lee drew Pope, on to destruction. Perhaps it was because Jackson was not there any more. But the evidence is that the Richmond Government held Lee's arm: the Richmond Government could not see the difference between a victory and an incomplete victory, and Mr. Davis and his advisers hoped for a Northern anti-war reaction, and for European aid, quickened by Hooker's disaster. So, Lee went back to Fredericksburg, and they buried the dead, and Captain Melzi Chancellor, whose father owned much of the property over which the battle was fought, took a wagon down to Ely's

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Ford and got a big whitish rock, something that looks like quartz, and placed it where Stonewall Jackson fell. There you can see it to this day, just east of the Jackson monument, by the Orange Turnpike.

On the 5th of May Jeb Stuart wired his wife: "God has spared me through another bloody battle and given us the victory yesterday and the day before. I commanded Jackson's corps yesterday. He and A. P. Hill were wounded the day before . . . Hullihen wounded. My horse killed."

On the 7th, he wired again: "All well. I am again in command of the cavalry, A. P. Hill having reported for duty. Enemy cleared out yesterday. I go now after Stoneman. He is said to be crossing the Rapidan going back. A glorious victory at Chancellorsville."

But he did not catch Stoneman: that morning, Stoneman got over at Raccoon Ford and rejoined the army. He had made a good deal of trouble on the Virginia Central, burned bridges and water tanks, and torn up the tracks in places. But in his mission, which was to draw all the Confederate cavalry after him, he had failed, and his absence from Chancellorsville was the circumstance that made possible Jackson's flank march. Cavalry took up the familiar posts along the river: Hampton's brigade rejoined, much refreshed, from the south, and things fell quiet for some days.

Stuart drew up and sent in his report on the campaign. It is a report sufficiently modest, in view of what the young Major-General had accomplished. His little cavalry regiments, confronted by the weight of Stoneman's sabres, had kept their equipoise, and held fast to the true function of cavalry: to be the eyes and ears of the army: to screen movements that the enemy must not see: to guard the flanks and rear, to be in readiness for special missions. Then, the night of the 2d, Jeb Stuart had been summoned in anxious haste to pick up the sword that fell from Stonewall Jackson's hand. Seldom has there been a situation so obscure, so full of potentialities for success and failure. Jackson had struck a tremendous blow, and his Corps was like a wave, halted in mid-career: it might gather impetus and roll forward again, grinding matters small; or it might collapse upon itself, impotent. The gray formations were disorganized by the very speed and force of their attack. Darkness, and the tangled Wilderness all around, hampered the efforts of the regimental officers. A brave and by no means demoralized enemy, not yet involved in disaster, was in close contact on the front. Alexander, the artillery colonel, a trained soldier and the sanest of the Confederate commentators, describes the condition of Jackson's command, in the hours between the fatal volley that struck down the Lieutenant-General, and the arrival of Jeb Stuart, as dubious at best; and he makes it plain that the surviving gray generals were not only against pushing the battle that night, but were apprehensive for the safety of their troops. And Alexander thinks there was "no more brilliant thing done in the war than Stuart's extricating that command from the extremely critical position in which he found it, as promptly and boldly as he did." Hear Alexander again, "We knew that Hooker had at least 80,000 infantry at hand—" (Hooker did have 60,000) —"and that his axmen were entrenching his position all night, and in that thick undergrowth, a very little cutting gave an abatis or entanglement that a rabbit could hardly get through. . . . We had little chance in the night even to hunt for the best place to make our at-

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tack. But Stuart never seemed to hesitate or to doubt for one moment that he could crash his way wherever he chose to strike. He decided to attack at daylight, and unlike many planned attacks that I have seen, this one came off promptly on time, and it never stopped to draw its breath until it had crashed through everything and our forces stood united around Chancellor's burning house."

It is true that there appears, in the reports of colonels and brigadiers, a certain inference that the infantry of the 2d Corps, on the morning of 3 May, was handled a little recklessly by the Cavalry General. Thrown too carelessly, perhaps, against cannon and strong entrenchments. But when Stuart hit, with horse or foot or guns, he hit hard, and the answer to his critics is that the thing worked, and that the gray infantry, in spite of losses, had spirit and stamina enough to pen Hooker in his last ditch through the 4th and the 5th, and were quite ready to assail him again on the 6th. The simple soldiers, who carry the war to the flaming point of contact, stand killing better than their generals do—or most of their generals. Yet, Stuart was supersensitive, and always rose to criticism, whether just or not. We have a calming letter to him, from Lee, written evidently in answer to a hurt note of Stuart's: Lee assures him of his entire satisfaction with Stuart's conduct of the battle. And Lee, courteous always, and kind, never used words idly, or gave praise without sound cause. Another echo lies in a letter of Stuart's to his brother, William Alexander, written after Chancellorsville: he says proudly that his battle dispositions had the approval of General Lee and of his own conscience, "whatever else others might say. Nor am I forgetful that we are not fighting for fame, however gratifying the approval of our own countrymen may be—" But Jeb Stuart likes fame. So does any soldier worth his rations—any man.

In the days after Chancellorsville, it became necessary to make a new lieutenant-general for the 2d Corps, vacant on the death of Stonewall Jackson. The decision lay with the Commanding-General: it is pleasant to note, in the full and free correspondence between General Lee and Jefferson Davis, that the Richmond government thrust no unwanted officers upon the Army of Northern Virginia, however queer the appointments might run elsewhere. For a time the generals of Brigade and Division, conscious of merit—it was a proud, touchy, and individualistic service, this gray army—were much astir. There were several outstanding officers: D. H. Hill, a very fine and skilful leader, and A. P. Hill, of splendid reputation, were the most discussed. Also, the name of the Major-General of Cavalry had its supporters: who could better succeed Jackson than the man who fought his corps when he fell? Jeb Stuart writes his wife, "there has been a great deal of talk of my succeeding Gen'l Jackson, but I think without foundation in fact." And a letter from Lee to Stuart thanks Stuart for "your views on General Jackson's successor—" Stuart's letter, here referred to, is not preserved, and I cannot find what his views were, but he must have recommended somebody. There is no proof that he himself expected the commission.

Lee, keeping his own counsel, chose Major-General Richard S. Ewell, "dear Dick Ewell," who is this month out of hospital, with a peg in place of the limb he left at Groveton in August, '62, hopping around on crutches, more like a bird than ever. It was said that Jackson, before he died, discussed the matter and

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gave as his opinion, that Ewell deserved, by service and seniority, to have the 2d Corps. Ewell was Jackson's favorite division commander, and they had worked well together. He was loved by his troops, looked after them, and fought them well, in the Valley, on the Peninsula, and in the 2d Manassas Campaign. But he was a man not young: he had been maimed, with attendant shock and stress, and he seems, after that, to have lacked vitality. I think D. H. Hill would have been in all respects a better corps commander, and A. P. Hill was a better corps commander, on the same ground. And I think that Jeb Stuart would have come nearest to swinging Jackson's sword than any of them. Take some contemporary evidence: Alexander's again: "I always thought it an injustice to Stuart and a loss to the army that he was not from that moment" (after Chancellorsville, he means) *"continued in command of Jackson's corps.* He had *won* the right to it. I believe he had all of Jackson's genius and dash and originality, without the eccentricity of character which sometimes led to disappointment. For instance: Jackson went into camp near Shady Grove Church before sunset on the 26th of June, 1862, when he might have participated in the battle of Mechanicsville. This, and his feeble action at White Oak Swamp, on the 30th of June, 1862, show that Jackson's spirit and inspiration were uneven. Stuart, however, possessed the rare quality of being always equal to himself at his very best."

One more word on Jackson, with all admiration and respect: his biographers feel that he was struck down with his job but half completed, and that, if he had continued on the field, he would have encompassed Hooker's utter destruction. This is based on his last utterance—"Press them! Cut them off from United States Ford!"

It could not have been done. To reach United States Ford, Jackson's Corps would have had to batter through miles of the Wilderness, with no roads for the artillery, and to stamp over 60,000 blue infantry behind strong fortifications. Only a general panic would have made it possible. Nor, I think, would Jackson have tried to do it.

It is hard to criticise Lee's judgment. The weight of his responsibility was to him not only official, but personal. He did the best he could, from every aspect. No man ever had less cause to reproach himself, for things done or undone. But it seems to me that in passing over Jeb Stuart he committed one of his few grave mistakes. Stuart was junior to many officers in the army, both in rank and service, and very young, we know Lee thought, for a Major-General. That may have worked against him in his mind, but we cannot tell how much. I think, myself, that it was a question, with Lee, of making the best use of the tools he had. His dependence on the cavalry—Jeb Stuart—for his services of security and information, was very great, and increasingly, as the war went on, the Commanding-General relied on his mounted arm. In Jeb Stuart he had a lieutenant who could be trusted. And there did not exist in the Confederacy, so ar as Lee knew, another who could replace him. And cavalry is mostly over the horizon, while you can keep your eye on an infantry corps. Stuart might have led the gray foot as dashingly as he ever led his troopers. But Lee kept him where he was, and Ewell became Lieutenant-General, commanding the 2d Corps, A. N. Va.

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The Pasteboard Star

BY MARGARET CARPENTER

GREGORY curled himself in as small a space as possible and pulled the bedclothes over his head. His breath made a safe, warm little cave under the covers, which shut out the larger darkness around him, and made him forget that he was afraid. It was the way he had gone to sleep ever since Aunt Martha had taken him out of the nursery and given him a room to himself, because he was big enough to begin to grow up. The cave made it all right—made it so that he didn't mind not being able to hear Christopher talking to himself, or Alan singing tunes under his breath that were not tunes at all. At first he made believe he was a lion or a bear going to sleep out-of-doors, but soon he began telling himself stories. They were not word stories, like the ones in books, but picture stories—pictures of things happening, and sometimes, when they were very good, not even pictures, but the things themselves. Always, when they were done, he felt warm and tingly and happy, and it seemed as if there were a light in the cave, and as if his mother were there, nodding and smiling at him because he had done something brave and beautiful, and then he was asleep.

To-night it was different. It was Christmas Eve, but that was not what made the difference. He had something very important to do—something that he simply had to do before he could go to sleep. It had begun at supper. He still had supper with Christopher and Alan, because his father almost never came home for dinner, almost never came home before he went to bed, in fact. It was because his father was a doctor, and sick people couldn't wait, but children could. To-night they had hoped perhaps he might get home, and they had been waiting, and Aunt Martha was cross because she had had too much to do. He didn't really mind much about Aunt Martha. She was like the weather. You had to take her as she was and just not listen. Maybe she'd be better to-morrow.

Christopher had started it. Aunt Martha had gone out of the room on business of her own, and they were alone. He had pushed his chair back, because the nursery table hurt his knees. Christopher was spilling milk down his sweater as usual, and Alan was making islands out of his oatmeal.

"Listen, Greg, do you really remember her?" It was funny how Christopher seemed to know sometimes just what people were thinking about.

"Sure I do," he had answered.

"Tell me something."

"Well, she wore a white dress, and she carried a baby."

"You?"

"No, I guess it was Alan?"

"I made *two* islands," said Alan, who never paid any attention to anything except what he himself was doing.

"It couldn't have been Alan. I heard Aunt Martha telling Sadie about how she died before Alan was born."

"Silly, how could she? Isn't she Alan's mother too?"

"Well, anyway she never saw Alan, because she died in a horsepital and never came home."

"Not 'horsepital'—hospital."

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"Maybe it was me she carried."

"All right, it was you."

"Go on. Tell something else."

"Well . . . she wore a white dress."

Then Christopher had said that awful thing. "You mean like the picture in the dining-room?"

It was like the picture in the dining-room, and it must have been that the fear had shown in his face, because Christopher had shouted: "You're making it up. You don't remember any more than I do. You're making it up out of the picture."

"I'm not making it up! I'm not! I'm *not!*" He had said it fiercely, because of the queer feeling in his stomach. "I see her in—in—" He had been going to say the cave, but had pulled himself up in time. It was a secret promise that he would never tell any one about the cave, because it was queer that when you told about things like that they never seemed so real afterward. That was why he ought not to have talked about his mother, for now it seemed, all of a sudden, as if she were not real at all.

"I see her in—in—the dark," he finished lamely, "and she has on a white dress—and she smiles at me—and——"

"You are making it up."

"I'm *not.* . . ."

Just then Aunt Martha had come in.

"Boys, boys, can't you stop quarrelling even on Christmas Eve?"

"He's telling stories again," said Christopher. "He says he sees her in the dark, and she has on a white dress——"

"Gregory!"

He had tried to look back at her, but her eyes frightened him. If he looked at them, they would take away the realness of his mother altogether, and then everything would be spoiled, for it was that feeling about his mother that made him able to grow up, to be more like his father and sleep by himself and not mind about Aunt Martha being cross. Christopher and Alan were babies—they didn't remember, but he did. And now they were trying to take his remembering away from him, and he was afraid.

"Where's Daddy?" asked Alan brightly, just as if nothing had happened. "I want him to draw a boat."

"I'm sure I don't know where your father is," Aunt Martha's voice was high the way it got when she was tired, "but we can't wait any longer. You will hang up your stockings and go to bed." When she sounded like that, it was no use hoping about anything any more, and here he was, all curled up in the cave, and he didn't care whether it was Christmas Eve or not, because he had to remember, he simply had to remember, before he could go to sleep.

Down-stairs there were people moving about and a faint murmur of voices. His father had come home and they were trimming the tree. Every Christmas Daddy and Aunt Martha trimmed the tree. He knew that, but Christopher and Alan didn't. Santy Claus was a game Aunt Martha played, and he wouldn't spoil it, not for anything. He liked to play it, only why didn't Aunt Martha ever like to play his games? He screwed up his eyes tight. He wasn't getting anywhere. He was thinking as if his mother's realness was a game, and it wasn't. It was really real, not just a pretend, like Santy Claus, and he must remember something that even Aunt Martha would know was real, before he could go to sleep. He tried to make his mind very still and empty, so that he could remember the very first thing.

"No, you must tie your shoes yourself. You are a big boy now. . . ." He remembered that—sunlight in a room, and some one kneeling in front of him. Was it his mother? Some one in a white dress? But it sounded like Aunt Mar-

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tha's voice. "Now you are a big boy, you must sleep in a room by yourself. . . ." No, it was Aunt Martha, always Aunt Martha. The cave was dark and there was no one there but Aunt Martha. Supposing they were right, and he didn't remember? He popped his head out from under the bedclothes. For the first time he was afraid in the cave, and the room was so very dark that he was afraid there too. He must not call, because that would wake up Christopher and Alan. Only he was so much afraid that he would have to do something about it quickly.

He jumped out of bed and very carefully opened the door. Perhaps, if he could hear his father's voice, it would make everything all right again. It was dark in the hall, but just at the foot of the stairs a warm, lovely glow streamed out from the library door. They were in there, trimming the tree. He sat down on the top step of the stairs, curling and uncurling his toes against the carpet.

"They are frightfully tarnished, and the tinsel is all matted. I'll get new ones next year." That was Aunt Martha. Then his father answered, only it wasn't exactly an answer, which was the way his father often did.

"I had a hard time finding candleholders. Everybody uses electricity apparently."

"Of course, it is much safer."

"I like real candles."

"Will you hand me one of those angels, please?"

He knew he ought not to listen, but he moved down a few steps. It wasn't as if they were saying anything important. All he wanted was to hear his father's voice, not what he said. It was beginning to make him feel safe again. In a minute now he would go back to bed, and be able to remember quite easily.

"I want," said Aunt Martha again, "to talk with you about Gregory."

He held his breath. All the safeness was gone, splintered into bits. There was a faint rustle of tissue-paper.

"Oh, but the wings are broken!"

"Never mind," said his father; "hang it just the same."

Perhaps his father hadn't heard. He was like that sometimes—you had to say a thing two or three times before he answered. He dug his toes into the carpet and waited.

"What was it about Gregory?" His father's voice sounded so gentle, as if he thought he were going to hear something pleasant.

"I'm having a difficult time with him. He is turning into a regular little liar, and I can't seem to get hold of him at all. He simply doesn't seem to distinguish truth from fiction."

Silence again. Gregory sat very still, only his heart was pounding so terribly, it seemed as if they must hear it.

"What sort of lies?"

"He tells the children the most impossible stories—tells them he killed a tiger on the stairs, and how he stopped a runaway on the way back from school."

"That's not exactly lying, is it?"

"Not lying? Well, there wasn't any tiger, and he certainly did not stop a runaway."

"No, but if there had been a tiger, he would have wanted to kill it, and if he had seen a runaway, he would have imagined himself stopping it, just as you or I would."

"Well, whatever you call it, it has got to stop. It is giving Alan nightmares, and now—now he has begun on something else."

There was the sound of a match. His father was lighting his pipe.

"He has begun," said Aunt Martha, "to tell stories about his mother."

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There was a long, long silence. Gregory pressed up close against the banisters. He had a horrid feeling. It was just as if he were a rag doll, and they had him in there, passing him about and poking him and pulling him, and he could not make a sound.

"What sort of stories?"

"Well, to-night he said he saw her in the dark."

Gregory stood up. He could not stay, and he could not go, and something was going to happen.

"Perhaps," said his father slowly, "he wishes she were there in the dark."

"That is very different from telling the children that he sees her. It's not wholesome. Will you hand me the top piece to the tree, please?" Aunt Martha's voice was a little high. There was the tissue-paper sound again.

"No—no—not that. That's nothing but a pasteboard star. It looks like a kindergarten toy. I mean that tall spike for the top."

Gregory closed his eyes. Something very queer was happening inside himself. He felt as if he were going to be sick.

"Try the star," said his father.

"But look, the silver paper is peeling off, and one of the points is——"

Afterward Gregory could remember nothing except that one minute he had been holding on to the banisters and feeling as if he were going to be sick, and the next he had been standing right there between them and shouting at them.

"I remember! I *do* remember. I made that star, and my mother cut it out, and we pasted the paper on it, and I sucked a red ribbon so it would go through the hole and she lifted me up so I could hang it, and you got to hang it. . . . You got to hang it. . . ."

Aunt Martha was standing on a chair staring down at him, and her mouth was open, and suddenly he had pointed his finger at her.

"I *do* remember and *you're* a liar, and you get out of here! . . . This is my tree and my mother's tree and you get out—*get out.* . . ."

"Hush, Greg," said his father very quietly, and laid his hand on his shoulder. Everything seemed to be swimming a little, as if he were in the middle of a soap-bubble and it was going to burst.

"I never in my life heard a child speak so to an older person," said Aunt Martha in a shaky voice.

"I'll handle this," said his father. He was helping her off the chair.

Gregory stood alone by the tree. It was very beautiful. It moved a little as if it were in a wind. He heard the door close, and his father was beside him. He was going to tell him what a dreadful boy he had been. He was going to handle it himself, and that had never happened before. His father was picking up something from the floor. He was putting it into his hands. It was the pasteboard star.

"Here, Greg," he said, "here, you hang it. You climb up and hang it yourself."

He climbed on the chair and hung it as high as he could. It was pretty high—one of the little branches next the top. It twisted slowly around on its red ribbon. It made him dizzy to watch it, so that he put out his hand to his father's shoulder. Suddenly their arms were about each other and, because he was on the chair and so very tall, it made him seem as if he were grown up, and his father the little boy. He laid his cheek against his father's head, so that he could hear what he was saying.

"Greg—Greg—I didn't know about your remembering. . . . I didn't know! We'll never either of us have to be alone again!"

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Boyhood in Boston not long ago was a serious matter. Coupled with awe of "society" and reverence for authority was a consciousness of sin. That it left marks on its young people is plain from Mr. Train's experience. Could it be possible that a mere mechanical invention dissipated that dank cloud of prudery and freed the youthful slaves?

The Puritan Shadow

BY ARTHUR TRAIN

I was born in the city of Boston in 1875, ninety-two years after the birth of my grandfather in 1783, and fifty-eight years after that of my father in 1817. It was an era of gas, sulphur matches, fixed wooden bathtubs lined with tin, nightgowns, chewing-tobacco, and the Republican party. The Civil War had apparently been fought only the day before yesterday. One had friends who had lost uncles and brothers at Shiloh and Gettysburg—saw, met, and sat on the knees of war governors and generals at the Union Club on Park Street.

There were, of course, no telephones, no electric lights, no safety-matches, no motors or motor-launches, no golf or country clubs, and on transatlantic steamers sidewheels had only recently given place to propellers.

We had bananas, but no grapefruit. Divorce was a social disgrace, irrespective of the guilt of either party, and usually led to social ostracism. Ready-made shoes of good quality could be bought for from $2 up, and ready-made "Plymouth Rock" pants for $3. They were advertised thus:

"When the pant hunter pantless is panting for pants,
And pants for the best pants the pant market grants,
He panteth unpanted until he implants
Himself in a pair of our 'Plymouth Rock' pants."

Senators, generals, and ministers of the Gospel publicly indorsed patent medicines. "Rogers' Groups" were to be found in every "parlor." The bustle was omnipresent. Women wore their hair in "water waves," "bangs," and ringlets; men used bear's grease. "Votes for women" and "women's rights" in general were jokes, and the ladies who aped men's clothing were treated not only as freaks but as of doubtful virtue. It was still eminently respectable to be a Sunday-school superintendent or United States senator, and clergymen were universally objects of admiration to the ladies.

No profanity was permitted upon the stage, and it was nearly twenty years later before the first outspoken "damn" sent a shiver down the backs of the startled audience, although presently, once the "customers" had become properly acclimated to such daring expletives, they inevitably and for many years received them with "sure-fire" applause and laughter. Not until 1900 did the first "God damn" appear under the imprint of a respectable publisher:—not until nearly quarter of a century thereafter was it heard across the footlights. The

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stage—except for the classics and old English comedies—was still looked upon askance; most actors and actresses were classed with harlots, saloon-keepers, and gamblers. Novels were decried as frivolous and often harmful. "Comic operas," even if advertised as "phantasmas," were not attended by the best people. The mother-in-law joke was still regarded as funny, and black-face minstrels played to packed houses everywhere.

There were hitching-posts and horse-blocks on the residential streets of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, and a common sight on Beacon Street in the latter city was a herd of several hundred cattle mooing, bellowing, and shoving each other across the sidewalks and even up the steps of the houses, while nurse-maids and pedestrians sought refuge in the vestibules. The Union Pacific Railroad had been completed only a short time, every farmer had his buffalo-robe, and Custer had just made his "last stand." Indians—real, live, dangerous ones in war-paint and feathers—still swarmed the Western plains and were the most popular subject of juvenile literature. That a woman should smoke or ride astride was almost as unthinkable as that she should appear in the streets totally nude, and would have excited as much of a riot. Cigarettes were not widely used and were viewed as decadent, "nasty," and in some occult way as suggestive of obscenity. This last was perhaps due to the lure of giving away with each box a photograph of some Amazonian stage favorite with the exuberant pulchritude so much admired by lewd fellows of the baser sort at that period. The annual circus parade was in effect a local holiday even in cities as large as Boston.

Everybody wore gloves to everything. At dinner-parties, and this was still true down into the twentieth century, men wore white gloves when shaking hands with their host and hostess and peeled them off before going to the table. It may have been that the hands got harder use then than now and gloves helped to conceal reddened joints and broken, blackened nails.

In those days there was nothing invidious in the terms "upper and lower classes," and they were used without embarrassment or apprehension that the speaker might be regarded as either snobbish or unchristian. It was not considered undemocratic to recognize the fact that God had been pleased to call people to different "estates of life" where they should order themselves humbly and reverently to "their betters." At least the betters had no doubt about it. There was enormous respect for anything "established." There was no "muck-raking," the cities were as yet unashamed, no historic character had been debunked. That George Washington could not tell a lie and did it "with his little hatchet" was as certain as that God made cherry-trees. Nobody questioned the literal interpretation of the Scriptures or the divine origin of capitalism. To advocate membership in a trade-union was to read oneself out of respectable society. Everybody went to church or, if not, concealed themselves in the rear of the house, and, except just before morning service, the streets on Sundays were practically deserted.

Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest was considered a huge, if impious, joke, which Gladstone had supposedly annihilated in his "Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture" by proving to the satisfaction of almost everybody that the word "day" used in Genesis in the account of God's making of the world, if properly translated, meant really "period of time." Just how he disposed of

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Methuselah's nine hundred odd years, I forget. Any deviation from established conventions was an indication of either insanity or sin. New England still adhered frigidly to the belief that whatever made for joy or gaiety must be in essence evil.

Life was still lived with Puritan frugality. Even among the well-to-do there were practically no male house domestics. Few people kept more than two servants, who were inevitably female Irish immigrants recently landed. We paid Bridget, our cook, $4 and the "second girl" (there was no first girl) $2.50 per week. The second girl swept off the steps in the morning, washed out the vestibule, waited on table, answered the bell, and helped with the family wash. In winter any peripatetic choreman who happened by shovelled the snow off the sidewalk for twenty-five cents. My father and the cook together managed the furnace, and my mother did much of the dusting. We had beef on Sundays and little meat the rest of the time. There was no "dinner" except on Sundays, its place being taken at night by a nondescript meal of minced fish or fowl, hot breads, pies, cookies, apple sauce and corn-meal (or "Indian") "mush."

Boston society in the 70's was the same sort of family affair as exists to-day in those comfortable mid-western towns originally founded by New Englanders who trekked there in covered wagons during the early years of the nineteenth century. When people returned home in the late afternoon they stayed there, and, apart from an occasional political banquet, my father never dined out. In fact I do not think that he possessed such a thing as a dress suit, although he owned a blue "claw-hammer" with tails and brass buttons.

Existence was simple and methodical. Every morning at precisely half past eight o'clock each front door opened and the owner of the house, wearing a tan-colored "reefer," as the short box-coat of those days was locally called, and carrying a green baize bag supposedly holding papers, descended to the sidewalk and started to walk "down-town." At six, or six-thirty, in the evening he reappeared and, ascending the steps once more, disappeared for another ten hours. The ladies "went down-town" about ten o'clock, after having helped one of the "Bridgets" with the lighter housekeeping. On rainy days they took the horse-cars, whose warning tinkle could be heard for several blocks. Indeed, one could "watch out for the horse-car" from the bay window and still have plenty of time to cross the street and signal for it to stop. The drivers and conductors were family friends, often taking part in the conversations between passengers.

One was aroused each morning by the seven-o'clock car—"Jingle-clup-jingle-ingle-ingle-clup-clup. Whoa!—Clatter!—Giddap!—Clupitty!—Jingle-jingle-clup-clup—jingle-jingle-ingle-clupity-jingle——"

How deep the snow was in those days! How huge the mounds piled along the curbs; higher even than one's head! And what a thud *The Transcript* made when the paper-carrier hurled it into the front vestibule against the door! There is no such snow, no such strong man now! I used to find all kinds of strange loot in that dusty vestibule which had accumulated in my absence—sample packages of starch and oatmeal, tiny bottles containing salving ointments and health-giving pills, and wonderful colored advertisements of all kinds, some containing the most side-splitting jokes, which were immediately taken away from me by my watchful mama.

Although my father was an Episcopalian—a sect to which still adhered a

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faint flavor of Popery in its inordinate celebrations of Christmas and Easter—and my mother a Unitarian—or in other words hardly a Christian at all—I was not permitted to indulge in any form of amusement upon the Lord's day, when even a walk must be a mild promenade with no unseemly outcries or cavortings. I was allowed on the Sabbath to read only the Bible and certain selected Sunday-school books bound in red and blue and tooled in gold; to talk only about spiritual or supposedly spiritual things.

At church I was cooped up in a high-backed pew during long, dreary hours, without occupation except to draw surreptitious pictures of the minister in the back of my prayer-book. Sometimes I smuggled toy animals into church, but these my father always managed to take away, save on one occasion when I stuck a little feathered rooster upon the lady's hat in front of us, unbeknownst to my parents. Still it was fun to peek over the back of the pew, which I could just do by standing on tip-toe on the seat, and make faces at the people behind.

It was on Sunday in especial that I suffered from the consciousness of having been born in sin, the conviction that misbehavior on the part of little boys occasioned acute cardiac pain in the Almighty, and that His burning eye followed me into the most secret places, including the bathroom. Sunday was a miserable affair always, for it was the one day in the week when a hearty dinner of roast beef made me fret to get out into the open air and "work it off." Many an hour did I sit book in hand gnashing my teeth in a half-darkened room, vainly trying to interest myself in "Paul and Virginia" or "The Dove in the Eagles' Nest," while I yearned to be running across the fields or to be lying under the sky upon the beach. But no! God's eye was upon me! So I made the best of it, feeling that there must be something wrong about the whole business, exactly what I most annoyingly could not find out, since any attempt at discussion between me and my parents upon the subject of religious dogma was sternly rebuked. "Little boys mustn't try to understand such things." Later on the conviction stole upon me that my mother, at least, might be afraid to discuss "such things" because they were beyond the comprehension of even herself. As for the other six days in the week certain concessions were made toward liberalism by allowing attendance at Papanti's dancing school on Saturday mornings and, once or twice a winter, at some "operetta" given at the old Boston Museum, where I was hurried past the pickled mermaids and fœtuses by my anxious guardian, and where in later years I revelled in old English comedy given by a stock company composed, among others, of Junius Brutus Booth, Jr., Edgar Fawcett, George Wilson, Mrs. Vincent, Annie Clark, Edgar Davenport, John Mason, and, for a time, Richard Mansfield.

It was through such cracks in the wall that I first gained the knowledge that there were other worlds possessed of other standards where, by some curious paradox, people were not damned for doing the very same things that would have damned them in Boston and which, strangely enough, Bostonians were willing to pay to see portrayed upon the stage. From these plays I gathered that there was a thing called "love," not mentioned at home. That this had anything to do with sex was unsuspected and no doubt would have been stoutly denied by those in authority. But that obvious naughtiness might be rather charming, and that parents could even

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go so far as to laugh at it, aroused the first suspicions in my mind that the line between right and wrong might not be so clearly defined as I had been led to believe. Secretly I pondered and, pondering upon the nature of God, became at nine, as I believed, an atheist. Once upon the skids, my whole intellectual cosmos toppled with a crash.

The first New Englanders owed their prosperity directly to their religion. Believing themselves predestined from birth either to eternal rapture or the scorching of hell-fire, there was little left for them to do but to demonstrate by their works that they belonged among the elect. For a hundred years or more the Puritan and his descendants led sober, industrious, and frugal lives in order to show the favor of the Almighty. They had the divine assurance: "And it shall come to pass that if thou shalt harken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God . . . the Lord shall command the blessing upon thee in thy storehouses and in all that thou settest thy hand unto . . . and the Lord shall make thee plenteous in good, in the fruit of thy body, and in the fruit of thy cattle, and in the fruit of thy ground."

Virtue brought its reward. Working and saving could not but lead to material prosperity and, when at length the fire of religious passion abated, it left behind habits of thrift and industry. By 1732 in Philadelphia Benjamin Franklin was advocating the same doctrines in "Poor Richard's Almanac" for purely practical reasons. Early to bed and early to rise made a man healthy and wealthy, if not wise; a penny saved was as good as a penny earned; and honesty was, obviously, a policy leading both to heaven and a big bank-account. Before long the Puritan looked rather to Poor Richard than to Calvin.

I fancy that the narrowness of my own upbringing was due as much to parsimony as to religion. If my parents looked askance at the theatre, there was also the obvious fact that it cost money to go there; and if candy was a luxury, so by the same token was whiskey or tobacco. As I look back upon a childhood in which I experienced no spontaneous demonstrations of affection, where the good-night kiss was a peck rather than a caress, and in which praise was rarely accorded to any task, however well done, on the ground that its performance was but a duty, I thank God that with the advancing years the shadow of the Puritan falls more lightly as his figure grows more meagre. I believe that one of the worst injunctions to a child is to "take care of the pennies and let the pounds take care of themselves." On the contrary, he should be taught the value of the pounds and to let the pennies look out for themselves. I do not think that wholesale charity excuses retail penuriousness; and I firmly believe that more harm is done by stifling impulsive generosity than by bestowing alms unwisely.

I do not intend to convey the impression that there was no broader social horizon in the Boston of those days, but merely that my own—which was bounded by the car-tracks of Marlborough Street—was like that. Persons who lived on Commonwealth Avenue and Beacon Street may have been less provincial. Certainly I shared my little mother's almost painful awe of them, which soon bred in me an antagonism toward what were known as "carriage-people."

As I look back on my Puritan childhood I can see that its chief results were (1) an overvaluation of money and "social position"; (2) a dislike, based on envy, of those who had them; (3) an intense and abortive religious scepticism; and (4) a yearning for whatever makes

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human life gracious, tender, carefree, and colorful. Save for my love of the amenities, I was essentially Bolshevik—had such a term then existed. To-day when the fumes of hell have lost their sulphur, when gentleness has replaced severity in the treatment of children, youth is far more happy than fifty years ago.

To be fair about it, I should say that it may well be that I was treated far more tenderly than is my recollection. But I do not think so. My father was a stern man of the ante-bellum school, an adherent of the "spare-the-rod-and-spoil-the-child" doctrine which he had strictly followed with regard to his offspring by his first wife. He had mellowed by the time he had begotten me, the child of his old age, but although his austerity was tempered by kindliness, his manner was brusque and I stood in awe of him—an awe shared, I believe, to a great extent by my mother. The influences affecting childhood are subtle, far-reaching, and often devastating. I have no hesitation in saying that this early sense of social inferiority acquired from my mother has dominated my life and that to it either directly or indirectly all my subsequent development can be traced. For it bred in me a recalcitrant individualism, that led me to question and challenge everything that was conventional and authoritative, and a fierce determination to demonstrate that I was as good as anybody, if not better, which showed itself in a pert cockiness and self-assertion that must have been far from attractive. My four years at Harvard were embittered ones of fighting against the social pricks, and my inability to attain recognition made me desperately unhappy.

It was a bookish period and, outside the family connection, the people my father knew were of the literary tradition. Indeed, although I have never cared for the Boston accent, I am grateful for the accurate English I heard as a child. I suppose to-day we would have passed as a distinctly "highbrow" bunch. Even the tradespeople, I feel sure, would seem "literary" to me now, if I should meet them again.

My first lesson in the meticulous use of words occurred in connection with a series of burglaries in the neighborhood. Just behind us on Exeter Street lived a well-known Boston spinster, Miss Ella Day by name. One moonlight night, when I was about ten years old, I was aroused by the noise of a watchman's rattle and hurried to the window hoping to catch sight of the burglar leaping over the back-yard fences. Although I could see no burglar, I did see Miss Day's attenuated right arm projecting from her window with the rattle, which she was vigorously whirling, at the end of it. Thoroughly thrilled, I shouted across to her:

"Miss Day! Miss Day! What is it—robbers?"

Even now I can hear her thin, shaking voice with its slightly condescending acerbity:

"No—*burglars!*"

In those days Boston was Boston.

I pause for an instant to wonder a little whether that example of purism was not worth more to me than all the English courses I later slouched through at Harvard. No doubt, Miss Day would have refused to call a burglar a robber even at a pistol's point. Women have died for less! Yet my mother always said "You was," and my uncle habitually used "shew" for "showed"—which may demonstrate either our illiteracy or our antiquity.

Upon the death of my father, when I was nine years old, I was sent to the Bos-

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ton public schools until I was twelve and then to St. Paul's at Concord, N. H., of which Doctor Henry A. Coit was head master, where I remained four years. These were the happiest days of my youth. I loved the country and the freedom from parental restraint and, although the discipline was strict and there was a great deal of compulsory chapel-going, the presence of boys of my own age from all parts of the country opened up vistas into a new and exciting world. Although I was still shy, small for my age, and not popular, I nevertheless lost for the time being my sense of social inferiority, which later, however, returned at Harvard. But I had carried with me the dogged resolution of unsurrender I had acquired at home, and quickly found myself at loggerheads with the Rector on the question of religion.

Mr. Owen Wister's study of Doctor Coit in a recent number of *The Atlantic Monthly* is a penetrating and brilliant analysis of a truly noble, but essentially mediæval, character. Yet, possibly because it is the mature appraisal of a discriminating mind, it in some respects fails to convey the utter awe which Doctor Coit inspired among us younger boys. His quickly shifting glance, the austerity of his sallow countenance, the tap-tap of his cane as he unexpectedly made a swift appearance around the corner of the "Big Study," the uncanny perspicacity which guided him correctly at least four times out of five, his classic phraseology which frequently obscured a literary sarcasm, and the aroma of holiness inevitably surrounding him struck terror to the heart of the small boy.

Surely this was no mere saint, but God Himself! with his eye in every place beholding the evil, if not the good. Yet the tap of that ebony cane carried with it something of the same menace as the tap of the stick of the blind pirate in "Treasure Island."

Doctor Coit, although possessed of a sense of humor, rarely betrayed it, always catching himself in time. He walked aloof, speaking with the tongue of angels and not of men. His twelfth-century attitude toward the dogma of religion was singularly unenlightening to a youth of the twentieth.

"That is a mystery, my child," he once said to me of the doctrine of the Trinity, "too holy to be discussed."

A cousin of mine had married a young Presbyterian clergyman in Concord, and I had received from the Rector a blanket permission to lunch with her on Saturdays, of which I frequently availed myself. One Friday he sent for me to come to his study.

"Clifford," he said kindly but sternly (he always called me Clifford after my half-brother who had died at the school in the 60's), "I understand that this cousin whom you visit in Concord is married to some one who calls himself a Presbyterian?"

"Yes, Doctor Coit," I answered. "He is the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Concord."

The Rector twiddled his long delicate fingers with that characteristic and unforgetable sweep of the thumb.

"Well, my dear!" he said, "no doubt he is a very esteemable person—but I would not go there too frequently."

Seeing my look of disappointment, he went on:

"There are many very worthy persons among the Presbyterians. Very likely the young man whom your cousin has married is one of them. But"—he looked at me sharply, and I can hear his voice as plainly as if he were sitting beside me now—"do not forget, my child, that in the life to come the Presbyterians will

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not be upon the same plane as the Episcopalians."

No doubt Doctor Coit had some doctrinal basis for his statement, rendering it less startling to students of theology than it seemed to a small boy.

Only recently I repeated this anecdote to an ecclesiastic of high authority in Doctor Coit's church. He smiled, then nodded, and said thoughtfully: "But I think I understand what he had in mind."

I did not relinquish my cousin, and the incident did not encourage my laggard interest in becoming confirmed, which the Rector anxiously desired and which I as obstinately postponed. Doctor Coit by his manner evidenced his displeasure at my recalcitrancy. Most of the other boys in my form had already been confirmed, and my refusal made me conspicuous as a back-slider. At length, Doctor Coit having appealed to my mother, I yielded, and in due course sullenly knelt at the chapel rail to receive the apostolic laying on of hands.

"I don't believe it! I don't believe it!" I kept repeating, and when Bishop Niles laid his hands upon my head I deliberately blasphemed. I looked for the veil of the temple to be rent in pieces, but God is merciful and nothing happened —that is, nothing visible to the eye of man.

Compulsory religion had its compensations in various time-killing devices, rendered possible only by the long white sleeves of the choir cotta, in which one could conceal almost anything up to the size of a small elephant. One boy made a practice of cutting the columns of *The Scientific American* into strips, pasting them together, and rolling them into a long scroll which could be gradually unwound and read without detection during the sermon. Another always brought to chapel a complete aviary, composed of small imitation birds made of real feathers, which he would make hop and dance around on the shelf provided for our prayer-books and hymnals. You cannot send small boys to chapel three times a day and expect them to hold their attention exclusively to spiritual things.

As time went on my terror of Doctor Coit subsided and was replaced by a timorous affection. He was a great schoolmaster, and doubtless a great saint, but I do not feel that from the point of view of character development his influence was any more beneficial to me than the Puritan environment in which I was brought up. In spite of having been confirmed, I was no more of a believer than when I had gone to St. Paul's, and my subsequent career at Harvard was not such as to increase my religious faith.

That Puritanism encouraged and accentuated a consciousness of sin in the young is one of the worst indictments against it. As Professor Julian Huxley has so well said: "Once it is recognized that the sense of sin is often, and especially in adolescence, a mental disease, something to be avoided if possible and got over (like the measles) with the utmost celerity, instead of being paraded as admirable, the great step will have been taken. It is nothing to be ashamed of, any more than measles; but, also like measles, it is nothing to be proud of. I believe that the religion of the future will have as one of its great aims the saving of man from an exaggerated sense of sin by prevention of childish conflicts."

I reached Harvard in a state of unregeneracy, owing, I think, to the prejudice against religion engendered by the dreary Sunday afternoons of my childhood and the overdose of chapel-going I had suffered at boarding-school. The effect of the revulsion against ecclesiastical dogma, caused by my being dragooned as a boy of thirteen into confir-

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mation on the theory that once driven into the fold I would probably stay there and that, while herded with the sheep, I would no longer dare to bleat like the goat I in fact was, has never left me.

In spite of the intellectual misery it occasioned me, however, I was still prepared to give religion a chance, and at my mother's request even went so far along the road to actual conversion as to become an usher at St. Paul's Church in Boston, where I had originally been baptized and which she still attended. Here every Sunday, arrayed in my first cutaway coat, I steered a fragmentary public into the seats and temporarily achieved a sense of personal importance by looking inquiringly at the pew-owners, who would obligingly hold up one or more fingers to indicate the number of vacant places to be filled. This sense of importance was rudely shattered on the Easter Sunday of my freshman year by one Mr. Robert Burgess, the Senior Warden, who with a few other dignitaries exercised the privilege of entering the church by a rear door, thus gaining his seat without the necessity of struggling with the common crowd.

Mr. Burgess was as distinguished in appearance as he was religious by nature. This latter trait led him, according to common report, to use in place of ordinary visiting-cards others bearing Bible texts appropriate to the various seasons of the Christian year. It is said that on one occasion he caused to be sent up to a lady upon whom he was calling a card bearing the printed admonition "Prepare to meet thy God!" but that, as she afterward admitted, on coming downstairs she "found it was only Robert Burgess." He was a man of approximately seventy years with luxuriant white whiskers, the ends of which trailed impressively over either shoulder of his frock coat in a manner enhancing his general dignity. On this particular Easter Sunday the great man, entering as usual from the vestry, started toward his seat down the main aisle, at the head of which I was stationed. As he passed he bent his head and mumbled in my ear something I did not understand. Fearful lest I should incur his displeasure by failing to carry out some request, I followed him a few steps.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Burgess," I explained, "but I didn't catch what you said."

"Um-um-um!" he repeated over his shoulder, continuing his majestic progress down the aisle.

Much worried, and no wiser than before, I hurried after and overtook him as he was entering his pew.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Burgess," I panted, "but I didn't hear what you were saying!"

Mr. Burgess stopped short, turned, glared at me, and in a voice which I felt must be audible all over the church exclaimed:

"The Lord is risen!—*Can you hear that?*"

My humiliation was such that I shortly thereafter gave up being an usher and terminated all my ecclesiastical relationships.

In spite of the fact that I valiantly assured myself that I did not believe in a God, or look forward to either the bliss of heaven or the pangs of hell, the second-hand Puritan theology of my mother (which in spite of her being an Unitarian held her completely in thrall) had become so embedded in my subconsciousness—as it doubtless still is to-day!—that although my language was Rabelaisian, my conduct was like that of Cotton Mather. No matter what I reasoned myself into or how I talked, I acted like a Methodist deacon. While I loudly asserted my disbelief in any judgment-

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day, and had successfully challenged the Almighty to do His worst, I could not escape either the conviction of sin or that of His all-seeing eyes being ever disapprovingly upon me. I longed to tread gay measures over the primrose path of dalliance, yet my feet led me along the straight and narrow way of virtue. I could not escape an underlying consciousness of wrong-doing in pleasures which my mind told me were entirely innocent. And I still have it! Although now my slight feeling of guilt is tempered by a subtle and delicious sensation of freedom. I may not have cast off the old Adam, but I am at least temporarily rid of him.

It was not until my senior year that I so far escaped from my Puritan inhibitions as to conclude that, simply as a matter of human experience, I ought to get thoroughly "soused" at least once before leaving college. I had won second money in the Boylston Prize-Speaking Contest and, being in funds, took advantage of my opportunity by going into Boston alone and purchasing a box at an opera given by the Castle Square Opera Company. Sitting by myself in state while the curtain was up, for the occasion was too serious for company, I descended between the acts to the bar, where I proceeded to work my way through "The Barkeeper's Handbook" —beginning with A, for ale, B, for burgundy, C, for champagne, etc.—until by the end of the performance I had achieved a fairly large percentage of the alphabet. Yet for some strange reason nothing of what I imbibed had the slightest effect upon me, one poison probably acting as the antidote for another.

It was moonlight and, having nowhere in particular to go, I strolled down to the old Adams's House bar on lower Boylston Street, where for a time I continued my alphabetical career, to be presently interrupted by an ingratiating person who, introducing himself as "General D'Olier of Virginia," invited me to share a bottle of claret. During the consumption of the bottle, which was quickly followed by another, the general, who had instantly formed a pronounced attachment for me, confided not only most of his family history but the fact that he was considered the best shot south of Mason and Dixon's line. There was seemingly no reason why this should have aroused any spirit of emulation on my part, yet I remember very well that it did and that it led me in turn to speak boastfully of my own marksmanship.

Accordingly, the general and I, arm in arm, each carrying a partially emptied bottle, sallied forth shortly after midnight, seeking for a place to demonstrate the pre-eminence of our marksmanship. I was still feeling fit as a fiddle —a well-tuned fiddle—being now the better off for perhaps fifteen or sixteen assorted drinks largely constituted of alcohol. On Tremont Row we found an open-air shooting-gallery still obligingly open—rabbits whirling around the periphery of a circle, ducks swimming and suddenly disappearing, silver balls dancing upon jets of water. In spite of the fact that the general had shown a marked inclination to lean upon my shoulder when walking down Tremont Row, he now took off his coat and hat, selected a Flaubert rifle, and proceeded with a good deal of dexterity to knock the silver ball off the jet fourteen times in succession, missing only upon the fifteenth and last shot. It was now my turn.

Solemnly General D'Olier watched me bring the rifle to my shoulder.

"Pop!" Down went the ball!

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"Hang it!" I muttered. "I *must* be sober! What is the use of going to all this trouble!" And that I was nowhere near the state which I desired to attain was demonstrated by the fact that, without the slightest expectation of doing so, I shot the ball down, not fourteen, but fifteen, times. I did not know whether to be disappointed at being so incontrovertibly sober or pleased at having won over so redoubtable a general, but on turning around to receive his congratulations I found that he had disappeared.

It is a fact perhaps not generally realized that social convention increased in strictness after the Civil War till well toward the end of the century. The chaperonage of girls became more and more rigid as the years went on, until it had become both an overwhelming nuisance and an unbearable expense. Yet even in that era of orthodoxy, of Sabbatarianism, of propriety, and of what we now call excessive prudishness, those were not lacking who decried it as meriting the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Declared Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe in an article entitled "The Decay of Public Morals," in April, 1888: "As the result of much observation and inquiry I must own my fears that the elements which destroy great nations are powerfully at work toward our premature corruption and decay. . . . The home is a perishing institution. In a community tending to a dissolute condition, add the corrupting influences of the daily newspaper, stocked with reports of crime and garnished with crude pictorial illustrations of the details of murder, adultery, suicide, and scenes in courts of justice or about the gallows. I ask what is wanting to make boys experts in villainies, or to rob the young girl of the blush of innocence and the charm of maidenly modesty? The dime novel, and the petty theatre still more corrupting, are at hand to pander yet further to the destruction of domestic purity. Strolling companies of players infest the villages and defile their fences with full-length and highly colored pictures of naked women and licentious men. Sodom itself could not have presented such public allurements to vice as everywhere abound among us, even in country places; while in growing cities the unrebuked indecencies that are paraded before all eyes would disgrace a Gomorrah. . . .

"It must not be imagined that things are better among the more wealthy classes in our larger cities. Some of the most luxuriously furnished dwellings in New York or Philadelphia, in Chicago or New Orleans and San Francisco are notoriously the abodes of gilded misery. We hear not infrequently of 'fashionable' young women eloping with mere lads, their partners in the shameless waltz; if not with their fathers' coachmen who have been permitted to drive off with them unattended, or to follow them, as grooms, in their equestrian airings. In our great cities women are living in grandeur upon chief streets or park-sides, who are known to have enriched themselves by unmentionable crimes. Of late an idle class has developed in American cities, where until lately everybody was 'doing something' for self-support. We have a 'gilded youth,' who sport as 'dudes,' who live unmarried, come in and out as the habitués of club houses, show themselves, night after night, at the opera, give suppers to other people's wives, who *live*—nobody ventures to surmise just how! . . .

"The pitch of superlative degradation has been reached in the fact that women of the stage have been entertained in the homes of reputable citizens, though

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the fact was notorious that they were unmarried parents; nay, in one shocking instance the unwedded parent shameless produced and paraded her progeny in public, without rebuke."

When I first visited New York in the very year of the good bishop's diatribe against the gilded vice of the metropolis, I found a city little less Puritan in its outward aspects than my native Boston. Divorce—even in the American Babylon—still carried a social stigma. Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer writes of the 70's: "That domestic troubles should ever end in a divorce court was unthinkable; so families remained intact, whatever happened, and the most outrageous conduct by husbands and fathers was accorded no further publicity than the whisper of gossip . . . the much deplored, frequently assailed morals of current Society are no bit worse than they were in the prim and prudish half century ago. In that day the woman who obtained a divorce was a pariah. There was no appeal. By her action she became a social outcast." A divorced woman though "utterly guiltless" was "socially dead."

Conversation in mixed company was still prudish, the prejudice against novel-reading had not entirely died out, a woman who smoked would have been socially damned, and no youth could take a girl to see a Shakespearian tragedy, even if they were engaged to be married, without a chaperone. The hotels made it an iron-clad rule to receive no woman as a guest unless she was accompanied by her husband, and if I am not mistaken, it was as late as 1897 that Mrs. John Jacob Astor, finding herself stranded rather late one evening, and seeking refuge at the Waldorf, with great difficulty kept herself from being ejected although she was the most prominent woman socially in the city.

Even in the "gay 90's," while there was much "liberal" preaching, Sunday in New York was still distinctly under the Puritan shadow. Every male, irrespective of his wealth or position in the social order, after a late breakfast put on his best double-breasted frock coat, steel-gray trousers, patent-leather shoes and Ascot tie, and in a tall silk hat, costing some $18 and weighing nearly as many pounds, made expressly in London for a New York hatter, joined the church parade down Fifth Avenue, where, after attending divine service, he returned home to a heavy roast-beef dinner with Yorkshire pudding, accompanying vegetables and dessert. After sitting around for an hour or two in order to facilitate the digestive process, he might take his hat and go for another stroll, this time in Central Park. If enough of a hell rake, he might drop into his club on the way back to supper and stimulate his appetite with a sherry-and-bitters, a brandy-and-soda, or a glass of Scotch. Cocktails were not served at clubs at this period.

People had not yet learned to play, although the doctrine of open-air exercise, under the stimulus of the bicycle, was making rapid headway. The end of the nineteenth century still saw the average business man driving himself six days a week (including Saturday afternoons) to make "his pile" and to give his sons and daughters what were known as "social advantages." "Society" was still "society," eating elaborate course dinners of from twenty to forty covers off gold and silver plate surrounded by fleets of wine-glasses. But the dawn was about to break. Freedom of movement—first on the bicycle, then in the automobile—changed the whole complexion of existence. It brought the country to the city and the city to the country.

The "safety-" bicycle made its appear-

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ance in 1889, and before long all the world had taken to the wheel. It has been said that no invention for two hundred years had, from a physical point of view, done so much for the human family. In the year 1899 one American out of every seventy actually purchased a safety-bicycle. A quarter-century later only one in a thousand bought one, but the Ford had taken its place. Much of the college interest in athletics grew out of the popularity of the safety, and many successful men of the next quarter of a century acquired their vigor by their use of the wheel. The artisan and white-collar worker, as well as the young fashionable, discovered the easy accessibility of the country, and had it not been for the fact that the middle-aged woman refused at first to "make herself ridiculous," the country week-end, which did away with the Puritan Sabbath, would have come ten years sooner. As it was, we may fairly say that the Puritan shade, foreseeing what was to happen during the next decade, slid silently away astride the bicycle as the twentieth century came in.

Drowning

By Katherine Garrison Chapin

There are three times that I have been drowned . . .

Once in music
When the rhythmic flood of engulfing sound
Drew the firm earth from beneath my feet,
Sweeping me on with relentless beat,
Waters of sound that rose and fell,
Till the crest of the last long swell
Broke over me, and I was lost, and the drowning was sweet.

And once in pain
When the torrent roared about my ears,
Rushed and swirled
And I clutched in vain
Before I was hurled
Under, then bruised and battered was tossed again
On the hard shore of the world.

And once in your love
Plunging into a deep stream,
Falling, falling through bubbles of air,
With the stems of lilies catching my hair
And the ripples of water flowing by
Lost and submerged utterly.
Deaf and blind to the world above,
Plunged deep in the tide of your love.

There are only three times that I have been drowned.

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As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

When these lines appear in print the new theatrical season of 1930–31 will be under way. Therefore it seems appropriate at this time to review the season of last year. Although, as usual, there were many failures, disastrous from the financial point of view, there were so many excellent new plays that I regard the whole season as one of unusual brilliance and distinction.

In a summary which appeared in the New York *Times* for June 15, it appears there were 249 new plays as compared with 232 for the preceding year, and 278 for the year before that. Thus, in spite of the fact that play-producing is the most speculative, the most risky, and the most dangerous of all financial undertakings, faint hearts are rarer than foul plays.

Variety, a weekly periodical read by all those who are "interested" in the theatre, as distinguished from those who take an interest in it, reports that the number of plays which scored a smashing success was sixteen; out of this sixteen I select the following as artistically important: "Green Pastures," "The First Mrs. Fraser," "Berkeley Square," "Michael and Mary," "Topaze," and I am quite aware that most critics would add to these five "Strictly Dishonorable" and "June Moon," but I would not.

Of the plays listed by *Variety* as "Intermediate Successes," all of which had a fair run, there are twenty-five. I praise the following: "Uncle Vanya," "Death Takes a Holiday," "The Criminal Code," "The Last Mile," "Gambling," five in all.

The plays called by *Variety* "failures" number 176. Of these I select as artistic successes "A Month in the Country," "Hotel Universe," "Many Waters," three. According to my rating, then, nearly every play that failed deserved to fail.

Variety has not included in its list revivals, or plays given by repertory theatres, or Shakespeare; and I have not included musical comedies, though from what I hear, these latter were above the average. The Civic Repertory Theatre, under the admirable direction of Eva Le Gallienne, put on successfully a magnificent list of plays, including Shakespeare, Ibsen, Chekhov, and Barrie. Walter Hampden revived "Richelieu" and "Caponsacchi." William Gillette had a triumphal tour in "Sherlock Holmes." George Cohan delighted large audiences with a revival of "The Tavern" and "The Song and Dance Man." Fritz Leiber brought himself and the Chicago Civic Shakespeare Society to New York, produced nine plays by Shakespeare, and was so successful that his season had to be extended.

Variety's criticisms and reports are honest, accurate, and valuable. But personally I am sorry that they print every year the "box score" of the New York dramatic critics, pointing out the "batting average" of every newspaper play-reviewer. The critic who predicted the highest proportion of financial successes is awarded first place, and the one who

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has "guessed wrong" the largest number of times foots the list.

This is a bad thing for the critics and a bad thing for the theatre. It is not the business of the critic to decide or to guess whether or not a new play will score a box-office success. His business is, or ought to be, to interpret the play, to discuss its artistic or dramatic significance, to tell his intelligent readers whether or not it is worth seeing. But if the value of the critic is to be determined by his ability to say whether or not a play will make money, then he ought to be employed not by the newspaper, but by the manager as a reader of manuscripts.

Furthermore, the chances against the success of a new play are at least five to one. It is always safer, therefore, for a critic to condemn a new play than to praise it—"safer," that is, if his standing as a critic depends on his ability to predict financial success or failure. Every critic might say as he enters the theatre on a first night, "I come to bury playwrights, not to praise them."

A vast number of people wish to go where there is a vast number of people. This is the only manner in which many persons show their love for humanity. If it turns out to be "the thing" to go to a certain play, crowds will go thither, regardless of whether the play is or is not worth seeing.

The standard of production, of scenic adequacy, of team-acting, has enormously improved in New York during recent years. The New Theatre, the Theatre Guild, the Civic Repertory Theatre, have raised the standard so high that it is the rule, and not the exception to see in New York first-rate productions and first-rate company acting. Many New York theatres can now challenge comparison in this respect with the best observable in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Moscow.

Although the money lost in failures in the metropolitan theatres during the past season must have been staggering, I cannot call the season anything but successful when I remember Jed Harris's superb production of Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," with a cast including the lovely Lillian Gish; I saw this play twice, and if it goes on the road this autumn, I counsel every one to see it. When the curtain falls, one feels as if one had been living with these characters, so beautiful is the play, and so admirable is every actor in it.

Among other productions that I shall remember as long as I live are: "A Month in the Country," by Turgenev, in which Madame Nazimova and the Theatre Guild company appear; "Hotel Universe," by Philip Barry, which proves that he is in the front rank of the world's living playwrights; "Berkeley Square," a play of the fourth dimension, with the captivating Leslie Howard; "The First Mrs. Fraser," so brilliant a comedy that one hates to see the curtain fall; "Michael and Mary," one of the most charming of Milne's plays; "Topaze," a cynically clever French satire; "Death Takes a Holiday," an excursion into the supernatural; "The Last Mile," an original drama of lost souls; "Green Pastures," a Bible play of imaginative beauty; and George M. Cohan's revival of "The Tavern," one of the best American plays of the twentieth century.

New York has more than twice as many theatres as London, and naturally therefore we have a larger number of good productions. Yet we should remember that four of the most successful plays in New York came from Great Britain—"Journey's End," "Bird in Hand," "The First Mrs. Fraser," and "Michael and Mary."

The greatest disappointment of the New York season came from the man

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usually regarded as the foremost living playwright in the world—Bernard Shaw. "The Apple Cart" is a very poor comedy, so bad that it seems incredible that it was written by the author of "Saint Joan," "Candida," and other masterpieces. Shaw has done so much, however, to elevate the drama and to delight audiences, that his reputation cannot be injured or lessened by one failure.

In the Kansas City *Star* for June 1, an unusually interesting number of an always interesting newspaper, I found an excellent review of the year by Burns Mantle, who publishes annually his volume called "Best Plays"—indispensable to all students and lovers of the theatre. I am glad to see that he believes 1929–30 has been a good season. He says, "Curiously, although this has been described as a particularly sad year in the theatre, I think this list of ten plays the most interesting of any similar list I have chosen for the last ten years." Here it is:

"The Green Pastures."
"The Criminal Code."
"Berkeley Square."
"Strictly Dishonorable."
"The First Mrs. Fraser."
"The Last Mile."
"June Moon."
"Michael and Mary."
"Death Takes a Holiday."
"Rebound."

Six of these ten plays are by Americans. I suppose Mr. Mantle includes in his list only new plays. But the ten productions of the year that I most enjoyed were:

"A Month in the Country," by Turgenev.
"Uncle Vanya," by Chekhov.
"Green Pastures," by Connolly.
"Hotel Universe," by Barry.
"The First Mrs. Fraser," by Ervine.
"Topaze," by Pagnol.
"Berkeley Square," by Balderston.
"The Tavern," by Cohan.
"Death Takes a Holiday," by Ferris.
"Michael and Mary," by Milne.

In addition to these two lists, there were so many other plays well worth seeing that the only persons dissatisfied with the season should be those who financially backed failures.

The two prison plays, "The Criminal Code" and "The Last Mile," were certainly worth seeing, but both were far from perfect. At the performance of the former, I sat next to a prison-specialist-doctor, who informed me that the play was untrue to life. And so far as the propaganda of "The Last Mile" is concerned, what is needed in the United States of America is not more sentimental sympathy with criminals, but more swift and certain justice. It is, of course, unpleasant, if you have murdered somebody, to be placed in the electric chair. But nine out of ten of the best citizens will have to endure a much more painful death than that.

Let us have a little more sympathy with the wives and children of men who have been murdered, and a little less for their murderers.

It will be interesting this autumn to see what the critics and the public will think of John Galsworthy's new play, "The Roof." It will be produced by Charles Hopkins. Both the author and the producer were kind enough to permit the students in the Yale University Dramatic Association to give three performances of the play in New Haven in June, this being the first time that the undergraduates have been enabled to present for the first time in America a play by a distinguished living dramatist. I saw it twice, and enjoyed it immensely. The second time I sat with Will Gillette, who was deeply impressed by the admirable way in which the young men took the rôles of women. This appears to me to be Mr. Galsworthy's best play since "Loyalties," nor do I remember anywhere anything like its method of

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construction. What shall we say as to the Unity of Time? It takes three times as long to act this play as the actual lapsed time of the events it portrays.

Although I was disappointed in "June Moon" on the stage, I do not think any one will be disappointed in *reading* it; hence I welcome its publication.

Another book illustrating the Miltonic phrase, "laughter holding both his sides," is "Why I Will Not Imitate Four Hawaiians," by the inimitable Joe Cook. It is filled with outrageous mirth.

And speaking of laughter, I saw the other day in Ted Robinson's column in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* an account of a girl in Montana. It seems she was walking along the street, when suddenly she burst into uncontrollable laughter. Her merriment was so loud and so long that it stopped the traffic and attracted the attention of the police. She was warned by a policeman, which only incited her to fresh peals and whoops of mirth. He arrested her, took her to the police station, where the place and the officials struck her as so funny that she nearly laughed her head off. She was fined ten dollars, which seemed to her absolutely side-splitting. The cause of her laughter has not yet appeared, but I agree with Ted Robinson in his admiration for her. He thinks it is possible that she happened to see the name of some man suggested as a candidate for high political office.

New books on the war are multiplying with bewildering rapidity. One of the best is "The Patriot's Progress," by Henry Williamson. This is the straightforward narrative of an average middle-class young Englishman who enlisted in 1914, and of exactly what happened to him on Salisbury Plain and in the trenches. The simplicity of the tale adds largely to its power; it is profoundly impressive. I recommend this story for its candor, its honesty, its freedom from sentimentality and also from anti-war propaganda. The facts speak for themselves.

Because I expressed a faint regret that an admirable writer, in his latest novel, had selected a harlot for a heroine, I was sharply reprimanded by a correspondent, who informed me that everything in life had its place, that harlots had theirs, and that I was refusing to face the facts of life. Ah, but I am not refusing to face the facts of life when I object to the sentimentalizing of harlots. I do not in the least object to the introduction of harlots in novels, when the novel calls for them, and when they are treated realistically. Harlots have their place in life, and it is a very sad one. I object to giving them the wrong place, a place untrue to life. When harlots are represented as fair, lovely, attractive, clever, cultivated, and charming conversationalists, they are as much out of place, as untrue to life, as they would be on the faculty of a woman's college. Make them part of your *dramatis personæ,* if you like, but represent them as Doll Tearsheet, not as ——.

Henry Williamson, in "The Patriot's Progress," gives us a true picture of that most wretched of all women, the harlot. Could anything be more Pollyannalike than calling such a poor creature a daughter of joy? I do not know whether harlots read books or not; but can you imagine anything more depressing than a harlot reading a modern novel where she is described as brilliant and witty and beautiful and gay and happy, and then comparing in her mind that picture with the truth as she knows it?

Mr. Samuel Hoffenstein's book of satirical verses, with its unfortunate title, "Year In, You're Out," is not so good as

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his previous volume, "Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing," but it is very good for all that. This writer has a peculiarly original talent, and has found a new medium of expression. This is individualism indeed; good poetry for the tough-minded.

Among the new biographies, I especially recommend "William Pitt the Younger," by P. W. Wilson. This is a genuine biography, neither a satire nor a novel. The career of this amazing youth of genius is set forth in a highly interesting manner; and the portraits of his English contemporaries, Fox, Lord North, Sheridan, and King George III, are brilliant.

Among recent thrillers, I recommend "Triple Murder," by Carolyn Wells; "The Avenging Ikon," by C. Barry; "Murder Backstairs," by Anne Austin; "The Men on the Dead Man's Chest," by C. Raymond; "The Maltese Falcon," by D. Hammett; "The Piccadilly Ghost," by E. Spencer; "The Wychford Poisoning Case," by A. Berkeley; and any mystery story by R. A. J. Walling, the accomplished journalist of Devonshire.

All who are interested in English poetry for its own sake, or because of the theory of poetry illustrated, will enjoy reading an excellent book called "The Donne Tradition," by George Williamson, of the University of Oregon. The poetry of John Donne, a contemporary of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, is at its best thrilling, and was, like most works of genius, immediately recognized; just as nothing has changed the verdict on Shakespeare pronounced by Ben Jonson and by Milton, so the splendid eulogy on the great Dean of St. Paul's written by the cynical, cold-hearted Thomas Carew, is really the last word on the poetry of Donne.

But like all works of original genius, Donne's poems affected the average reader more by their strangeness than by their beauty. Pope had the temerity to "versify" Donne, and even in the twentieth century a London journalist, James Douglas, predicted "Browning will die, even as Donne is dead," and for the same reason, lack of conventional rhythm.

The only way to comment on Mr. Douglas's remark on Donne is to quote Mark Twain. Donne is not only very much alive, but I have been interested in observing the tremendous rise in his popularity during the last twenty years. This new book by George Williamson is an excellent work of criticism in the poetry of the seventeenth century. The eclectic taste of our time is indicated by a "revival" of both Donne and Pope. But we of to-day are surely closer in spirit to the passionate thought of Donne than we are to the supreme cleverness of Pope.

The new Oxford edition of "The Poems of John Donne" in one volume, by Professor H. J. C. Grierson, is very near perfection.

Donne was the head of the Metaphysical School, a term applied to these poets for the first time not by Doctor Johnson, but by William Drummond of Hawthornden, who had little sympathy with their methods. If in Browning's phrase, you measure a mind's height by the shade it casts, then Donne is indeed a towering figure, for his shadow fell all across the seventeenth century. His influence is both described and skilfully analyzed in Mr. Williamson's book.

In the year 1918 I wrote, "At this moment the influence of John Donne is wider than at any time since the mid-seventeenth century. Our latest extras in

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flesh and spirit can hardly surpass his candor or his ecstasy."

Those of my readers who are not familiar with the love lyrics and sacred poems of Donne have awaiting them a glorious surprise.

If there is any one who has not yet read "Falsehood in War-Time," by the Honorable Arthur Ponsonby, I advise him to read it, and then remember, if he can, all the lies he swallowed during the World War. Shall we be as gullible the next time? We shall.

"Elements of Psychology for Nurses" is written by an eminent Roman Catholic priest, the Reverend J. F. Barrett, who is a preacher, a teacher, a novelist, and a psychologist. This book differs from some others on the same subject, and it is full of wisdom. The average Catholic priest is a student of human nature.

A congress of free thinkers has recently been held at Reims, and they adopted eleven resolutions: 1. Suppress the national *fête* of Joan of Arc. 2. Secularize all hospitals. 3. Abolish the pay of all chaplains. 4. Abolish decorations. 5. Enforce secular laws in Alsace, etc., No. 11 being, That the tax on all unmarried persons be enforced on priests and nuns of every order. *Figaro* adds in comment, "Just to make an even dozen, we suggest that it shall be compulsory for all Frenchmen to eat heavily on Good Friday."

At a recent college dinner at Cleveland, the toastmaster remarked, "We have with us to-day a member of the class of 1930 and I have asked him to lead us in our college yell." The young fellow arose and with considerable confusion said, "I am sorry, sir, but I do not know any college yell; I understood you to say that you were to call on me to lead in prayer."

From Mrs. Mildred Leavitt of Exeter, N. H.:

> In Jay William Hudson's "Nowhere Else in the World" the word *paughty* is used. . . . I do not find *paughty* in any dictionary I have at hand. I do not own a Fowler, which you often quote . . . in Scribners University.

The word is not in Fowler, but it is in Murray's "New English Dictionary." It is also in "The Century Dictionary," a Scotch word meaning proud, haughty.

R. H. T. Adams, Jr., a lawyer and coal miner of Lynchburg, Va., who would not give up his "love of reading for all the treasures of India," and neither would I, writes me an interesting letter about the first piano in Raleigh County:

> Judge Stephen Adams, no relative of mine, however, a Yale graduate, a lover of music and legal practitioner here for many years, who told me of locating in Raleigh County, West Virginia, before our Civil War. . . . He was the first man in Raleigh County who had a piano and his wife being musical also, one day, which was a Court Day, was playing the piano when . . . filed a number of mountaineers totally unknown to her and by whose presence she was frightened. She sent off to the Court House for her husband and he responded at once and took her position at the piano. When he sat down one of the mountaineers desired to know how many pieces the thing could play. . . . He answered that the thing would play one more piece, which he played and then all the mountaineers promptly filed out. . . . This is striking evidence of the soothing effect of music on the savage breast.

That letter about the Government official calculating interest, and the replies it called forth, will not down. Here is a letter from De Witt Barlow, of New York:

> Gracious! How bright you Connecticut people are! And now it's Mr. Albert M. Turner

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of the Connecticut State Park and Forest Commission who is doing compound interest examples. Think of it: in three minutes he can compute the value of anything at compound interest for 948 years; not only he but any (Connecticut *entendu*) bank clerk! And just with a logarithm table!

And would you mind asking Mr. Turner to tell us, say, what $1 amounts to at 6 per cent compound interest for 948 years. I know he will be impatient (he must be very busy) but I would so like to know, even if only to the nearest million dollars. You see I have mislaid my 25 place logarithm table. I can't bear to think what would happen to me were I to apply for a post in a Connecticut bank.

Two of my neighbors in New Haven have just entered the FANO CLUB, Clifton H. Brewer and Maud Dorman Brewer. And it should be remembered the coxswain of the victorious Yale crew at New London this year is a member of the club—Bill Gillespie.

W. A. Stanburg, Jr., of Duke University, Durham, N. C., corrects my use of English in the July SCRIBNER'S; and he is right, because he quotes Fowler against me. I used the expression "one reason why . . . is because," and Fowler says this is incorrect. In such cases one must not say *because,* but *that.* I am always pleased when my own undergraduates correct my errors, so I am equally grateful to my friend from Duke.

Lewis C. Grover, of East Orange, N. J., disagrees with my defense of "I won't stand for it." Well, I don't use it myself; I was simply trying to find some reason for its use by others.

The Reverend William Seymour Winans, Jr., of Brooklyn, N. Y., a Methodist clergyman of fifty-two years' active service, has long been eligible to membership in the F. Q. Club, and is now admitted. His daughter, Mrs. Mabel W. Robbins, nominated for the Ignoble Prize the expression "Okay," which is having an alarming recrudescence.

In connection with Clemenceau's posthumous book on the war, many seem to be interested in a controversy between him and Foch and others. Whether Clemenceau was right or wrong does not interest me in the least. All I can think of during such controversies is ten million young men under ground.

Here follows the list of books mentioned, with authors and publishers.

"June Moon," by Ring Lardner. Scribners. $2.
"The Patriot's Progress," by Henry Williamson. Illustrated. Dutton. $2.50.
"The Donne Tradition," by George Williamson. Harvard Univ. Press. $3.
"The Poems of John Donne," Ed. by H. J. C. Grierson. Oxford. $2.50.
"Year In, You're Out," by Samuel Hoffenstein. Liveright. $2.
"Falsehood in War-Time," by A. Ponsonby. Dutton. $2.
"Elements of Psychology for Nurses," by Father Barrett. Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. $3.
"William Pitt the Younger," by P. W. Wilson. Doubleday, Doran. $3.
"The Piccadilly Ghost," by E. Spencer. Macmillan. $2.
"The Wychford Poisoning Case," by A. Berkeley. Doubleday, Doran. $2.
"The Avenging Ikon," by C. Barry. Dutton. $2.
"The Maltese Falcon," by D. Hammett. Knopf. $2.50.
"The Men on the Dead Man's Chest," by C. Raymond. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.
"Murder Backstairs," by Anne Austin. Macmillan. $2.
"Trackless Death," by A. Livingston. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.
"Why I Will Not Imitate Four Hawaiians," by Joe Cook. Simon and Schuster. $1.
"Triple Murder," by Carolyn Wells. Lippincott. $2.

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Many Thousands Gone

(Continued from page 244)

"Are you a man, Gallop? Come here, Greer. Now don't hurt yourself, lady. What's the matter with her?" He let Celie go. She stood with her hands in the long streaming folds of faded percale. She rubbed her wrists as though to make them clean.

"Wait a minute, sergeant, let Greer and me take her. Don't you worry, ma'am. He looks awful mean, but he's got the nicest fingers. I always said when I died I wanted Greer to lay me out."

They lifted Hester from the bed and lowered her to the floor. She righted herself and snatched for the patchwork counterpane to draw it about her knees.

"Don't you know God sees you and will punish you for this?" she said.

"Well now that you speak of it, I have heard something like that," said the corporal. He began dragging the bedclothes from the bed and tossing them to the floor. "That's the reason I always pick a Sunday for my devilment, because the way I figure it, the Lord's so busy listening to all you pious people that day, He ain't got no time for a poor sinner like me. Now the bed." He paused and looked round, a small pert smile on his crooked mouth. Hester, asquat on the floor, the shawl drawn tightly about her shoulders, her mobcap askew, regarded him contemptuously.

"You are a blasphemous devil," she said. "I might have known it."

She leaned uncertainly to retrieve the Bible. Greer threw back the feather bed, exposing slatted cords.

"Well, who would have thought it?" said the corporal. "We've missed our man, sergeant, but we've got his clothes." He held up a dark blue coat, braided with gold, trying its epaulettes against his own shoulders. "He's probably running round here now somewhere, naked as the Lord made him. And in the bed too——"

"That's a general's coat," Gallop said.

"And the general's pants—" said the corporal. "Greer, will you look under the bed? Whenever you find the general's pants, you know the general's not far off. Greer, see if the general's under the bed."

"That's my father's uniform," said Celie.

"It's a Union uniform, that's what it is," said Gallop.

"It's my father's——"

"Lady, you certainly fly high. You know, sergeant, I thought we was the first troops through here. And we find one of our general's gone off and left his clothes in this lady's bed."

"Maybe it's General Hooker's," said Greer.

"How do you think I'd look in it?" Holding the empty gold-laced tunic against his own, the corporal turned to be admired. The collar tucked beneath his chin, he slanted his eyes at Celie, who merely stood, her face devoid of all light, trying not to see, not to hear, not to be.

"It's General Cary's." Hester struggled to her knees and holding still to the Bible with one hand clutched with a long arm at the corporal. He stepped back, still smiling.

"There ain't no General Cary," he said.

"Oh, put it down," said the sergeant. "Let's get the hell out of here."

Celie waited, her hands on the back of a tall chair, trying not to see out of her frightened eyes. It was in her mind that they were playing a joke on her, a heartless joke that would presently end. But that did not take away from its cruelty or lessen her terror at being hurt. I must not let them know, she thought, the only thing is not to let them know.

As the barouche passed the gateway, Danny stood up and gravely saluted.

"I'm sorry for you, boys," he called, "I was poor once myself."

Then he sat down laughing beside Roussel and they drove along the driveway, over the soft dust, toward the big house. They sat slouched and crowded, their legs propped high, the sergeant's striped with yellow, Danny's with paler blue. For the floor of the carriage was piled with corn in its husks, and hams, cabbages with round Dutch heads, bland in ruffs of pale gray-green leaves. Chickens hung from the curled iron arms, their necks long in death, and from the coachman's box, one on each side, two dead guinea fowl, with softest plumage silver and white flecked, scarlet-cheeked and buckskin-eyed. The folded top came in to hold peaches and damsons, cucumbers, a canister of salt, a sack of white flour. On the front seat, in baskets, they had put preserves, jellies in glass jars and a stone

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jug of what smelt and tasted like apple brandy. At every soldier they passed a shout went up, which Danny with beaming gravity acknowledged. The tall black nigger kept the horses going at an even, a steady, trot.

Before the house they swerved and in front of the hitching stile stopped. Salathiel Rowley running leapt lightly on the long carriage step.

"You certainly got a wagon load. Where'd you get it all?"

He leaned across Danny's shoulder for a peach.

"Well," said Roussel, "you got yours there." And to the tall black, "Drive round to the kitchen!"

Shaking, Salathiel rode with them, through a rounded archway.

"They got a couple of good-looking wenches here," he said. His teeth shone half sunk in the yellow flesh of the peach.

Danny looked at him with envy.

A shadow strode across the doorsill of the summer kitchen. Fanny looked over her shoulder.

"D'you get the harness?"

"Course I got it," said the tall nigger. "I got Telly's two guinea hens too."

"It was where I said it was, wasn't it?"

He laid the dead fowls down on the black table.

"I tore the floor right up," he said.

"Dicey, you got any baking soda?"

"There's some wood ashes steeping up there in that jar."

"That'll do," Fanny said. "I thought I'd make 'em some soda biscuits with this white flour. I don't know this kitchen at all. I never could cook in a strange kitchen. Georgie, get me that washall."

"You certainly want a lot of waiting on." George neither stirred nor looked up. His yellow eyeballs were bent on his hands, as slice after slice of dark, veined, fat-bordered ham curled over his knife and fell.

"You said you wanted to fry this ham, didn't you?" he went on, his eyes on the long sharpened knife.

"She's got some more hams hid away. Thank you, Dicey." Fanny shook a measure of flour from the sack into the wide tin pan. "Somewhere. But I don't know presactly where."

"Who's got hams?" George asked.

"Mrs. Colston," said Fanny.

"When do we eat?" Roussel stopped in the kitchen doorway, Rowley behind him.

"When it's ready," Fanny answered. "And if you don't stop bothering me, it ain't never going be ready. Gimme that buttermilk, Dicey."

"Well then, how about something to drink?" said Roussel.

"There's the spring down there," said Dicey.

"Gi 'em the keys, Georgie. Dan'l, you go with 'em."

"I ain't got no keys." George did not look up.

"You want me to come over there and take those keys out of your pocket? Give 'em the keys to the cellar, I tell you."

"They're in the top left-hand-side drawer in the sideboard," said George. "Here's the key to the sideboard."

The tall black negro went with Roussel through the far door of the kitchen and along the covered and arched way that led to the house. Rowley from the garden doorway watched them go.

"What 'o you want to give everything to them Yankees for, Fanny? I'm keeping that wine."

"They brought us our freedom, didn't they?"

"You still cooking, ain't you? I'm still buttlering. What's the use of freedom if you still working?"

"You're a dum nigger," said Fanny.

Her hair was puffed out; about her middle she had tied with a great bow a white and clean apron. She wore still Mrs. Colston's yellow flounced dress that left her fine arms bare. As she stirred the pan, mixing the dough with quick and brown and vigorous hands, she set her hips moving. Salathiel Rowley, his shoulder propped against the door-frame, stood without moving intently watching her hips under the shining yellow folds gently moving and shaking as she stirred.

When George left the summer kitchen (the carving knife wiped of ham grease, cleaned and carefully put away where it belonged, in the drawer of the rickety table) he made his way into the house with a lurching gait and with pauses to roll his yellow eyes over all he could see in the descending dusk. He peered into corners and stayed to stare at familiar objects, as a man might who is preparing to close his abode against a long, perhaps an ultimate absence. At the dining-room door he stopped and only glanced sidewise, his eyes, brown in yellow eyeballs, fixing on nothing directly, but seeing everything.

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The prodigality of light shocked him. It had been a long time since the room had seen so many points of flame. The soldiers had brought their own candles, or some one's candles—in the Gravatts' day, in their nights rather, there had been lamps, but never so many—they were stuck everywhere, some upheld in their own cold melting on the sideboard, on the window sills, those on the table thrust into the throats of emptied bottles. The sideboard was bright and crowded with bottles, clarets and sherries, wines that had been kept back for great occasions, home-made vintages of parsnip and wild grape and elderberry, wines given out for sickness and served to less estimable visitors.

The sidelong leer counted the soldiers, twenty or more, ranged on both sides the length of the table, clustered at each end, their chairs askew, in a broken hubbub drinking. For a moment it rested on a small, pale, black-haired boy who leaned and solemnly carved something, his initials no doubt, in the wax-darkened board. Then the yellow eyeballs moved and saw Dan'l with his huge strength lift from the floor the one keg of whiskey the cellar had kept and pour out drinks for the Yankees directly from the bunghole, tipping it till the last drops ran out into a tall glass, which he kept for himself and drank at one gulp to the whole room's shouting.

The shout was still going when Dicey came in with the ham, a heaped platter of smoky fragrance, followed by Phemy with the first biscuits. At the sight of them it soared again from shriller throats and half the soldiers began pounding on the table.

Before this uproar, George closed his eyes and lurched away, bewildered, into the emptiness of the huge house. He followed the stairs and the dark upper hall. Groping his way into his master's bedroom, he strayed for some minutes amid the unseen furniture. Then suddenly and wildly he started pulling the drawers from the bureau and scattering their contents through the air, over the floor.

When he came down again into the candlelight and confusion of the dining-room, his eyes were smaller and he walked with strange stiffness up to the sideboard. He had made himself grand in an old coat with swallow tails, dark in color, a shiny blue like a swallow's wings, on which some of the brass buttons remained. His master's shirts had been rifled—he had found one especially frilled and topped it with a prodigious neckcloth, starched and puffing. George was not tall. The nankeen pantaloons he had put on fell only too copiously over his bowed legs—without however covering his shoes, which showed as shabby as when he had climbed the stairs—and exposed unhappily the same brown bare toes.

He took up a bottle and regarded the label, then moving his brown head (stiffly because of the high, puffed neckcloth) he sent his sidelong glance along first one side and then the other of the table, with a bewildered, almost a crazed concentration, as though wondering where, in what nightmare, that sight had before met his eyeballs. Fanny had just come in with the last of her cooked dishes. The solemnity of hunger was gone; the soldiers ate more slowly now, more noisily. One of them, a lanky youth with black greasy locks that fell across his laughing face, pulled Fanny down to him and bawled in her ear: "Fanny, if you ever cook like this for the Johnnies again, I'll shoot you dead." He laughed again and pushed his glass of claret toward her lips. "As sure as I'm alive, I'll shoot you dead." Giggling, Fanny drank. Dicey had already found a place at the table. Drunken Dan'l (the yellow leer still roved through the room, turning above the high stiff neckcloth) stood like a man asleep. George drew the loose cork from his bottle, sniffed it as he had seen his master do, lifted it—

"Come here, Fanny," Roussel shouted. "Come here and let me smack you on the fanny."

Danny let out a laugh that had in it something of a shriek, it was so young. He was having a good time. He couldn't remember ever having had such a good time.

Roussel sat reared in his chair, his coat off, for the night was warm. Brown and glistening he shone, naked to the waist, tattooed with blue stains over the chest and shoulders. He was well and toughly made, his hair streaked his forehead with small wet curls. Beside him Rowley handsomely smiled.

Danny seized his glass. The wine was awfully sour at first, but you could drink it if you opened your mouth and let it run down fast. And it made you feel fine. He looked up to see that Fanny had disentangled herself from the soldier with the lanky black hair and come over to Rowley. Laughing into his glass, he repeated to himself "Fanny on her fanny—" He couldn't help it—it was so funny. "Fanny on her fanny." Bitterly the wine went down.

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Roussel was showing the naked woman tattooed on his arm, making her dance by quivering his muscles. Rowley held the negress to him with one hand, while the other groped in the folds of her yellow skirt. The light had gone from his face; his eyes dulled; his mouth was held in a curious tensity. On Fanny's forehead, the sweat gathered, while with still eyes she watched the dancing of Roussel's arm.

A bottle dropped to the floor, crashing.

With shining face, fascinated, Danny watched the tattooed lady dance. Suggestively she quivered, prompted by Roussel's muscles. Once he looked at Rowley, who answered him, his handsome face as blank as brass. He smiled only when he lifted his face to the negress's, his right hand eagerly gone into the yellow folds.

"She's not much to look at," he said, "but she's awful accommodating. Aren't you, Fanny? You're going to be accommodating, aren't you, Fanny?"

She giggled and pushed his hand away, which promptly returned. The tattooed lady gave a final twitch and Roussel's arm slipped under the table and brought up a stone jug of brandy.

"Drinks around!" he said, gathering in the glasses. "Come here, Dicey. Come here and get a drink."

Danny moved over to make room for her. She rested her elbow on Roussel's shoulder while she drank, sputtering a little.

"Whew!" Roussel drained his brandy at a gulp. Then taking hold of Dicey's wrists, "I feel," he said determinedly, "I feel like a morning star!"

George, down on the floor, groped with huge hands over the carpet, picking up one by one fragments of glass, scattered when the bottle had slipped from his hands and fallen—with a little wine—at the first sight of what was going on at the other end of the table. Feeling Phemy near him, he fumbled at her apron and his fists still closed on the broken glass, helped himself to his knees.

"Listen here—" His head came to the level of the table, his yellow eyeballs into the candlelight. "I don't want no carryin'-on. You understand? Fanny can carry on with them white soldiers, I don't care. She don' belong here nohow."

Phemy glanced toward Rowley. She did not bring her eyes back to the dark crouched face beside her. The negro loosed the glass from his fist and caught hold of her hand.

"I don' care what she does," he repeated. "I ain't got nothing to do with her. She's an onnery nigger. But I ain't going to have no carryin's-on with you an' Dicey."

Phemy pulled her hand away.

"Who you talking to, nigger?"

"I'm talking to you." He was on his feet now. "And you tell Dicey what I said. You hear me?"

"Yes, I hear you. You hurt my hand."

Far off, Danny heard his name called, and brought his head up. Through a haze yellowed by many candle flames, he saw Bowie, at the far end of the table. He did not want to move. He knew what they wanted, Bowie and Greer. He did not want to be teased.

Alone, his mind wandered between a stupor and a dream. He walked with his younger brother on a warm, sunny autumn day. They had gone tramping through the Pennsylvania woods, along paths where the goldenrod, still wet from morning, brushed into their passing hands. Together, they had gathered persimmons, not yet frosted into ripeness, twisting the mouth into sour shapes. They had filled their arms with wild asters, only to drop them when they climbed a rail fence to come home through the fields. It seemed so long ago, but it wasn't. Only two years, not that quite. His brother was now just the age he had been then. He wondered if the war would go on until his brother had come in, and he wondered with sudden melancholy what he would do after the war.

He got up from the table, pausing to take a swig from the brandy Roussel had poured for him. Roussel was gone after Rowley; Fanny and the other, the young negress, were gone. He felt the need of having something cool and sweet poured over his face, and sought the window.

Again he heard his name called, and Bowie looked at him hard through the candlelit haze.

"Come here," he said not unkindly. "Come here, Danny, I got a crow to pick with you."

Uncertainly, Danny came to him.

"I'm drunk," he announced.

"Well, you ain't the only one." Bowie gave a nod toward Gallop, who stolidly snored beside him. "Look here, Danny, what'd you want to go off and leave us for?"

"When?" Danny asked.

"You know when. You ought to've stuck around. We just paid a little social call on your

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friend. She'd have been glad to see you, Danny."

"He lit out like a lightning bird," Greer put in. "I looked round for him soon as her face showed in the door and there was Danny running over the grass."

"Oh—her?" said Danny. "What'd I want to see her for?" The morning seemed to him immensely far away. But suddenly he said with a pleased voice, "I kissed her, didn't I? I made her awful mad, didn't I?"

"Is that your idea with the women—? To make 'em mad?"

"Where's Roussel?" Danny asked vaguely.

"I guess he's up-stairs," said Greer with morose amusement. "Making of them black wenches mad."

"Where you going, Danny?" Bowie caught hold of the boy's sleeve.

"After Roussel," said Danny perversely.

"Now look here, Danny——"

"Well, you didn't get anything, did you? We got it all. If it hadn't been for us, you wouldn't had nothing."

Corporal Bowie was silent for a moment. Then, very quietly, he admitted that it had been a good feed.

"He's a good forager. I never said he wasn't. But you take papa's word for it and let Roussel alone. And what's more, I don't like that other friend of yours. He's too God damn goodlooking."

"I've got to go," said Danny. He knew if he didn't turn suddenly into the cool air he would be sick.

"All right. But don't say I didn't tell you."

Bowie watched him fumble toward the door and disappear, his head held high, into the unlighted hall. The youth with the black falling sidelocks had climbed to a chair, where he swayed in drunken oratory, whose pauses were applauded with shouts and the pounding of glasses. He made a period of Danny's departure and himself lifted a bottle to replenish his wit. A few belated soldiers moved around the table with hungry fingers picking from the cold dishes, silent amid the general noise.

Sergeant Gallop suddenly pulled himself up and stared with sullen amazement at the lights of the table. He reached for the nearest bottle and finding it empty tossed it into the corner.

"How's the liquor?" he asked.

"Bad," Greer answered.

Gallop could only repeat "Bad—?"

"I mean if there's any more, you'll have to find it."

Bowie watching the door saw Rowley come in, looking very pleased and only slightly dishevelled. Behind him the negress's eyes were apparent in the dimness. There was a moment before Fanny ventured into the light, all her black wool wildly combed about her head, her yellow flounces boldly advancing.

"We going to get some liquor," she called aloud. "Who's coming with us? We going to get some good liquor."

Gallop staggered to his feet.

The clock on the court-house tower gathered and struck, let eleven strokes fall on the darkness. Then the clock on the stair landing gave a tinny gasp and thinly twanged eleven.

It's like something that can't get its breath, Celie thought. Strange they should go on striking.

She remembered something she'd been told, of clocks stopping in a house, all the clocks stopping, on the dead instant when some one died. They had left them there, and years afterward people coming into the house could see the hands pointed on all the clocks to the same moment, a moment in the past, keeping time, yes, but motionless, keeping a dead time.

But here everything would have to go on. Time passed in the town and was counted on the court-house clock. and time passed on the landing. It seemed to her strange that the clocks should strike, that with such emptiness before her time should still be divided into hours.

Yet eleven struck and the half hour, and with it the rain came, not violent as might have been thought after the heat, but on the darkness a quiet downpour. She got up and made a light, the last of the wintergreen candles, but what did it matter? Now that there was nothing left, what difference could it make, the last or the next to last?

The flame wavered, and on the window's dark quietly the rain fell. She sat on the side of the bed. She had touched nothing: the drawers overturned were still on the floor, the room in disarray as the soldiers had left it.

Oh, but life had been lovely then! They had sat under the lamp and her father read, or they talked aloud. And the things he said, the compliments he paid, he was himself almost a poet. Byron and Shakespeare—for his taste was always so distinguished—Portia's speech, or Mark Antony's, he knew all the fine passages by heart. The gentle rain from heaven. He knew them all! The plumèd troop, how he loved that, the shrill trump and all pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!

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And the things he said afterward—the comments he made—"The Winter's Tale," she could hear him now. "He wrote that when he knew what life was. The tragedies," he would say, "they are very fine as poetry, of course, but Shakespeare wrote them when he was young. But where the dead queen comes to life again, after all those years, I tell you, when he wrote that, he knew what life was. When you get to my age, you'll know that, you'll know that's what you want." She could hear him say it now. And it was so true. But who was it he wanted? It was not her mother, her mother was there. Some girl he had known before she was born, but no, no, it could not be some one he had wronged. She must have died young, and only her father had remembered her.

How true that is! she thought. You think life is going to be so wonderful, and then you find it has been wonderful.

That awful man had kissed her and she had let the corporal hold her in his arms.

Suddenly she could stand it no longer. She lifted the light and went down-stairs and out into the rain. She stayed in the tall grass, her feet deep in its wet blades and tickling crests of seeds. A moment the candle flame wavered, spluttered, and went out.

On her face she felt the rain and then her loose hair misted with rain. Oh, sweet it was to the breath and on her face cool and clean! There could not be enough of it. She wished she could feel it run through her, as it ran through the bones of the dead.

They could feel nothing, the dead, but the rain came down to them in their deep or shallow graves. It seeped to their mold and trickled through their bones. There were so many of them that night for the rain to find. Reverdy Tait and Banister Jackson and Cousin Hester's two boys that they had brought home to her on one day, and her own father and the girl he had not wronged, all the men who had been young when she was young and the boys that had come after them, Philip Ailett and the Terrill boy and John Colston, who was only fifteen years old, and Angus MacBeth and Tom Cochran and Lucius Gracy and oh, how many more! There were so many that the rain fell on that night, so many that were dead.

It makes me feel so old, she said, every one I know is dead.

At the first noise Mrs. Colston went in to call Telitha, who was sleeping almost sitting up, pillows piled behind her, with all her petticoats on. Shaken, the negress brought up her head with a start, and her eyes opening slowly came to a stare.

Mrs. Colston waited only to see her set her feet to the carpet, left her without a light to find her shoes, and herself went down the flickering steps into the kitchen. Her lifted candle diversified the gloom; she looked to find the guard sleeping on two chairs placed together against the wall. He was not there.

She put her candle on the floor, under the window. She could hear Fanny's voice now, shrill above the rest, and a sound that thudded until it ended in a groan of splitting wood. Climbing by a chair, she mounted the kitchen table on her knees and peered through the broken shutter where two slats were gone. A vast negro was there, stilted on long, rumpled legs, holding from ragged sleeves, with great bare arms, a pine torch aloft. The torch, swarming with sparks, illumined his small intent black head, outthrust and poring on the darkness. Two soldiers passed on the rim of the glare and suddenly Mrs. Colston saw Fanny move her yellow flounces into the light.

"Go get the guard. He must be somewhere —" She heard Telitha and called to her. "I'm going out there. They're trying to break into the cellar."

When she came out on the doorstep the tall negro drew in his head like a turtle. Fanny stopped, stilling her flounces; her head's wide standing bush and uneasy eyes gave her suddenly a demented air. A soldier took hold of her arm.

"I didn't bring 'em, Miss Melie. Deed I didn't. They made me bring 'em." It was almost as if she were giggling under her voice.

Carefully Mrs. Colston looked away from her.

"What do you want here?" she asked. It was the soldier with the axe who answered her. He let its helve slide through his hands and came toward her, walking with cautious tread. When he spoke, it was with difficulty, swaying on his axe.

Listening, Mrs. Colston heard behind her a creak in the house walls, but heard no sound of Telitha, none of the guard.

"There's no whiskey in the house," she said, thinking it was true, since neither the attic nor the cellar was a part of the house.

"There is, too," Fanny shouted. "Don't you believe her. She's got it hid."

"Shut up, you lying black hussy!" Mrs. Colston came down the doorstep, leaving the

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dimly lighted doorway unbarred. The vast negro brandished his torch, scattering sparks, then stupidly held it still. Mrs. Colston stopped short.

"Don't you touch me!" Fanny pulled her soldier forward by the sleeve. Reluctantly he came, a handsome drunken boy. "That's all over now. You can't touch me. You whipped us till we dropped down dead. You thought you could do what you wanted cause our skins was black. That's all over now——"

Burnished by the light, Fanny lifted her brown face, and her voice rose, not in jubilation but a long pent-up moan.

"We going to sit by our own vine and fig tree. We ain't to going to be slaves no more. That's all over now."

And the big nigger stirred from his stupor to call, "All over now——"

"You're drunk," said Mrs. Colston.

"You sold my sister down the river. You sold three of us for debt. You sold her down the river and you took her from her child."

"Yes, and who let her child die?" Mrs. Colston demanded. She felt her heart beat with anger and answered as to the summons of a drum. "Who let it die? She kept it in her cabin and was too lazy to feed it. She let it starve, she was glad when it was dead." It made no difference to her that the soldier to whom she spoke, balancing his axe, was too befuddled to follow what she said.

Nor did Fanny hear her. Doubly drunken now, with the whiskey she had consumed, with a hope and a grief not all her own, she stood apart, moving in small jerks, her flounces keeping time, while she poured out all she could remember of every abuse of slaves she had ever heard. The first rain fell. And a soldier no one had seen before came up out of the dark and stared with sad, bearded, uncomprehending face from the two negroes to the doorstep where Mrs. Colston stood, her great shawl drawn over her head.

"You sent my sister down the river and you left her child to die," Fanny moaned and the big nigger with profound voice sobbing responded.

"I wish to God I'd sent you there!" Behind her Mrs. Colston felt Telitha's bulk on stockinged feet arrive. The rain increased. "He's coming," Telitha mumbled. "He was asleep in the parlor on the sofa, all curled up."

There was a sudden flight of needles on the rim of the dark. Unmindful of the rain, Fanny complained:

"You whipped me! She used to whip me."

"I never whipped you," said Mrs. Colston.

"I'll show you where my back's all scarefied." And Fanny began stripping her dress from her shoulders. Naked under her dress, she made her arms and back bare to the rain.

"I never whipped you the way you deserved—" Behind her Mrs. Colston heard Telitha mumbling still: "It was so dark I didn't see him the first time." And the guard slid between them and sprung from the doorstep, his bayonetted rifle held high in the air. "He was sleeping like he was dead."

The axe lifted fell on the cellar door with a crash.

"Guard!" Mrs. Colston screamed, "stop that man breaking my door down——"

But Stainback, having touched the ground, merely stood, vague with sleep, looking on in dull surprise.

"All we want's a drink," said the soldier plaintively. "And she won't give it to us." He dropped his axe. "You tell her, Gallop. You're a sergeant. You tell her we got to have a drink."

"Feel there," said Fanny. And the big nigger, dropping his head, called out, "Thank Gawd A'mighty!" His torch was almost out, but a low flame creeping under the rain suddenly spurted and for a moment faintly burned.

In the torch's sudden light Mrs. Colston saw Fanny dart forward, naked to the waist and with savage hair.

"Don't ask her. Go on and take what you want. If she won't give it to you, burn her house down." And stopped by the guard's bayonet outthrust, she still shouted, "Burn her down. Go on, burn her down."

"You hear what she said?" Mrs. Colston shook the shoulder of her guard. "You hear what she said?"

"Yes, and I will too. If they won't do it, I will."

"You ain't going to do nothing," Stainback drawled. "Not while I'm here."

"Who the hell are you?" some one called.

"I know who you all are," said Stainback soberly. The torch died and again the night was a pale shadow above black trees out of which rain fell.

An instant or two of silence came with the dark. And though he threatened them with words, there was nothing violent in the Tennessean's slow voice as he told the soldiers to be off. Even Fanny had subsided; withdrawn into the dark she felt Rowley's arm come round her naked waist and his hand move

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upward. Their heads were close together; she let herself go and wept. Mrs. Colston, unsure of the dark, sent her negress into the kitchen to fetch the candle and hold its small light behind her.

"Still," she thought, "I can't blame them. I know what they suffer, one side or the other. If I were a soldier, I'd take what I could find." And suddenly she heard herself say aloud:

"I have some whiskey—that I've kept back for sickness. I'll give it to you, sergeant, if you'll get those drunken niggers away from here."

Stainback's droning argument stopped, and Mrs. Colston drew back more deeply into the shadow of her shawl, astonished at what she had said and a little ashamed.

All else was dark. In the open door of the summer kitchen a last candle flickered and showed in diminished light the first arches of the covered way.

"That you, Gallop?"

At the dark end of the arcade a cigar burned, rose and came to meet him. "I've been waiting for you."

Bowie stepped into the open and brought his face close to the sergeant's. "Where the hell've you been? Where's Rowley?"

"We lost him," said Gallop.

"I'd like to kick his tail for him. And by God, I could do it too." Bowie spat. "Right on the tail. Those two certainly started something. Listen! Walk around here with me. When you go in there, Gallop, you got to do something."

It was dark under the great house. Only one window from an upper story, through a broken slat, let fall a strip of light on the wet grass.

"They started it. Now the whole lot of 'em's wild. They've got those two wenches in there —the whole lot of 'em."

"What the hell! You can't rape a nigger."

"Can't you?" said Bowie. "You wait! they're standing in line for 'em."

"Well, what you want me to do about it?"

"You're a sergeant, ain't you? Well——"

He turned the corner and under his feet heard the gravel of the front walk crunch.

"Hey! What's the matter with you? Can't you walk?"

"It's just my feet," said Gallop. "I'm all right. It's just my feet are drunk."

Bowie stopped and listened carefully. "What was that?" From the steps of the high porch came a low sound of sobbing.

Bowie went toward it over the crunching gravel. The dark mass huddled on the steps straightened and as the door opened started down the steps. Bowie put out his arm, caught a slight wrist. In the light of the opened doorway he turned Danny's frightened face to his. George stood there watching.

"What's the matter, Danny?"

"Let me go!"

"I thought I told you to stay away from that Roussel gang." He held hard to the boy's wrist.

George came to the top of the steps. Seeing the three of them, he turned on lurching legs and went back.

"Aw, hell!" said Gallop. "You can't rape a nigger. Let him go!"

The door closed on darkness.

"I haven't done nothing," said Danny. His voice was still shaken. "I swear I haven't, Bowie, I swear. I don't know what's the matter with me."

"It's all right, Danny. It's all right." Danny was sobbing again. "Run along and have yourself a little walk. It'll cool your head. That's all's the matter with you. Come on, Gallop!" Bowie set his cigar in his teeth and with firm tread mounted the steps and strode over the porch.

The front door opened for them. And George watched them up the stairs, the sergeant lagging behind the corporal. Then he went very quietly out the door and closed it behind him.

Fiery and cool the morning rose, the sun tremendous on the far hills. A moment earlier they had been intense with blue; now broken on the east their dark color was lost and all their folds misted with light. On the lawn, in the grass, the rain still held, an unfading dew. And thickets of syringa, into which brambles of wild, heat-withered blackberry had grown, brushed by Bowie's hand, loosed a small sprinkling of belated rain.

Gallop stumbled behind him.

"What's the matter, sarge?"

"Ease it up, will you?" Gallop closed the gate. "I ain't putting out much this morning." Lifting a head big with last night's drink, he saw they had come into an orchard.

The grass in the orchard was deep. The path ran close under the wet syringa hedge. Bowie thrust aside a last heavy branch and

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saw beyond it, on the bare bank, a soldier's body limply collapsed, the legs sprawled.

His head was turned on his arm. Bowie leaned to rouse him. Then he saw he was not asleep.

"Why, it's Danny——"

The jacket was still tightly buttoned, the trousers too big. The crotch was seeped in blood.

Bowie put his arm around its shoulder. He knelt and Danny's head lolled on his arm.

"Aw," said Gallop. "Aw!" It was some minutes before he could add, "Who done that? Aw! Who do you think done that?"

The corporal still held the dead head on his arm and with his free hand sought the unbeating heart.

Gallop stared. "He never done that hisself. No man would do that to hisself."

"We can't leave him here," said Bowie.

"That's right. We can't leave him here." And then hurriedly—"Here, Bowie, let me take him!"

Bowie thought he could manage. But his hands slid on the stained blue cloth.

"Oh, God! Gallop— This certainly does make me feel wicked."

He gave up. And in the end it was the sergeant who heaved Danny to his shoulder and they went together, Danny with falling legs, through the orchard, and across a wild field and along a dusty road and heavily into the early streets of the unawakened town.

"She's there," said Telitha, and after her Mrs. Colston with compressed lips murmured "She's there!"

She held to the stair-rail until her hands went white. And she thought, If there's still time—

"Mus' I let her come in? She says she's come to get her clothes."

There was a moment before Mrs. Colston could answer aloud. Then she said, "No, don't let her come in."

Telitha waited at the foot of the stairs.

"What mus' I tell her?"

"Tell her I'll talk to her."

She listened until she heard, in the kitchen, Telitha open and close the back door. Then she pressed down the stairs, her mind repeating, If there's still time—

She peered through one of the little curtained windows that gave light to the hall. Stainback was still there, a droop to his blue-coated back, depending on his rifle. The bayonet was tipped with the morning light.

Swinging the door wide, she called, and he brought up a sleepy sunburnt face. His ears move like a jack-rabbit's, she thought, and with a dead smile said:

"I was afraid you'd be gone."

"No'm, we ain't moving out before twelve. I thought I'd stick around."

"That nigger's come back." She looked toward the house and again at Stainback. His face was so unchanged that desperate she asked: "Has Telitha given you any breakfast?"

"No'm, not yet."

"Then come with me. I can get you some coffee."

She stopped him in the parlor. "Wait here— But, listen, you remember what she said last night?"

"Sort of."

"Well, think! She said she'd burn this house down—you remember? She said she'd burn the house down if it wasn't for the soldiers."

"Yes'm, I do recollect her saying something like that."

"Well," said Mrs. Colston, "you're going."

The Yankee smiled. "I'd think you'd be glad to see us go."

She stopped her exasperation on a sigh. "Wait," she said, "I'll get you some coffee."

She brought it to him hot and sweetened. To drink it, he subsided to the haircloth sofa and let his rifle slant between his knees. The position was awkward: to pour the coffee into the saucer and drain it while still balancing the cup took, apparently, his whole mind. All he could say to the repetitions of Fanny's midnight threats—their menace increasing as Mrs. Colston's voice rose and sank, wasted like a sea on his stolidity—was simply and repeatedly "She was drunk."

"You don't know what she's like. Suppose she was drunk— I reckon she can get drunk again. It's not the first time. I tell you my life's not safe—not for a minute—after you're gone. You don't seem to realize—you come here and upset these negroes, then you go away and leave us to deal with them. I tell you my life's not safe."

"Well," said Stainback, replacing the cup on the saucer and shoving both on the mantelpiece, "what do you want me to do to her?" He stood up, holding his rifle by the barrel.

"I don't know. But you ought to know. You're a man."

Suddenly he grinned at her.

"You want me to whip her? Is that what you want? Cause I can do it."

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"I don't know," Mrs. Colston repeated. "All I know is, my life's not safe with that woman around. If you think it'll do any good, go ahead. Whip her. But I don't know—that may make her only worse—once you're gone."

There was a noise in the kitchen. They both stood listening while it came nearer. The door opened, and Fanny was there, erect but bedraggled, all her wild hair on end. Something beaten, something subdued looked out of her deep eyes, but when she spoke it was to put on impudence.

"I come here to get my clothes. Mis' Colston, I can't work for you no more." Seeing the guard, she smiled easily. "Hello, soldier boy——"

Neither Mrs. Colston nor the guard spoke and Fanny went on glibly:

"I got to take my things. Those soldiers said last night they'd kill me if I worked for white people any more." Something in the countenances that unmoving regarded her caused her to add, "Deed they did. I swear they did, Mis' Colston."

Mrs. Colston spoke slowly: "Nothing you've got is yours. I want you to get out of here. I don't want you ever to come back."

Fanny flared. "You can't order me around. Freedom's done cried. I c'n stay where I please. I can take my clothes and go where I please." She drew close to the Northern soldier. "I c'n take anything here I wants."

"Go with her, guard." Mrs. Colston went to the door. Since it was already open, she merely held it for the bewildered Fanny to be thrust through and the guard to follow, his rifle slung by its strap over one shoulder.

She watched them through another door and through the back door—from the kitchen window watched them as they went through the garden, along that path which once all her roses had bordered, then leaving it strike across an open plot as though they made for the barn. She called. But Telitha was strangely gone from hearing. Passing along the hall, she called again through an empty house.

"I don't know what'll happen," she said, but she knew that whatever happened, she must not be alone in the house. Her shawl hung from the stair-rail, thrown there at the end of the night; she gathered it about her shoulders and stood listening by the front door. After a moment she opened it.

It was only then that she saw, turning before she went out, Telitha standing above stairs, obscure in her turban, her face unalive except for her eyes.

"We've got to do something. I don't know — But if he whips her, it'll be worse than ever. We've got to find somebody to stop him." And since the negress said nothing she went on: "He's taken her out behind the barn. I don't know——"

She drew her shawl closer about her and hurried out. The silence of early morning was on the early street; the sunlight fell on shutters and on empty porches. Not a soul disturbed the small fracas of birds in the dusty roadway. A grackle walked sedately on the lawn, a black iridescence that oddly regarded her with one yellow eye each time his beak thrust at the grass.

Far up the street a soldier turned a corner, then another. Afraid, she waited for a shattering of the air.

It came, a shot that took the grackle from the grass and sent him cawing with annoyance into the lowest maple leaves. Nearer the soldiers trudged, slowly, one of them carrying bent on his shoulder a body heavy enough to be dead. For the man that bore him strained under the weight. The other followed, a little behind, looking at the gutter as he passed.

"I must wait for them," Mrs. Colston thought, "I must let them see me, even if they're only Yankees."

Nearer they came with slow and weighted tread, walking on the first fallen leaves, but with no more sound than if they had been figures in a dream. The bearded man's shoulder sagged, the body was held by the legs. The soldier that walked behind did something unseen with his hands, then only marched, his head down as though he counted the first of the fallen leaves.

The time of their coming was long. It was with relief that Mrs. Colston heard the sound of their feet on the pressed dirt of the walk, not loud, but alive. She could stand it no longer; she went into the house and through the house and out the back door. Stainback was coming along the garden path where the roses browned on their stalks. His rifle was unslung; he carried it balanced on his hand. He looked up when he saw her and saluted and almost seemed to smile.

"I done what you told me." He brought up again his face with sun-darkened cheeks and sleepy, strangely pale eyes. "She won't bother you any more."

"You didn't—I never told you. Telitha!" Mrs. Colston screamed. "Telitha, you heard every word I said. I never told him, did I?"

"I got to go now," said Stainback, and slung

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his rifle to his shoulder. "We're moving out pretty soon, I reckon."

"Telitha," Mrs. Colston called. "Telitha, where are you? You heard every word I said——"

"Good morning!"

Miss Cary came in with the breakfast tray and put it down with the usual matutinal smile. And Cousin Hester regarded it with an eye as curious as though she had dreamed something else might be there than the same two pieces—always small—of corn pone wanting in salt and unsoftened by butter and the hot cup that did not smell of coffee, but of parched corn grains and sorghum molasses.

"I don't see how you can say that. I had a terrible night."

"Did you? I'm sorry. I see you've opened the windows."

"Yes," said Cousin Hester. "I had to get up. I couldn't stand it. I tried reading the Bible, but the words went all wrong." She lifted her long head from which two graying braids, tied with blue faded bows, were suspended. Over her flannel nightgown, knotted at the neck with a drawstring, she had fitted a round collar of lace that had been a long time without washing. "I think something's gone wrong with my head. I feel absolutely beraddled."

"The troops are moving out to-day."

"And no wonder," Hester continued, "after all I've been through." Then munching she said, "I know it. They're going out at twelve. The orders've been given."

Miss Cary turned swiftly.

"How did you know that?"

"A man told me."

"A man?"

"Yes, I talked to him out of the window."

"But who was it, Cousin Hester?"

"Oh, just a man. I guess you'd know him. But I don't know who he was. We talked quite a while. Miss Annie Strother's house has been burned down."

"Cousin Hester!"

"Oh, yes, down to the ground. The colonel did it. They say he was there with five hundred soldiers. They carried out everything, silver and— They even say there was a soldier walked down Main Street with her hoops tied round his waist and her best pelisse on over his uniform."

"But, Hester, you mustn't do things like that."

"Now, look here, Celie—I'm old enough and ugly enough to do just what I feel like. If I want to talk to the devil himself out of the window I'll do it. And nobody's going to stop me."

"Is your coffee all right?" Miss Cary asked with all the sweetness she could summon.

"Yes, it's all right—considering that it's not coffee and that whoever roasted the grains burnt 'em. It's hot, and that's something. I tell you, Celie, I think I'm going crazy."

"Hester, you mustn't say such things——"

"But I am. I must be. You have no idea how queer it was reading the Bible. The words got all mixed up. I'd see one thing, then I'd say another."

A tinny rattle surprised them and the clock on the staircase sounded its feeble strokes.

"Oh, my goodness!"

"What is it?" Cousin Hester asked. "It's just eight o'clock."

"It isn't that," said Celie. "It's that I forgot to wind it. I always wind it on Sunday. I must do it right away before I forget it."

To the noise of the clock wheels' winding, Hester untied the first of the little blue bows and loosened a braid for the day's combing. "I am the Resurrection and the Death—" The comb went softly through a strand of hair. Then she sat up stark in her bed and repeated aloud: "I am the Resurrection and the Death!"

The clock wheels ground.

"One Way of Love" by Grace Flandrau is the third of the long stories eligible for SCRIBNER'S *$5,000 prize. It is an extraordinary tale of a man faced with the failure of his life in the heart of the Congo. Not only is it an outstanding piece of literary craftsmanship, but it is a gripping, heart-stirring study of an individual who might have been any of us. It will appear complete in the October* SCRIBNER'S.

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Behind the Scenes

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

We feel quite triumphant to have come up, shaken but whole, from our dive into the flood of contest manuscripts with "Many Thousands Gone," by John Peale Bishop, in our editorial grasp. This war episode is the second candidate for the long short-story prize. John Peale Bishop, a Southerner, belonged to that brilliant group of young men (F. Scott Fitzgerald, Edmund Wilson, etc.) who, emanating from Princeton just after the War, startled the literary world. "The Undertaker's Garland," an anthology of original contributions by Mr. Bishop and Edmund Wilson, created a great stir in literary circles when it appeared in 1922. For several years Mr. Bishop was an editor of *Vanity Fair,* before he married and went abroad to live. He is now living in Paris.

Ruth Suckow's brilliant articles and stories concerning the American scene have been appearing frequently in the magazines during the past five years. She was born in Iowa, and went to school in Iowa, Massachusetts, and Colorado. She has lived in various places in the United States, most recently in New York City and Vermont. Her published novels include "Country People" and "The Bonney Family." She has made one collection of her short stories, "Iowa Interiors."

Pare Lorentz has been seeing movies intensively for the last four years, during which he has been movie critic—and associate editor—of *Judge*. Born in Clarksburg, W. Va., in 1905, he attended West Virginia Wesleyan and West Virginia University "with practically no distinction," he says. Mr. Lorentz is a contributor to *Forum, Vanity Fair, Plain Talk,* and various humorous magazines.

Gerald Carson is connected with the advertising firm with the rhythmic name of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, in New York City. He is from Illinois, where he attended the State University. Two articles by him, "Business Men of Letters" and "The Village Atheist," appeared in SCRIBNER'S in 1928, and he frequently has reviews in our department, "Literary Sign-Posts."

Sara Teasdale continues to deserve her position as one of our foremost poets. She is the author of some half-dozen volumes of exquisite verse. In October Macmillan will publish her new volume of poems for young people, "Stars Tonight." It will include many poems which have not heretofore appeared in print. Miss Teasdale's home is in New York, although she is at the present writing in the south of France.

Elizabeth Corbett was born in Illinois, brought up in Wisconsin, and now lives in New York. She has published five books. Three were novels and two a new form of biography written in dialogue. "Walt," which dealt with Walt Whitman, appeared in 1928, and "If It Takes All Summer," the life story of Ulysses S. Grant, in 1930. She has done a great deal of work for magazines. "The Portrait" is her first appearance in SCRIBNER'S.

William C. White undertakes to make clear the new moral code in Russia—and will probably be called a Bolshevik for his pains. He has spent the last three years among the Russians, and hopes to go back. "Moscow Morals" is his third article on conditions in Russia which SCRIBNER'S has printed recently. *The Forum* is printing a series of six articles by Mr. White which will be included in a book to appear some time this winter, published by Scribners.

Anne Elizabeth Wilson, who is Mrs. Victor Blochin, now lives in Ontario, Canada, a far cry from the locale of this story, but she knows her background, for she is a Kentuckian by birth and lived in the South. "The Miracle" is based on an actual episode in her family. The poems of Robert Burns Wilson, her father, used to appear frequently in the magazines, especially *Harper's.* She is a cousin of the late Thomas Nelson Page.

Frank R. Kent, vice-president of the Baltimore *Sun* after thirty years of association with it in various capacities, writes for it a daily column, "The Great Game of Politics." Four books and many articles have been published by him. This article on Michelson and "The Great Lobby

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Hunt" in May SCRIBNER's result naturally from his intimate observation of Washington currents, combined with his sharp, accurate, interpretive faculty.

Captain John W. Thomason's brilliant biography of Jeb Stuart is almost completed. It ends in the October issue. After a trip in July to Terrell, Texas, the home of his wife's parents, he sailed in August for Marine duty on the Asiatic Station. The last three years have been spent in historical research in Washington, D. C. He has previously served in the West Indies, in Central America, and in France during the World War, with the 5th Regiment. Although he is now only thirty-seven years old he has made his name as a man of action and as an author and an artist.

Margaret Carpenter's father, George Rice Carpenter, then professor of English at Columbia University, told his daughter when she was twelve that some day she would write stories. So to-day she uses his name on the stories she writes, even though she is Mrs. Henry B. Richardson. "Brought up in New York, educated at the Briarley, I cut short a college career by marrying, and have been raising children and subjecting my husband to very impressionistic housekeeping ever since."

Arthur Train, celebrated lawyer, is even better known as an author. Perhaps Mr. Tutt is the best beloved character of his creation. Mr. Train was born in Boston, took his degrees at Harvard, and is now living in New York. The present article grew out of investigations he has been making for a book to be published next spring, "Puritan's Progress," which is largely concerned with the social history of America.

The poems of Ruth Lambert Jones have appeared several times before in this Magazine, and she was one of the anonymous contributors to our old "Point of View" department which ran so long in SCRIBNER's. Miss Jones's home is in Haverhill, Mass. Katherine Garrison Chapin (Mrs. Francis Biddle) is also a frequent contributor of verse to this Magazine. Her poems are to be collected in a volume entitled "Outside of the World" and published this fall. Mrs. Biddle lives in Philadelphia.

What You Think About It

SHERWOOD ANDERSON and Struthers Burt stirred the waters at a great rate with their articles on the "Cotton Mill" and "The Benefits of Prohibition" in the July number. Mr. Anderson's paper, of course, met with the widest response in the South, where the subject of the cotton mill is a warm one. That portion of Mr. Anderson's article, however, which referred to his thoughts on the small town and his defense of it against the "realists" who have not been sparing in their words on it, brought attention from many quarters. Perhaps the finest comment on the article in both its phases came from an editorial in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

Sherwood Anderson, who is one of the most superb and most confused philosophers of American life—superb because America is superb and confused because America is confused, too—writes of the cotton mill towns of the South in the July SCRIBNER's. His article is a hymn to the machine, a hymn to the village swimming pool, and an indictment of Sinclair Lewis.

Many a dapper young critic, writing of the American literature of the 1920's, brackets the names of Sherwood Anderson and of Sinclair Lewis. Anderson published "Winesburg, Ohio," in 1919, and Lewis "Main Street" in 1920. These books seemed to express a common revolt against the narrowness of life in the American small town. But Lewis continued to write diatribes, while Anderson bought a country newspaper and returned to the small-town life whence he had sprung. He loves the small town. He wants other people to love it. He loves people and wants other people to love them. The hate that crops out in Lewis's writings pains him. The whole modern crop of hate literature pains him. "To be quite in line now," he writes painedly, "a man should be quite hopeless of everything American." Of the small town. Of the cotton mill. And he likes them.

Sinclair Lewis wrote of Marion, N. C.. as well as of Sauk Center, Minn., a sort of newspaper pamphlet, burning with indignation. Anderson does not like it. "You can't quarrel with its facts," he says; "only it does not tell enough facts." What Lewis sees the mill doing to people is not all it is doing; and even the Southern mill owner is much more than Lewis saw. Mill workers, mill owners—all are, to Anderson, people to understand and get to like; he resents writing that makes of any of them more people to hate.

It is very confused, this article of Sherwood Anderson's, made up of nostalgia for the swimming-hole days of his boyhood, of the kind of vast content that country sunshine gives and of that balance, delicacy and truth that lie in the machine. His is no sugared "good old days" attitude; he smells the sweat in the factory town and writes of it. But he likes the people who sweat; he does more than com-

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Schooling Raises Pay

Statistics show that, on the average, high school graduates earn $1.00 for every 72 cents earned by boys with merely elementary education.

"Dad, I want to get a job. Lots of rich men didn't go to school any longer than I have."

"My boy, you have heard about only the rare exceptions. You don't know how many millions of men have been barely able to keep body and soul together because they were only half educated and unable to compete with better trained men. You'd better go back to school."

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MAYBE it is the boy next door—perhaps it is your own boy—who is eager, restless and ambitious, who would like to quit school and go to work. He is looking forward to the day when he will have more spending money and more independence.

He has read of self-made men who had but little schooling. He sees no reason why he could not do equally well.

Tell him that if he had a chance to talk to one of the big, self-made men of whom he has heard, he would probably be told, "While I was earning a place for myself in the business world I studied at night trying to keep up mentally with my old school friends—even those who went through college."

Before he is permitted to leave school it would be a great thing if he could talk to some man or woman in charge of employment for a big company. He would learn that the better educated boys and girls are given preference, from the outset, over those who quit school too soon.

In almost every kind of work, whether manual, mechanical, business or professional, higher wages and salaries, in the overwhelming majority of cases, are earned by the best educated and best trained.

Apart from the greater enjoyment of books, arts and science gained through education—and just as a matter of cold dollars and cents—education pays the best dividends.

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plain of the heavy atmosphere. And perhaps this Sherwood Anderson that is growing within the shell of the man who wrote "Winesburg, Ohio," is a portent of something that is happening to the soul of America—as significant a portent as "Winesburg" itself was back in 1919. Certainly his understanding of Main Street, for all its confusion, seems far more complete, far more just, far nearer the truth, than any picture that can be gained from the sharp superficialities collated by Sinclair Lewis.

A PERTINENT INQUIRY

Lewis Gannett in his book column in the New York *Herald Tribune* becomes a bit caustic about "Cotton Mill":

Sherwood Anderson, in the July SCRIBNER'S, protests against the hate mood current in writing about the American small town. He is objecting to Sinclair Lewis's attack on his mill-town neighbors of the South; but it may be symptomatic that Sherwood Anderson, whose "Winesburg, Ohio" would hardly be called an affectionate portrait of the small town, is discovering such unsuspected virtues in those whom he once ruthlessly psychoanalyzed. We have had the escape literature, making life among the "upper classes" glamorous—the mood which still dominates the movies; and we have a literature so conscientiously "realistic" that it leaves the reader feeling dishonest if he dares to like anybody. Are we about to discover that our Victorian contemporaries are, after all, quite as picturesque as their ancestors and as decent folk as the analytic intelligentsia?

TOUCH NOT THE SPEAKEASY

Struthers Burt opened the flood-gates for a lot of discussion by his pæan on the speakeasy. Tears of nostalgia and thankfulness were spread all over the landscape by readers, columnists, and editorial writers. Heywood Broun in the New York *Telegram* and various other newspapers of the Scripps-Howard chain, wrote:

Struthers Burt, in the current issue of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, raises one issue which almost persuades me to be a prohibitionist. Noting the rising tide of wet sympathy, he asks with alarm what will become of the speakeasy if Volsteadism is abolished.

This is a problem worth pondering. I often have declared myself as being wholly on the side of Mrs. Boole, Dr. McBride and others who declare that the old saloon must not return. Certainly not—the new one is much better.

Here is the testimony of Mr. Burt with which I am in full accord and agreement. After a few complaints about conditions under the dry dynasty, he admits that it is foolish and narrow-minded to contend that there have been no benefits whatsoever.

"Among these benefits," he writes, "I would place first the speakeasy. Primarily I am speaking of the New York speakeasy, but almost any speakeasy will do.

"There is hardly a town or village in the United States which has not felt the ameliorating and civilizing influence of the institution, which coupled with the calm philosophic attitude of the proprietor and his ally, the bootlegger, has done much to allay the feverish pace of American life."

I am glad to find Mr. Burt paying this tribute to the personality of the speakeasy proprietor. He is far more affable and engaging than the old saloon keeper.

Of course, he has to be. Before prohibition we had no more than a saloon on every corner of the mid-town district, and since such a small area was devoted to drinking, each landlord behaved like a tyrant.

You could take what he offered or get out. But now fierce competition has mended the manners of the innkeepers. The speakeasy man can not afford to take any such harsh attitude.

There are twenty-six other places on the same block and possibly three in the same building. Not only is he the soul of courtesy, but frequently he says: "This is on me."

Still, in all sober justice, it would not be fair to explain the vast improvement solely on the grounds of economic pressure. The saloon was a business; the speakeasy is an adventure.

Gallant young gentlemen who would not have even considered soiling their hands in trade will consent to take a fling with a little bar and restaurant for the sake of the excitement.

But I fear Mr. Burt fights for a lost cause. When prohibition goes I'm afraid the speakeasy will go with it.

Mr. Burt and I should get together and form another chapter of the Anti-Saloon League. We might call it the pro-speakeasy branch of the Anti-Saloon League.

It is time for us to recognize what Bishop Cannon, Canon Chase and the rest have done to make dining and drinking far more pleasant than ever before.

And so let us shout encouragement in unison and cry, "Lay on, McBride, and don't allow these wets to abolish the old oaken speakeasy which we love."

THAT OLE COWBOY, BURT

But the Prohibition discussion wasn't the big news for us. It was Mr. Burt's reaction to the poetic words which we had to say about him in "Behind the Scenes" for July. Inspired by a perfect spring day, we wrote:

"His days as a Wyoming rancher and as a private in the Aviation Signal Corps may be behind him, but Struthers Burt retains the alert quality which has brought from him some of the tartest and most sensible papers written by an American author. From his terrace at Southern Pines, N. C., he keeps a finger on the nation's pulse and is not misled by the clamor from the wets or drys, or from the pros and antis on any subject."

Whereupon a Wyoming cyclone crossed the Mississippi, hurdled down the Mohawk Valley and landed in SCRIBNER'S office in a way fit to upset half the furniture. Here it is:

BELOVED SCRIBNER'S:

Who does the lady or gentleman who writes the Scenes think I am? And why does he, or she, suddenly elect me the Dean of American Letters? I know I have reached the incredibly ancient age of forty-seven, but—would you believe it?—I still can eat my meat and chew it, and yesterday—would you believe it?—I actually got out and walked three miles. Slowly, to be sure—I was "spotting timber" so I had to go slow—but, none the less, three miles. How's that for a senile old man?

Furthermore, my "days as a Wyoming rancher" are not over. Not by a damned sight. Nor will they ever be as long

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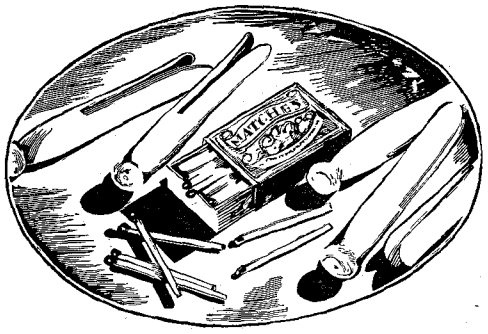

Not To Be Confused
WITH THE MINUTIAE

WE agree with you that some details of housekeeping are not important enough to merit a great deal of your attention. Life is too short to be spent in worrying about brands of clothespins, or the kind of matches used to light the kitchen range. There *is* such a thing as too much ado about nothing.

But the selection of laundry soap, if you'll pardon us, is something that deserves your closest attention. Soaps, like servants, differ greatly in the amount of work they do. Fels-Naptha does an unusual amount of work, with unusual ease.

With Fels-Naptha, no hard rubbing is needed. For the large, generous bar of Fels-Naptha gives *extra* help that gets *all* the dirt out—and does it ever so gently. New things stay new. Gay fabrics keep their brightness. Your clothes smell so sweet, it seems a clover-scented breeze has just blown through them.

For there's more in Fels-Naptha than meets the eye. It is unusually good soap combined with *plenty* of naptha. You can smell the naptha. These two cleaners work together to coax dirt loose and wash it away, *easily*. Fels-Naptha is not sniffish about conditions. It is equally at home in washing machine or tub; it does splendid work in hot, lukewarm or even cool water. And Fels-Naptha helps keep hands nice.

See that Fels-Naptha goes on tomorrow's grocery order. It may cost a penny or so more per bar. But then, opera costs more than vaudeville.

SPECIAL OFFER—Whether Fels-Naptha has been used in your home for years, or whether you have just decided to give it a trial, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who do their own housework prefer to chip Fels-Naptha into washing machine, tub or basin, and find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, anyone can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as they are needed. Mail coupon with a two-cent stamp enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now! © 1930, FELS & CO.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. Q. S. 9-30

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose a two-cent stamp to help cover postage.

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as I live. I have been a citizen of this state ever since I was twenty-five years old and intend to remain one unless I'm kicked out. This is more important than it may seem on the surface. My heart and my deepest interests are involved with Wyoming. It is important that the world should know it. I am at great pains to kill any contrary rumor. Southern Pines is at present my winter residence; Wyoming is, and will continue to be, my home. I am President of the Bar B. C. Ranches, Incorporated, a large and thriving company, old and famous, which controls a cattle ranch, a dude ranch and a boy's outfit, and—again would you believe it?—reckless as octogenarians are so likely to become, I have even acquired a little private ranch of my own, twenty miles north of the Upper Bar B. C., known as the Lazy Half Moon, and have returned more or less to my former days of homesteading-building, buying horses, cows, machinery; running a saw mill, etc., etc. It's exciting and stirs my old blood marvelously.

The picture of my sitting on my terrace at Southern Pines, staring at the sinking sun with dimming eyes, meanwhile, despite my age, keeping my palsied hand on "the pulse of the nation," or somebody else's pulse, is very beautiful, but it is exaggerated. I travel around the country to beat the band, and once last winter, accompanied by a safari—forty porters, three head men, and two trained nurses—I got as far as Washington. You ought to go there sometime; it's a fascinating jungle and the life of the natives is extraordinary. I dug up enough superstitions and queer rites to make a volume. It's southwest of New York; beyond the giant fern and pigmy country of Camden and Philadelphia. If you take enough beads and Manchester cloth with you, you'll get back alive.

Finally, as you can see by this letterhead, just like an old horse wandering back to the range where was foaled, here I am again in Wyoming. Just how I got here, I don't know. You'll have to ask my head nurse, but here I am, sitting at the foot of The Tetons with my "hand on their pulse."

Yours for more hands and more pulses,
STRUTHERS BURT.

From now on in this office, Mr. Burt is a composite of Billy the Kid, Wild Bill Hickok, and two mountain lions. And as for that terrace at Southern Pines—Bah! for that terrace.

MEN AND WOMEN

The various articles on the woman problem have brought a letter from Francis C. Uridge, of Monroe, Mich., which seeks to get at the bottom of the reluctance of young men and women to marry and if they do marry to have children. Mr. Uridge feels it is for a different reason from any mentioned. Also it is a simple and important reason, he contends:

DEAR SIR:

The more I read and observe and cogitate, the more do I believe that the students of marriage are overlooking the greatest boon which marriage has been offered in modern times. Do the authors of your articles stop to think what scientific and adequate contraceptive methods are already doing for married couples and family life in America? or am I so ill-informed as to over-estimate the importance of this phase of the subject of marriage?

Mr. D. H. Lawrence says "we need one another." He says, "man loses faith in himself, and woman begins to fight him"; adding, "sex is the great uniter." Elizabeth Onativia declares, "The younger women are going to fight for the privilege of being supported, coddled, courted and cherished." President Henry T. Moore, of Skidmore College, seems deeply concerned because women's college graduates are neglecting, nay, refusing to bear children. Juanita Tanner proposes professional motherhood as a remedy of marital ills.

In "Unmasking Our Minds," Mr. David Seabury says that the need to-day is to discard self-control for self-reliance. This is just what the new crop of husbands and wives are trying to do, unless my observations are inaccurate. We are trying to be happy by being human. But, happiness in marriage, without adequate conception control, has been demonstrated by our elders to be well nigh impossible; and, the claim that the wealthy and intelligent classes have always had adequate contraception is an empty myth. Notice that I say *adequate* contraception, not drug store methods.

Archaic laws make it harder for the needy couple to get what the Birth Control League has to offer them than for the average citizen to obtain liquor. If the veracity of this statement is doubted, let the skeptic glance through a few back copies of the Birth Control Review, or let him set out to procure adequate contraception for use in his own marriage. The League has it to offer, but Anthony Comstock's ghost is with us in our laws.

College women and college men want marriage and they want babies. So does every other normal American citizen. But, the ills of marriage come with the frustration of a natural love life. These young people of marriageable age, in analysing the ills of their elders, discover that the seat of the trouble lies in the love life being throttled by the fear of more babies than can be cared for. Intelligent young people come to the admirable conclusion that it would be better not to have children than to bring them into an unhappy home, and that it is better not to marry than to marry with every promise of failure.

Slowly the knowledge is spreading that science has developed a method whereby the love life may flourish in marriage without the constant fear of unwanted pregnancy. Babies come into happy homes by design, yes, but not by accident. Under these happy conditions need woman fight man? or the younger women be concerned about privileges? Need the sages be concerned about race extinction, or propose professional motherhood?

THE ACCOLADE FOR PHELPS

John Bakeless in *Outlook* writes on the influence of William Lyon Phelps on the American reading public.

The New Haven Sainte-Beuve is a law unto himself, and a law also to at least three-quarters of the people who read books in North America, not to mention his oracular services to the millions who hate reading books, but dearly love to talk about them. Among such, his lightest word outweighs whole screeds by other men. It was he who planted the hot-house roses that bloomed around Mr. Arthur Stuart-Menteth Hutchinson's too-famous "If Winter Comes." He can make a best seller overnight, and one of his least rapturous utterances has sent a five-year forgotten novel into new editions.

There are those who say that but for him "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" would have been unwept (but by Mr. Thornton Wilder), unhonored (by reviewers), and unsung (by everybody else)—not even parodied by John Riddell. This may not be quite true, but though the idea be madness, yet there's method in it.

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The "White Turtle" and the "Red Crab," early Philadelphia fire engines, racing to a fire.

Fighting Fire with Fairness

IT was Benjamin Franklin, founder of mutual insurance, who said, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Further, he said it regarding the prevention of fire.

It is not strange therefore, that mutual fire insurance companies have concerned themselves actively with fire prevention.

It is obvious that if you can cut down the number of fires, you can reduce the cost of insuring against them.

It will also be admitted readily that more potent than any other factor in preventing fire, is the intelligent desire and interest of property owners to prevent them.

Among mutual fire insurance policyholders—and there is a great army of them—the fundamental fairness of the mutual plan of insurance, arouses the interest of the property owner against fires.

The mutual policyholder knows that any economy effected by his company benefits him directly in reduction of cost.

During 1929, the policyholders of the seventy-five Federation Companies received cash dividends totaling $13,263,750.00, as a result of care and precaution in fire prevention.

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An Unparalleled Record

75 leading, legal reserve companies under State supervision constitute the Federation of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The oldest Federation company was founded in 1752. Five others are more than 100 years old. Of the remaining companies—

9 are between 75 and 100 years old
10 are between 50 and 75 years old
30 are between 25 and 50 years old
20 are between 10 and 25 years old

Mutual Fire Insurance

FEDERATION OF MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES

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American Investment Trusts have been through the severest test of their history. The results are illuminating. What is their future?

A Study in Profit and Loss

BY S. PALMER HARMAN

WHEN investment trusts were at the peak of popular favor last summer, and had just sold more than a billion dollars of their stock issues to the public, two points of view were current regarding the future of these remarkable vehicles of investment. People with an optimistic turn of mind believed that they had at last found the key to perennial profits in the stock market, while others of a less sanguine outlook predicted that in the crash of prices which even then was impending the trust movement would be badly damaged, perhaps beyond repair.

Almost a year has passed since the historic collapse on the Stock Exchange, and much of the evidence is in with regard to the investment trusts. The showing is strangely inconclusive, though certain illuminating facts have been established. A few trusts were crippled or wrecked because of palpably bad management or aberrations of good management. Stocks of the trusts crashed along with the rest of the market, the losses ranging from 15 to 60 per cent. Some saw their own securities selling not only below the original cost of the underlying assets, but actually below the current market value of those assets. It was demonstrated beyond a peradventure that an investment trust offers no assurance that the shareholder's dollar will always be worth one hundred cents—and it should be stated here that no responsible trust had ever made such a claim.

Yet not only did the trusts, as a whole, survive the storm, but they have been able to produce some evidences of uncommon financial stamina. The New York State Bureau of Securities, a division of the Attorney General's office, sent out a questionnaire to 252 investment trusts last spring, and when it had received 178 replies it published the composite results of its researches. Only 18 of the 178 companies reported net cash losses in 1929, and the year's net profits of the entire group were $228,400,000. From the Bureau's figures it would appear that the capital employed in the operation of these trusts was $4,237,000,000, on which the net income works out at 5.4 per cent, or about what could have been obtained from a high-grade bond.

Capital invested, represented by the original purchase price of the securities owned plus other assets, showed a loss for the year. Only 32 of the 178 companies reported that their holdings on December 31 were worth more than they had cost. The losses of the remaining 146 brought the total depreciation to $294,000,000. This looks fairly substantial, but it amounts to only 6.9 per cent of the more or less hypothetical cost figure used above in figuring profit on investment.

Last year, however, was wholly abnormal. Profits piled up so fast in the fevered markets of the earlier months, that staggering losses might have been taken in the autumn and winter, and still leave a fairly satisfactory result for the entire period.

In the first three months of 1930, moreover, there was an ill-founded recovery from last autumn's crash in stocks, followed by a renewed and heavy break in prices. How many trust managers were deceived by this false dawn one can only guess. It is a significant fact that reports of a number of investment companies for the first half of 1930 show holdings depreciated below cost by amounts ranging up to 25 per cent. The owner of investment company shares will view these figures with interest, and is likely to re-appraise his investment and all it stands for. Does the impairment of capital (though the word here has a different meaning than when applied to a bank or insurance company) constitute an indictment of trust management? And if not, what is the philosophic attitude for the investor to take to-

(Continued on page 46)

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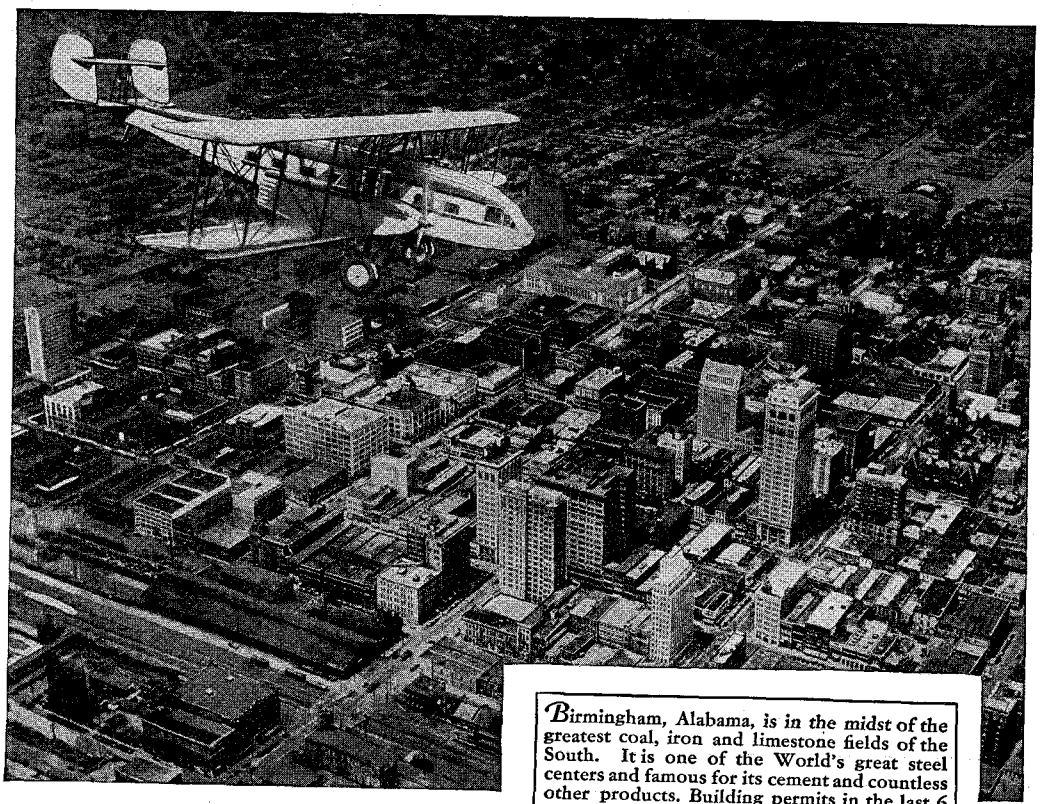
An airplane tour of the communities served by the American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated



Birmingham, Alabama, is in the midst of the greatest coal, iron and limestone fields of the South. It is one of the World's great steel centers and famous for its cement and countless other products. Building permits in the last 6 years have doubled those of the previous 22 years. The city's population now exceeds 250,000.

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(Continued from page 44)

ward his company's losses? What are its prospects of getting back to a satisfactory footing in the long run?

About the only basic advantages which the trust purports to offer to the private investor are diversification of securities invested in, and expertness in the selection and management of those securities. As to the first, it is obvious enough that an investor can put $500 into a trust owning 100 securities and get wide-spread diversity, whereas by investing directly he could hardly own even one security. The eggs-in-many-baskets argument is sound. What does the management do with the eggs?

There are a number of theories as to the correct way of selecting and managing a portfolio. A few years ago some trusts made a point of the world-wide diversification of their holdings and their ability to follow the trends in all economically organized quarters of the earth. The theory was that somewhere the sun of prosperity is always shining, and an economist familiar with a given country can tell when it is about to shine, when it is glowing with maximum intensity, and when it is about to go behind a cloud. The aim of this school is to buy securities in markets which are depressed, whether in Germany, Argentina, South Africa, or elsewhere, sell them when the inevitable recovery has taken place, and shift the funds to some other locality which is in the business doldrums. Less is heard about this method to-day, perhaps because the economic fabric of the world is becoming too closely knit to present many such opportunities for arbitrage. Markets seem inclined to go up and down in unison rather than in series.

Another theory has as its basis the "invest in America" idea, based on the assumption that the United States is more firmly assured of prosperity than any other nation, and that common stocks of great American corporations are certain in the long run to reward their owners handsomely. To execute this formula of investing, as well as the wide-world formula described above, an equipment of charts and statistical material, operated by economists, analysts and statisticians, is maintained in greater or less elaborateness. The function of these experts is business forecasting, pure and simple. Based on their forecasts they recommend purchases and sales of securities, the shifting of funds from one company or industry to another. Through all these purchases and sales, it goes almost without saying, runs the golden thread of profit-seeking, or buying cheap and selling dear.

If this profit-seeking is carried to excess, if pur-

(Continued on page 48)

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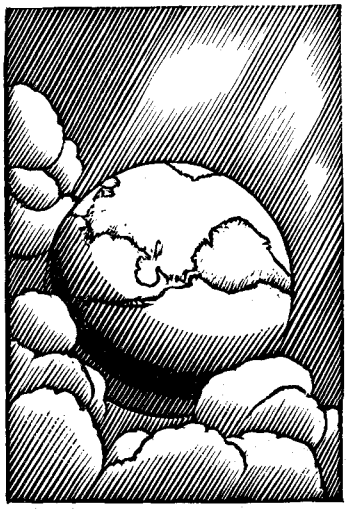

THE consolidated report of United Founders Corporation and subsidiaries for the six months ended May 31, 1930, gives a complete list of the investment holdings. Copies of the report may be obtained from investment bankers.

UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION

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(Continued from page 46)

chases and sales are made on short fluctuations in the market rather than on the longer economic trend, the claim to scientific method is of course stultified and the trust becomes a trading organization. But there is another item in the creed of scientific management. It is that there is a time to own stocks and a time, when prices are at their peak, to sell stocks and put the money into bonds, short-term securities, call loans, and other dollar obligations. While such securities offer little or nothing in the way of profits, they afford an income, and they provide a safe and convenient resting place while waiting for another opportunity to buy "equities"—namely, common stocks.

There are, however, almost insuperable difficulties in the full execution of such a programme. If the management is devoted to the long-term theory of investing, the theory that securities of promising industries and of promising companies should be held for a term of years, it is reluctant to sell when nothing seems wrong except that the stocks of these industries and companies are selling too high. Or the trust may own substantial blocks of stocks and therefore hesitate to throw them on a shaky market.

But a more compelling difficulty, perhaps, is to be found in the fact that profits are made in stocks, not in bonds, and that the pressure to show a profit is unremitting. The stockholders expect it, and particularly the organization engaged in selling the trust's own securities to the public expects it. This selling organization turns in the proceeds of its sales to the trust management. What is to be done with them? If they are put into bonds the item of appreciation will disappear from the stockholders' report, at a time when competing trusts may still be showing handsome profits. It is little wonder, then, that a trust will ride through a stock market squall carrying a cargo of stocks instead of the bonds and notes which an ideal execution of the plan might call for.

Skilful forecasting of business trends, and expert employment of funds as between bond obligations and stock equities may be relied upon to soften the shocks of the general market for the owner of sound investment trust shares, but the avoidance of depreciation and loss is a chimera and is likely to remain so. An able management which sells as much as it dares when a crash is impending, guards its cash through the crisis and buys securities at bargain prices in the subsequent depression, may go far toward offsetting losses on its holdings. This has been the traditional method of far-sighted and cool-headed in-

(Continued on page 50)

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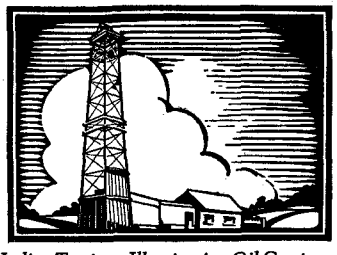

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(Continued from page 48)

vestors for generations. Another and scarcely les honored policy has been to buy when securitie are intrinsically cheap and hold them througl thick and thin. As practised by investment trusts this policy has generally been modified into, I doesn't matter when you buy into America, yo will make a profit in the long run. This polic was extensively practised in 1929—its sequel i yet to be written.

The holder of investment trust stocks is, afte all, in no different position from that of the hold er of railroad, utility, or industrial stocks. Hi holdings may show him a paper profit which h can turn into cash in whole or in part and con sider as income—or they may show a loss which he may accept and deduct on his income tax re turn—or he may refuse to sell out and figure that his capital has been reduced, at least temporarily. For if he holds on long enough there is always the cheering prospect that the loss will be eliminated by the "come-back" which every common stock investor keeps before his eyes as a cardinal article of his faith.

Existing methods of investment trust accounting, and the fact that most of the trusts have been in existence too short a time to accumulate substantial surplus earnings (indeed, the custom of paying out realized profits as dividends militates strongly against the accumulation of large surpluses), make it possible to read various meanings into almost any set of figures. For example, the $228,400,000 profits and the $294,000,000 depreciation shown in the figures of the Bureau of Securities above both flowed from the same source—the fluctuations of the stock market. If all the profits had been retained and added to surplus the anomaly of profits and losses incurred in the same year, and of substantially similar amounts, would disappear.

This question of accounting is far more than an academic one, for it reflects the financial practice and colors the outlook of the trusts in a practical way. Another compilation of 1929 results lies before me as I write. It shows that a certain large group of trusts realized an income of 11.2 per cent on invested capital. Of this amount, 4.1 per cent was provided by interest and dividends received on securities held, while 7.1 per cent represented profits from securities sold.

The emphasis on selling needs no comment. Perhaps the American markets will continue to offer richer rewards to those who seize opportune profits than to those who are content to see their profits in unrealized form and limit themselves to current interest and dividends. The record of 1929 is not altogether convincing on this point, with depreciation of capital more than offsetting

(Continued on page 51)

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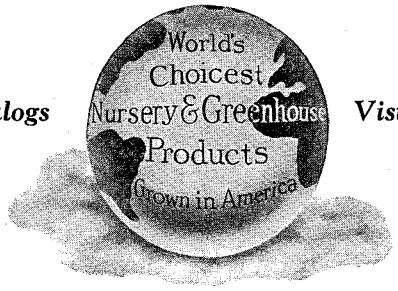

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NURSERYMEN AND FLORISTS RUTHERFORD, NEW JERSEY

(Continued from page 50)

ıe profits obtained. Results for 1930 are still to e made up, and 1931 is as yet a sealed book.

There is an easy way out of the dilemma, as ɔme of the trusts have demonstrated. All that ; required is to refuse to sell merely for the sake f boosting the income account. Let the portfolio ıount in value through natural appreciation, if ıat is the trend of the markets. The trust's own tock will reflect the appreciation, will itself advance in market value, and can be split into more umerous units when its price becomes unwieldy. The very simple result will be to throw upon the rust's stockholders, rather than upon its management, the responsibility for accepting the profits vhich the market offers.

PUBLIC UTILITY SIDELIGHTS

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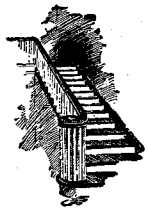

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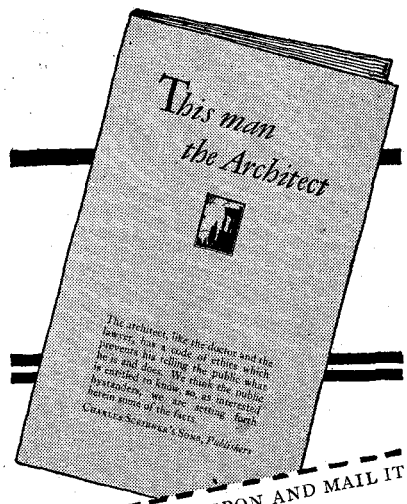
No. 11 in a series of Information Pages
on the Architectural Profession

ARCHITECTS, like those rendering any other professional service, are paid for their work. There are all sorts of arrangements under which the fee is established and paid. In some cases it is a fixed sum, in others, a certain percentage of the building's cost. The latter method is most common, having become so established by long custom. It is not an ideal arrangement by any means, since it permits the suspicion that the architect may increase his own fee in the degree to which he persuades his client to spend money on the building. On the other hand, it has a fairly sound basis for existence in the fact that generally the greater the cost of the building, the greater amount of work he has to do. Architects' fees on the percentage basis vary in accordance with the type of building. The fee is entirely a matter for agreement in advance between you and your architect. The establishment of an understanding as to its details in advance will prevent the possibility of misunderstandings and uncertainties in the later steps of the relationship.



We have come into rather personal touch with this man, the architect, by reason of the fact that we publish for him a professional magazine, and many of his architectural books. As interested bystanders, perhaps we may be permitted to tell his story to the public. It is not a long story, but it is too long for this page. We have, therefore, put it into a little booklet, "This man the Architect," which we shall be glad to send upon request, without charge, to any one who is interested. Please enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

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Two Autobiographies and Mr. Wells

Will James, of the West, and Kiki, of Montparnasse, Review Their Somewhat Dissimilar Careers.—H. G. Wells and Gilbert Seldes Peer into the Unprepossessing Future

By R. E. SHERWOOD

LONE COWBOY, BY WILL JAMES.
Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

WILL JAMES had to confront a formidable difficulty in writing his autobiography—not because of any want of material, for his life has been far more eventful, more varied, more "paintable," than most, but because this material has, by common usage, been rendered suitable for fiction rather than for fact. It was necessary for Mr. James to convince the reader, glutted with Westerns, that he is not the creation of Zane Grey or of some Hollywood hack, but of circumstances that exist more incredibly in reality than they could ever exist on pulp paper or on perforated celluloid. He succeeds admirably in establishing this conviction by his absolute integrity and by the artfulness that is in the artless simplicity of his style. I doubt very much that any one can read "Lone Cowboy" without believing that its only departures from full truth are in the direction of understatement.

The most poignant of all Mr. James's confessions appears in the description of his early boyhood. He is in the depths of the north woods, left pretty much to his own devices, hunting, playing, poling about on a raft, in a position to enjoy such a paradise of adventure as is given to few small boys. But he doesn't know how to enjoy it to the full. "If I'd been like most kids," he writes, "and had read the story of Daniel Boone or of the other pioneer scouts, I might of had more fun then."

He continued into manhood sublimely oblivious of all the literary standards of romance and melodrama that have served to convert the cowboy into a purely mythological figure. Even now that he has had contact with such cynical, earthy fellows as editors and publishers, he retains his essential naïveté; for the reason that he retains also the cowboy's unconquerable scorn of all things urban. Thus, throughout his long book, there is an implication of apology for it. This isn't due to diffidence; it is an acknowledgment that, where he comes from, writing is recognized as a sissy occupation.

Which improves incalculably the quality of "Lone Cowboy." If Mr. James had been conscious of the importance of Zane Grey or of Hoot Gibson, and therefore subject to their influence, he would have been aware that he has lived a life of Romance, and he would have been careful to subdue all the less heroic incidents (one of which landed him in a state penitentiary). But he has not been careful. He has made no attempt to explain that he was animated in his misdeeds by a noble desire to shield some wayward brother or to protect from calumny a lady's fair name. He admits it as a matter of course that he did what he did solely because he wanted to make some money.

Although Mr. James has gained his recent reputation primarily as an artist, the illustrations in "Lone Cowboy" are distinctly inferior to the text in point of sheer draftsmanship. Fortunately, he has not as yet learned that there is such a thing as "fine writing."

KIKI'S MEMOIRS, TRANSLATED BY SAMUEL PUTNAM.
Paris: Edward W. Titus. 125 francs.

Will James's autobiography has been circulated freely by the Book of the Month Club, but perusal of "Kiki's Memoirs" has been denied (by the U. S. Customs authorities) to all Americans other than those few odd hundreds of thousands who find themselves annually in Paris. Among them, thanks to the reports of confiscations on the docks of New York and Boston, the English translation is enjoying a large sale.

(Continued on page 18)

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The University of Chicago Press

(Continued from page 17)

Kiki was and is a queen of Montparnasse, a central figure in the weird, eye-filling, sense-curdling decoration of the Dome. She has been the subject and pal of most of the artists who, in the past decade, have been rejected by the Salon and ridiculed by the elder satirists only to awaken one morning to find themselves famous with Frank Crowninshield. Several of their portraits of her are reproduced in her book, but they are not nearly so good, as specimens of genuine modern art, as are her own scrawled sketches.

Ernest Hemingway has provided an introduction for the English version of "Kiki's Memoirs." He says that "it is written by a woman who, as far as I know, never had a Room of Her Own, but I think part of it will remind you, and some of it will bear comparison with, another book with a woman's name written by Daniel Defoe." He also says, "It is a crime to translate it," and he is presumably right for, whatever the work may have been in its original form, in English it is thoroughly undistinguished, not particularly diverting, and hardly worth the wear and tear on the Customs officers imposed by those who attempt to smuggle it in.

THE AUTOCRACY OF MR. PARHAM, BY H. G. WELLS.
Doubleday, Doran & Co. $1.

There is a prevalent tendency, especially in his own country, to consign the prophetic Mr. Wells to his dotage. He is, however, stubbornly reluctant to stay there. He is constantly bursting out of it with some fresh diatribe that possesses all the lusty enthusiasm and all the juvenile exaggeration of a sophomore journalist's first editorial assault on the faculty.

It seems that Mr. Wells has violated one more of the sacred tenets of the English gentleman: he has not grown old gracefully; in fact, he has not grown old at all.

It is easy to find great holes in the structure of his latest novel, "The Autocracy of Mr. Parham." It is easy to point to passages which are downright silly. But it is also superlatively easy to read it, and to be stimulated by it, and to wish there were a few more giants left in our shrinking species.

Mr. Wells is aided materially in his vigorous and gay and generally devastating assault on the Parhams of this world by that truly great cartoonist, David Low.

THE FUTURE OF DRINKING, BY GILBERT SELDES.
Little, Brown & Co. $2.

In discussing the past, present and future of drinking, Gilbert Seldes tries hard not to be learn-

(Continued on page 20)

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(Continued from page 18)

ed, and he so assiduously avoids anything that might be considered a significant conclusion to his random thoughts that one is impelled to wonder just why he took the time to prepare this slender volume. Perhaps he merely intended to be entertaining; if so, his modest purpose is achieved.

He does (perhaps inadvertently) utter one profound truth, as follows: "The average preacher of prohibition would call Sinclair Lewis's Babbitt and Mencken's *homo americanus boobiens* gross travesties of our national type; he would, in a fervor of patriotism and worship, deny that the industrial age makes robots of any red-blooded American; yet the American on whom he proposed to impose the system of prohibition was lower than a Babbitt or a robot or a boob: he was a slave. What is worse—for the reformer—he was a myth."

It is this inconsistency which forms the fatal flaw in the professional prohibitionist's argument (and the one, strangely enough, which is most generally and most considerably ignored by his opponents). The reformer announces it as gospel truth that (*a.*) the average American is so right-minded, so godly, so far exalted above the demands of carnal appetite that he wants alcoholic beverages to be prohibited by law because (*b.*) if alcoholic beverages were not prohibited by law, this same right-minded, godly, exalted paragon would be a constant souse, wife-beater, child-starver and promiscuous lecher.

MORGAN AND ROOSEVELT

MORGAN THE MAGNIFICENT, BY JOHN K. WINKLER. *Vanguard Press.* $3.50.

ROOSEVELT: THE STORY OF A FRIENDSHIP, BY OWEN WISTER. *Macmillan.* $4.

Mr. Winkler's life of the elder Morgan—a good journalistic job—does for the reputation of Theodore Roosevelt what the worshipful words of Owen Wister are not capable of. Morgan, fairly on the way to a control of financial and industrial America, was halted by the headlong attack of Roosevelt on the Northern Securities Company.

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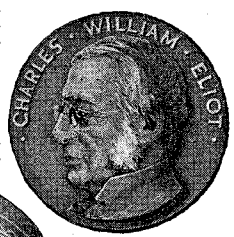

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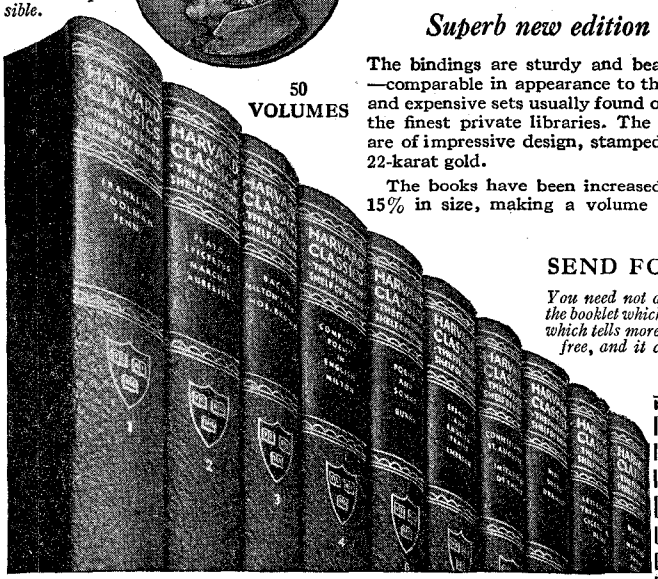

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(Continued from page 20)

House of Morgan is stronger than ever and the Morgan philosophy, somewhat softened by the necessity of "selling the public," is ascendant.

There seem definite signs that the Rooseveltian influence is going into eclipse and it is doubtful if anything has appeared in recent years better calculated to hasten that movement than Mr. Wister's book. Wister gives force to the tradition of Harvard snobbery which in these days of the Great Infiltration has come to be thought of as a literary myth. In the active days of Roosevelt and Wister it was plainly not an intellectual abstraction but a definite force which set their particular group of Cantabrigians apart from the barbarians. It is difficult to believe that at heart Wister was with Roosevelt against Morgan in that tumultuous trust-busting era.

With all his admiration, he makes of the Rough Rider a snob and a prude and concludes by revealing both Roosevelt and himself consumed by a hatred of Woodrow Wilson so violent, so sustained, relentless and fantastic as to be almost unbelievable. No attack on Roosevelt by the stanchest of Wilson's admirers was ever such an indictment of Roosevelt as these pages by his friend.

These very qualities of the Wister book make it an important volume. It should be read for its intolerance and snobbery as much as for its charm—the charm of Theodore Roosevelt sitting at the head of his dinner table, entertaining the choice spirits of the world. Roosevelt was a remarkable man—a strange compound of strength and delicacy, statesman and petty politician.

K. S. C.

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM

LIBERTY, BY EVERETT DEAN MARTIN. *W. W. Norton.* $3.

THIS LAND OF LIBERTY, BY ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES. *Harpers.* $3.

Liberty is a chameleon word which stands always in need of exact definition, and in attempting this task Mr. Martin has made a valuable contribution to liberalism. He is, of course, pleading for his own special brand of humanistic liberalism, which he defines as a cultural achievement; and he must therefore attack the sentimental liberalism which stems from Rousseau and believes that not men, but institutions, are at fault.

Mr. Martin on the contrary believes that the people, that abused darling of the reformers, is the greatest enemy of freedom in the United States and that it behooves the cultured minority to resist the people's assaults upon their rights.

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"For him was lever have at his beddes heed
Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrye."
—Canterbury Tales

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(Continued from page 22)

But since he does not believe in organization for any end, his formula for curing illiberalism by individual action seems quite impractical as a weapon against organized minorities.

Mr. Bates's book is far removed from this somewhat cloistered philosophy. It is an indictment against America's illiberals, a bill of particulars and a battle cry. He shows how the rights guaranteed in the Constitution have been whittled away —freedom of speech, press and assemblage. He describes the increasing censorship of books, ideas and teaching. Perhaps he paints us a little blacker than we are, but it is a needed warning.

M. L.

NEW ENGLAND HOLDS THE STAGE

Whether because of the Massachusetts Tercentenary or not, important and interesting books on New England personages and ideas are coming from the presses with regularity these days. Herewith we present a group of reviews which cover the Adamses, Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, Emily Dickinson. Reviews of books on Anne Hutchinson and others will appear next month.

N. B. Special inside information: the initials G. C. at the end of most of these reviews are those of Gerald Carson, who wrote the able article on Margaret Fuller and the woman movement in the September Scribner's.

THE ADAMS SAGA

The Adams Family, by James Truslow Adams. *Little, Brown & Co.* $4.

The thought embodied in the phrase "the Adams family" is not unknown to most good Americans whose attention has been directed to the stream of American history; so it occurred to Mr. Adams (of Virginia, *not* Massachusetts) to write the "biography of a family" and to use it as "a sort of measuring rod to measure the extent of the change in its environment."

John, John Quincy, Charles Francis, and the four interesting brothers of the fourth generation —it is not my purpose to retell here the story of the lives they lived in the public service. Mr. Adams is a scholar, a skilful writer, and a man not unacquainted with the great world where human beings live the life of action. His lurking humor, his delicate irony, and what may be called his uncommon shrewdness in weighing men and motives give the narrative the charm of a vigorous and lively presentation.

Among many points which challenge the reader to further independent thought may be mentioned these:

After being simple farmers for four genera-

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WILLIAM MORROW

(Continued from page 24)

tions, what happened in the Adams strain that Adamses should have soared to the heights of intellectual distinction, and maintained that level for generations?

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In a graceful epilogue Mr. Adams suggests that the end of Adams public service is not in sight. Yet the whole point and bearing of the book lies in the other direction. To those who have read in other places Mr. James Truslow Adams's estimate of the quality of modern American life, it will be apparent that he rather forced this "happy ending" upon his readers; that he scarcely expects to see individuals of powerful character and uncompromising integrity guiding an electorate which does not require honesty of its political leaders.

G. C.

THE SECRETS OF EMERSON AND HAWTHORNE

EMERSON, BY PHILLIPS RUSSELL.
Brentano's. $5.

HAWTHORNE, BY NEWTON ARVIN.
Little, Brown & Co. $5.

When the shelf of "books about" an author exceed in length the space allotted to his works, should we cry a halt and say "no more"? It is a tempting thought, to ease the groaning presses, to advise our modern biographers to give over treasure hunting for those elusive pockets of fact called "new material" and turn their energies to other channels; but there are other considerations involved, even when names appear again from the front rank, names like Emerson and Hawthorne.

That any man can now produce important new material about Emerson and Hawthorne is extremely improbable. Yet it is a characteristic common to solid writers—perhaps it is a sure test of important writing—that they seem always to invite new interpretation; and the need must be served. We would not willingly receive the last word on Emerson from Moncure D. Conway, or on Hawthorne from the biographical labors of Julian Hawthorne.

(Continued on page 28)

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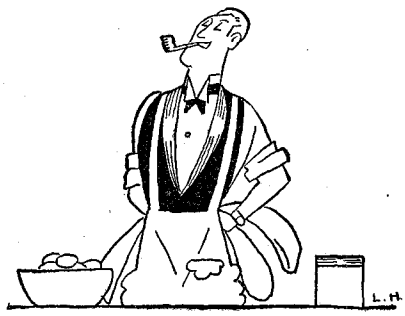

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(Continued from page 26)

Ours is an age which has turned up much new truth, or at least many new facts; and the very name of Emerson signifies the memorable and persuasive presentation of the old facts, because Emerson stands somewhere very near the centre of human experience. Now, one would say, is a fortunate time for a new biography of Emerson, were one not constrained to go on and say that any time would be a good time for a new evaluation of the attractions of a writer as universal as Montaigne, and as American as a spool bed. Any biographer whose labors put Emerson "in the news" again has performed a measurable service to his countrymen.

There is a vague apprehension going around now that Emerson has been superseded. Mr. Russell's sub-title, "the wisest American," announces his point of view, although even he can write a passage touched with our latter-day barbarism: "Considering the date of his birth and his environment, Emerson is curiously modern." As though there was anything "curious" about the eternal freshness and aptness of a writer who treats the quintessential problems which men encounter in all ages!

Because Emerson's works were his life, and because it would be clumsy sacrilege to paraphrase the author of the journals, Mr. Russell follows his predecessors in enriching his narrative with generous direct quotation from Emerson himself. In studying Emerson as a living personality, Mr. Russell gains dramatic interest by emphasizing Emerson's boldness in speculation, his quietism in living; his forthright imagination and his pronounced withdrawal from life; and in dealing with the history of Emerson's reputation, Mr. Russell makes piquant use of the circumstance that this deep-cutting radical was handed down as a genteel tradition. Emerson experienced the serious misfortune of becoming enthroned in the popular imagination as a complaisant moralist who placed *power* in the hand of the average man, and sanctified its use. Much of the most objectionable hokum about "service" and "idealism" in American business life to-day, Mr. Russell believes, is a consequence of our uncritical assimilation of Emersonian doctrine. "Somewhere," he says, "a wrong turning has been taken." It is an especial virtue in Mr. Russell that he attempts to connect Emerson with our own times. Emerson seems timeless. Mr. Russell speaks with the accent of to-day. That is the great merit of both writers.

As one regards the tendency in Hawthorne biography, one is tempted to amend Pope and say the proper study of mankind is the *inner* man.

(Continued on page 30)

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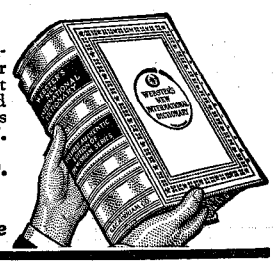

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(Continued from page 28)

It is necessary to get at the mind and character of the fiction writer indirectly. His work is not a direct expression of his thought and experience. One works from his artistic production backward. This is the peculiar difficulty of writing the biography of an artist.

"The Scarlet Letter" is not as pertinent a document on Hawthorne as Emerson's Essays are on Emerson. Even Hawthorne's journals are not to be compared with Emerson's. Emerson, being an essayist, puts himself down in his journals; but Hawthorne is an artist, and his journals are an artist's studio, littered with rough sketches, lavish experiments in color, and random scraps of incomplete design. It is upon these artistic materials, however, and upon his own interpretive insight, that Mr. Arvin has relied to get at Hawthorne.

Let us glance for a moment at the progressive uncovering of the "subterranean history" of Hawthorne. Professor George Edward Woodberry found in Hawthorne an interpreter of New England environment and spiritual history. Woodberry makes Hawthorne representative instead of individual. "His genius . . . will never be disassociated from his community." Puritan heredity colored his imagination and explained his purposes.

Later Mr. John Erskine, still dealing in external circumstances, found the key in Transcendentalism. He saw Hawthorne as a philosopher and a skeptic; but despite his detachment Hawthorne was sympathetically in accord with the newer movement in contemporary thought. Erskine stated definitely that the "secret" of Hawthorne was *not* to be found in his work.

Recent writers, Lloyd Morris, for example, and now Newton Arvin, have deprecated Hawthorne as philosopher and moralist, and found him completely the artist. They attempt to know the secret places of his heart through the themes which occupied his imagination; and they suggest that Emerson's intuition was right when he wrote of "the painful solitude of the man, which, I suppose, could not longer be endured, and he died of it."

In presenting the outward circumstances of Hawthorne's life Mr. Arvin establishes the effect which Hawthorne's twelve years of solitude after leaving college had upon him. Twelve years is a long time. It is long enough for a dangerous division of personality to grow up. It is long enough for one almost to lose touch with the actual; and so Hawthorne, finding the world growing fainter, and the shadows of his own revery growing ever more sharply defined, could not tell with certainty *where* reality lay.

(Continued on page 32)

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(Continued from page 30)

Mr. Arvin's theme is the subjective li[illegible] soul of Hawthorne, and he manipulates hi[illegible] rials with skill and insight. The temptation, [illegible] der such a programme, to mix fiction with conjecture and call it psychological analysis must have been strong. Mr. Arvin, however, is too scrupulous and just a writer to succumb to the charms of fictionized biography. His book is not happy reading, for it gives a serious account of a tragic life, building up to a fine ending upon the note that Hawthorne's life of solitude and internal conflict represents "the tragedy of every life in which the self is not brought into right relation with what lies beyond it."

G. C.

EMILY DICKINSON

THE LIFE AND MIND OF EMILY DICKINSON, BY GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.
Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

EMILY DICKINSON: THE HUMAN BACKGROUND OF HER POETRY, BY JOSEPHINE POLLITT.
Harper & Bros. $4.

EMILY DICKINSON: FRIEND AND NEIGHBOR, BY MACGREGOR JENKINS.
Little, Brown & Co. $3.

The hundredth anniversary of Emily Dickinson's birth is accented by the publication of three books on her life which, until now, has been clouded by legend. Born into a Puritan environment which had just begun its decline, she came to maturity simultaneously with the romantic movement in English poetry, yet her own poetry was intensely individual, so much so that a complete appreciation of her genius had to wait until the twentieth century, which, while dating most of the Victorian poets, acknowledged her to be one of the great lyric poets of all time.

The first book on Emily Dickinson to appear this year was Josephine Pollitt's study of the human background of the poems and it was through this book that Emily's tutor first became a persuasive reality. Of Miss Pollitt's theory of Major Hunt as the lover there are grave doubts; Genevieve Taggard's choice of George Gould seems much more plausible. In the gathering of her materials, Josephine Pollitt has taken pains to clear up many obscure points in Emily's life, yet the book, as a whole, does not afford the reader more than a fugitive glimpse, now and then, of either the poet or the New England background.

Genevieve Taggard in "The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson," attempts definitive biography

(Continued on page 34)

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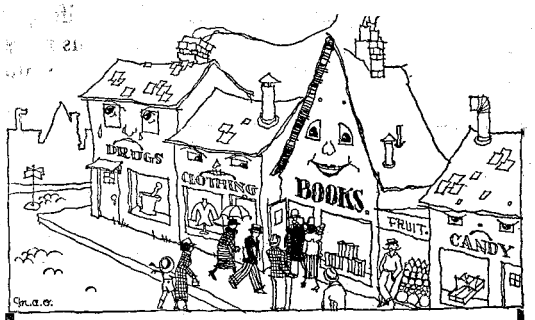

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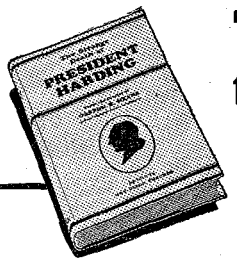

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(Continued from page 32)

and fails in some respects only because certain biographical data are not yet available; there is no longer any question concerning Emily herself. That this is creative biography the intuitional analysis of the Higginson correspondence reveals. Miss Taggard has re-created a person who was a paradox. In discerning the Puritan father of Emily to have been *the* determining factor of her life, Genevieve Taggard has found the key to the pattern and has brought to the telling of the story an undeniable clarity.

The slight volume by MacGregor Jenkins has as its focal point Emily Dickinson's relations with a group of children of which he was one. The "Miss Emily" known by him was a mature woman—she was forty at that time—adjusted to life with a serenity that seldom betrayed that inner life of which Genevieve Taggard tells us. Nevertheless these reminiscences, strained through the perspective of time, assure one of the Emily within and when Mr. Jenkins confesses that it was . . . like being on terms of friendly intimacy with a lunar moth, one is grateful that he has written with such utter sincerity.

C. E. S.

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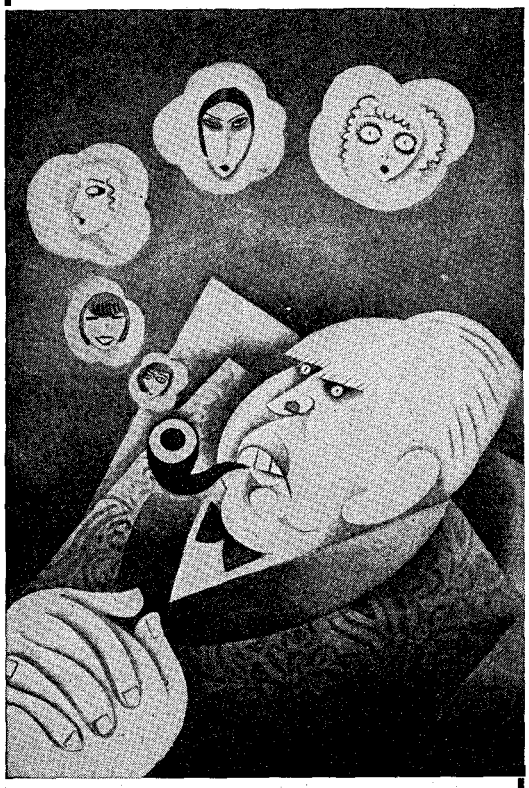

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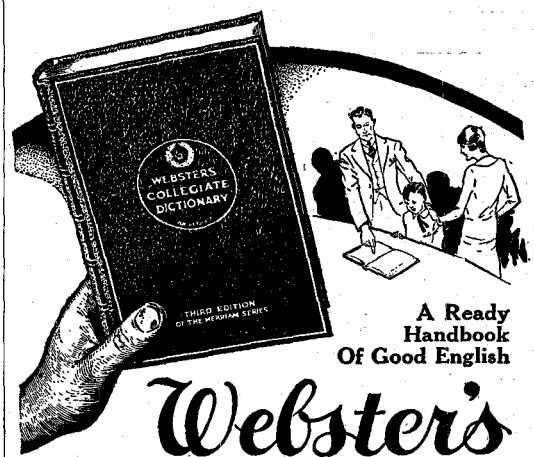

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